

Our Gang

MAY - JUNE

COMICS

10¢

No. 5



OUR GANG • BARNEY BEAR

TOM and JERRY • BENNY BURRO • FLIP and DIP • PETE SMITH



HERE'S THE GANG IN A SCENE FROM A NEW PICTURE
BUCKWHEAT - PROGGY - MICKEY - JANET AND HAPPY

Hi THERE KIDS

THE GANG WANTED ME TO BE EDITOR, SO I TOOK A CHANCE AT IT. OF COURSE THE GANG, TOM'N'JERRY, AND BENNY BURRO HELPED ME FIX THE STORIES AND PICTURES.

WE HOPE YOU'LL NOTICE THE PICTURE INSIDE THE BACK COVER-IT'S ABOUT VICTORY GARDENS. WHEN YOU PLANT ONE MAKE SURE IT'S A GOOD JOB AND THEN SELL THE VEGE-TABLES AN' PUT THE MONEY INTO WAR STAMPS.



Remember Uncle Sam
needs all our help!
Good luck 'n' good

Plantin' —

 Barney Bear

Our Gang

HELP HIM DO



HIS JOB

AUXILIARY FIRE WORKERS
ARE NEEDED

MAN ALIVE! LOOKY!

THAT'S OUR
CHANCE!



WE CAN JOIN THE FIRE DEPARTMENT
AND HELP OUT—THE FIREMEN
ARE HAVING TROUBLE 'CAUSE
THEY'RE SHORT.

I'LL GET TO THE FIREHOUSE FIRST AND
BE MADE A GENERAL.

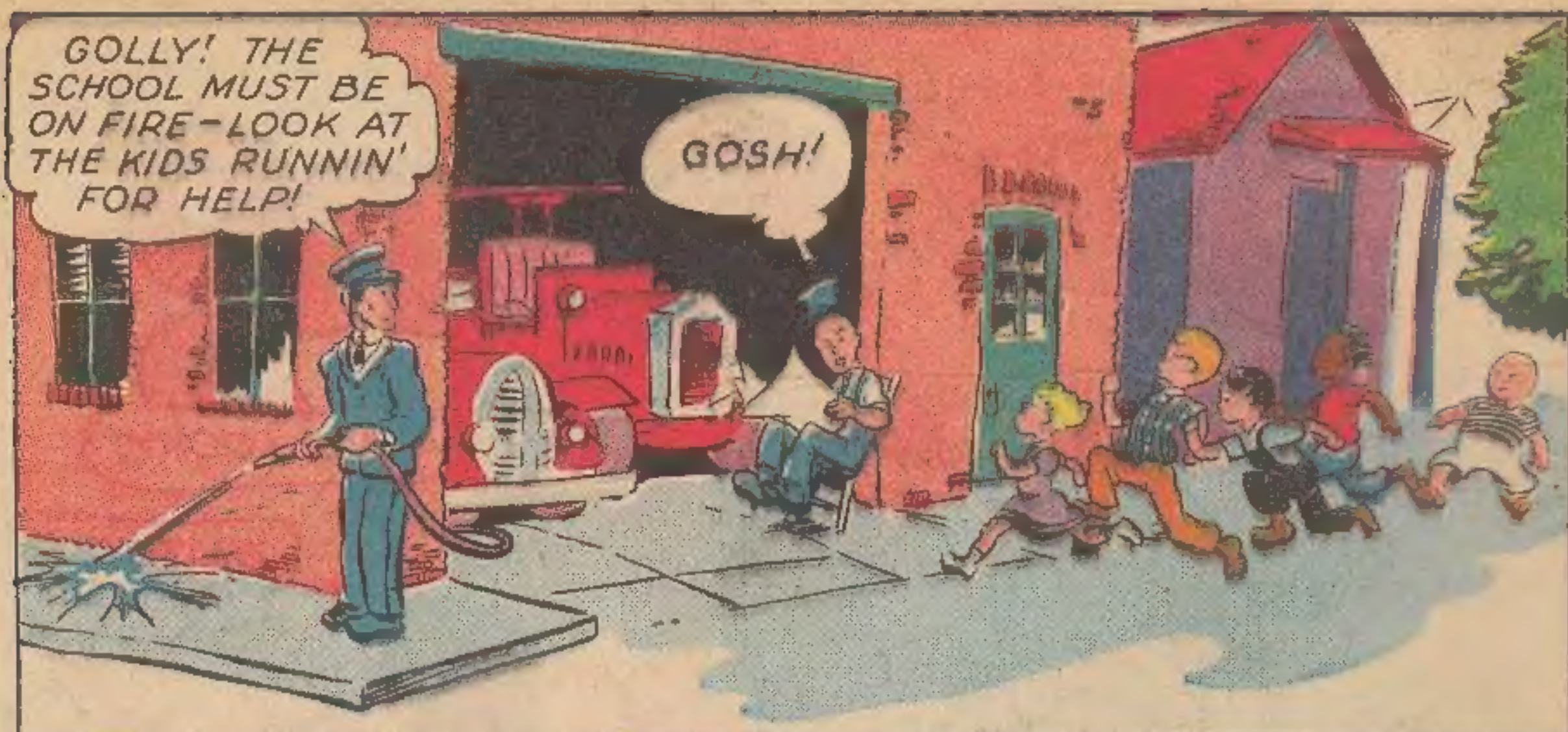
GEE! GIRLS DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING—THEY
DON'T HAVE
GENERALS.

HOW ABOUT
GENERAL
ALARMS?

YO' MEAN
ALL THE
FIREMENS
IS SHRIMPS?

NO—THEY'RE SHORT HANDED
THEY NEED MORE MEN.





GOLLY! THE SCHOOL MUST BE ON FIRE - LOOK AT THE KIDS RUNNIN' FOR HELP!

GOSH!

WHERE IS IT, KIDS? WHY DIDN'T YOU PHONE?

PUFF - PUFF - PHONE - UH - WE DIDN'T THINK OF THAT!

QUICK-QUICK! WHERE DID YOU SEE IT?

THEY MUST WANT TO KNOW WHERE WE SAW THE FIRE POSTER.

HUH?

WELL, WE SAW IT ABOUT SIX BLOCKS OVER.

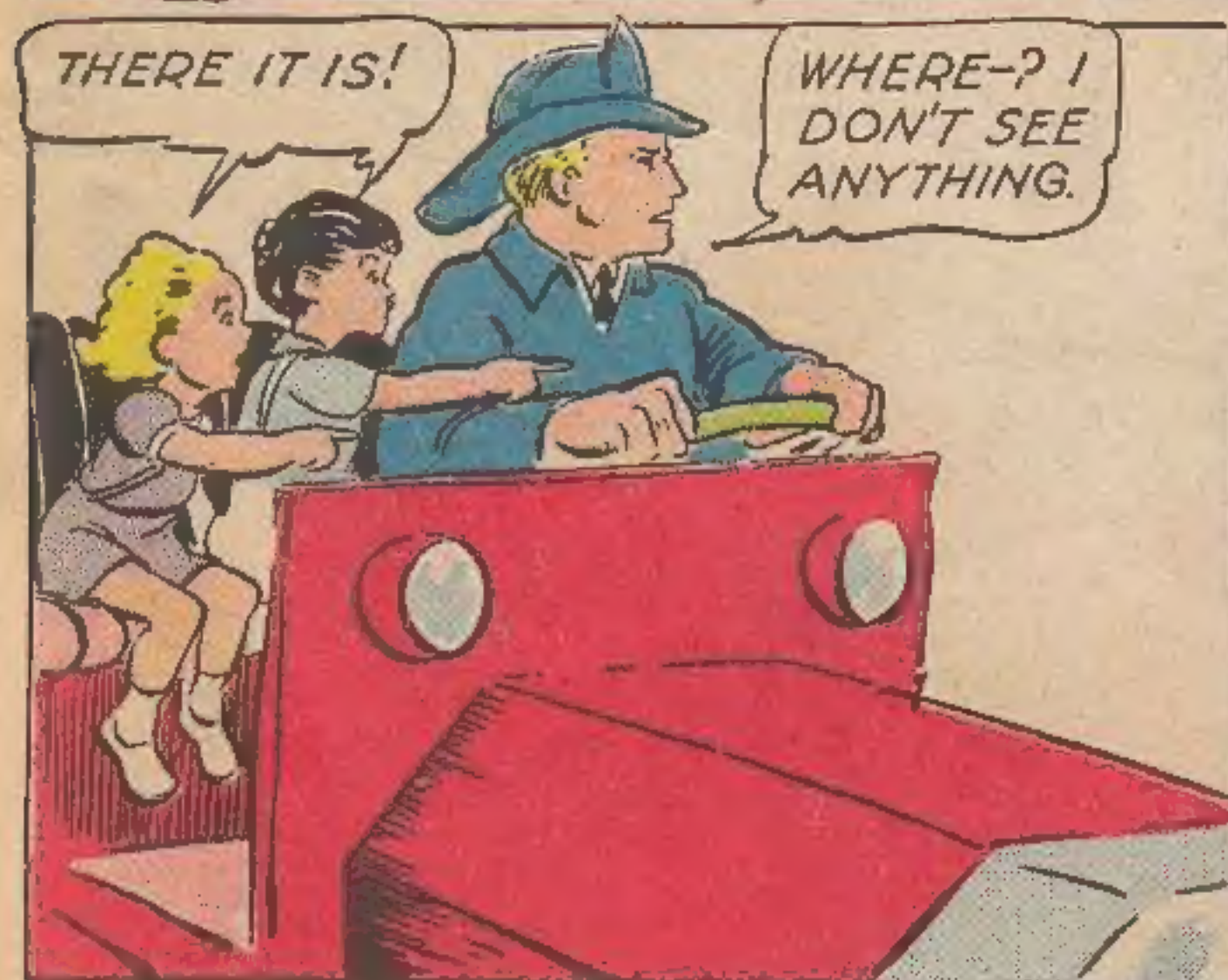
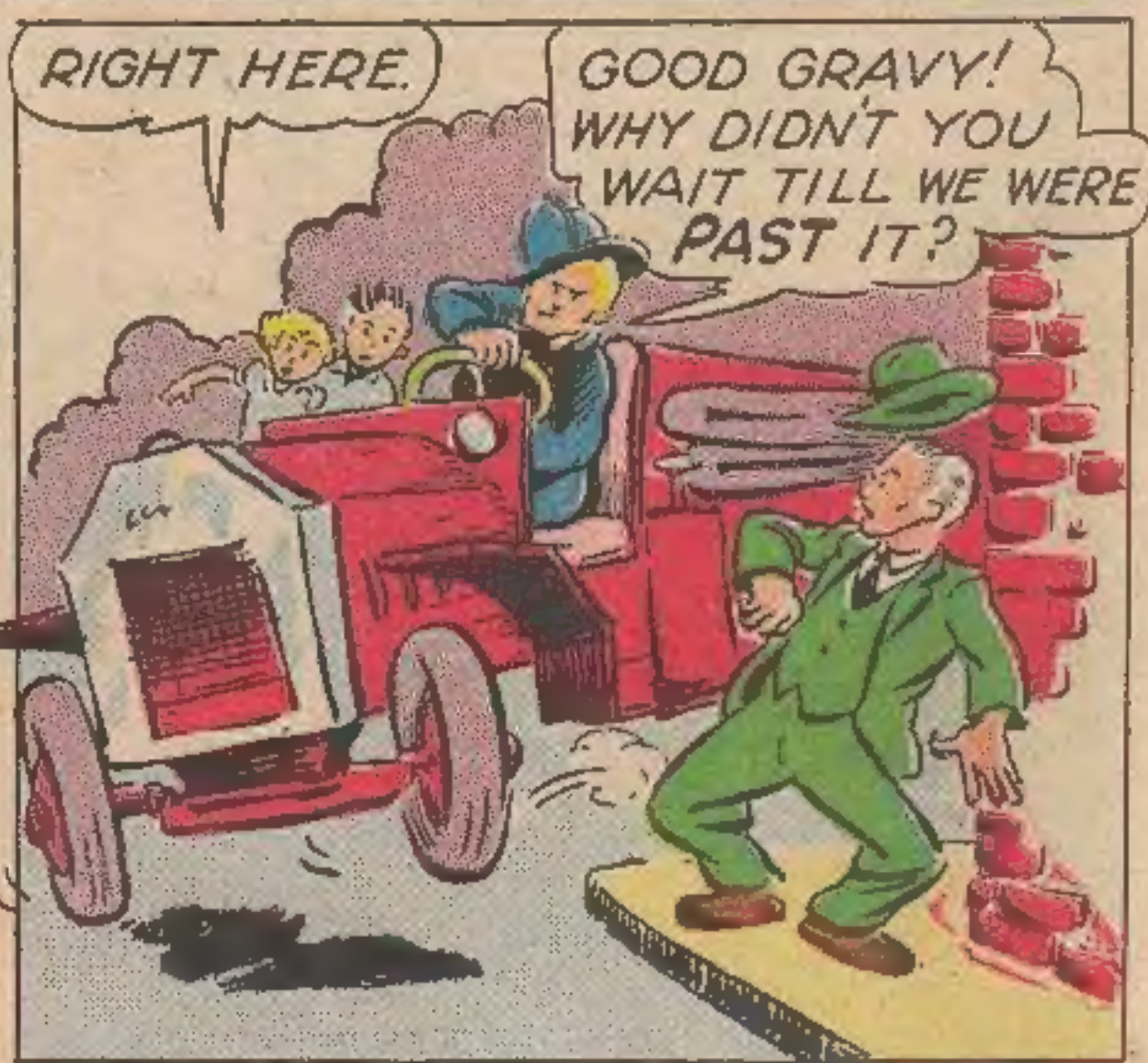
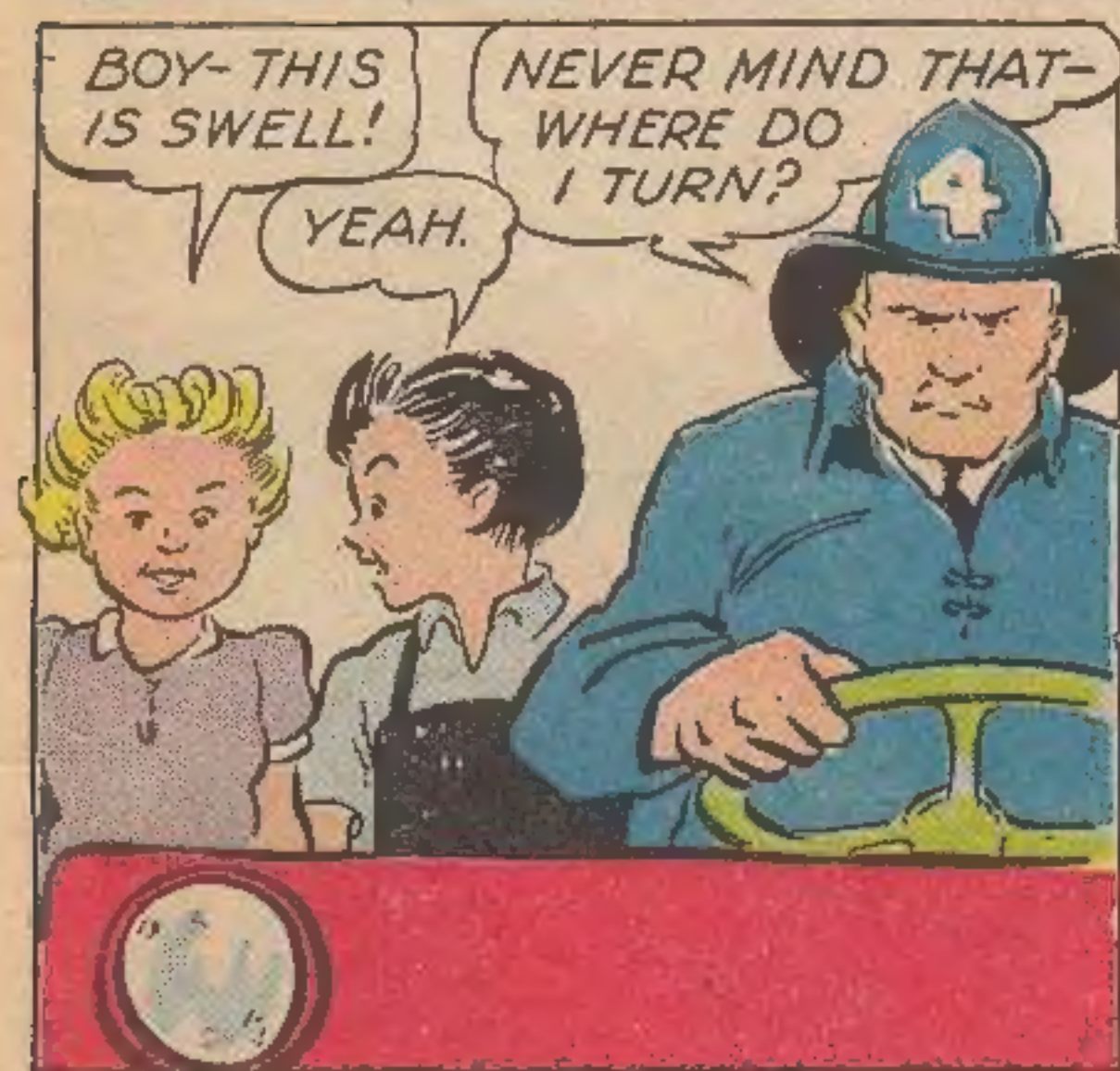
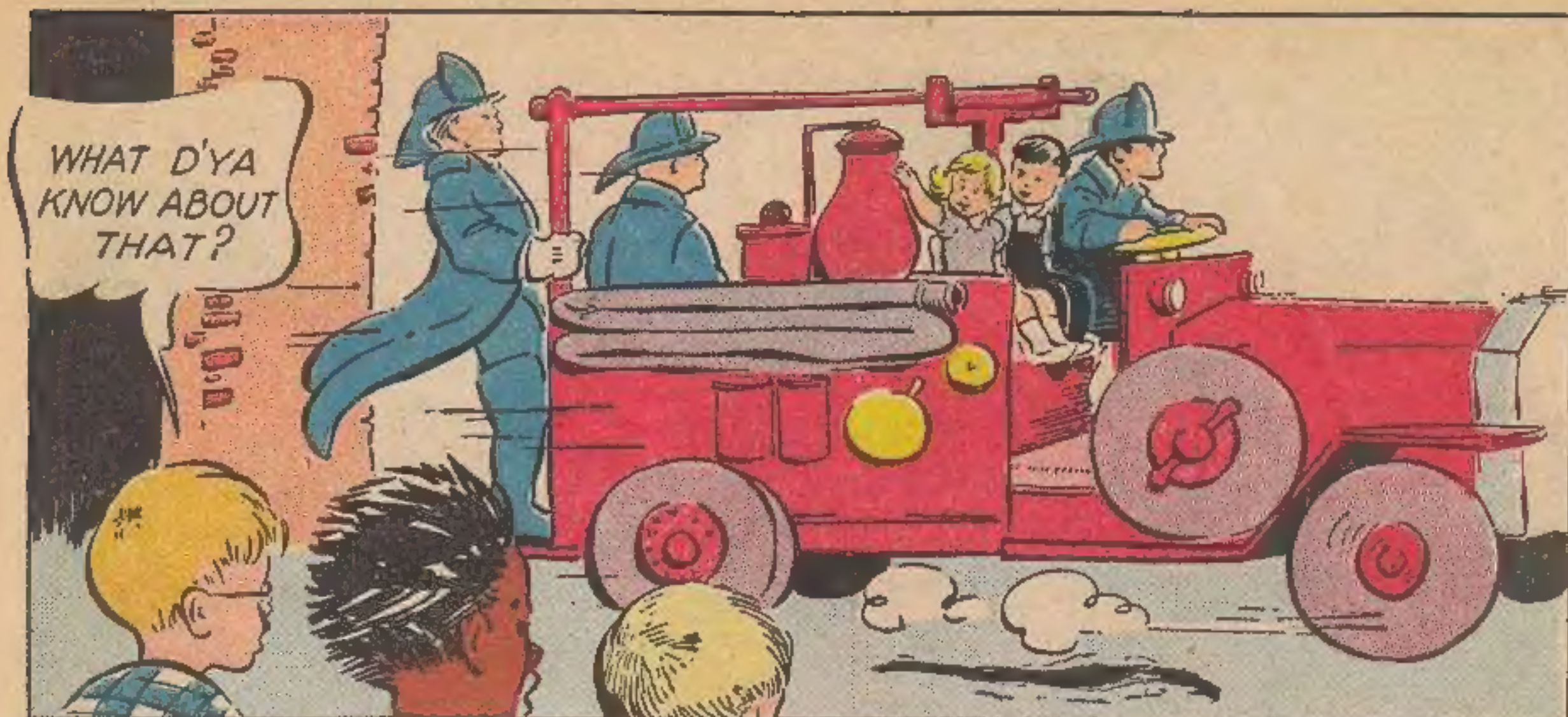
IS IT BIG?

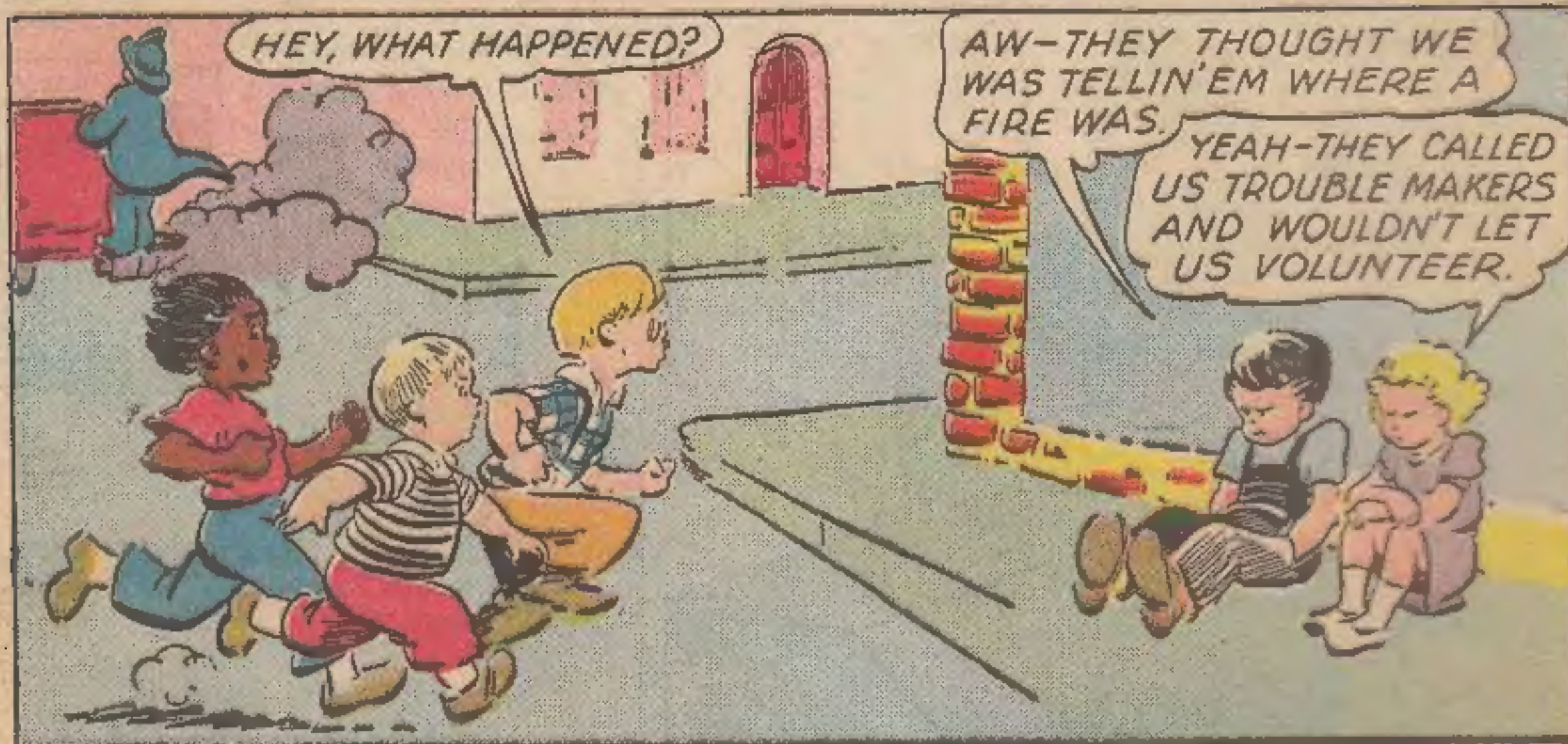
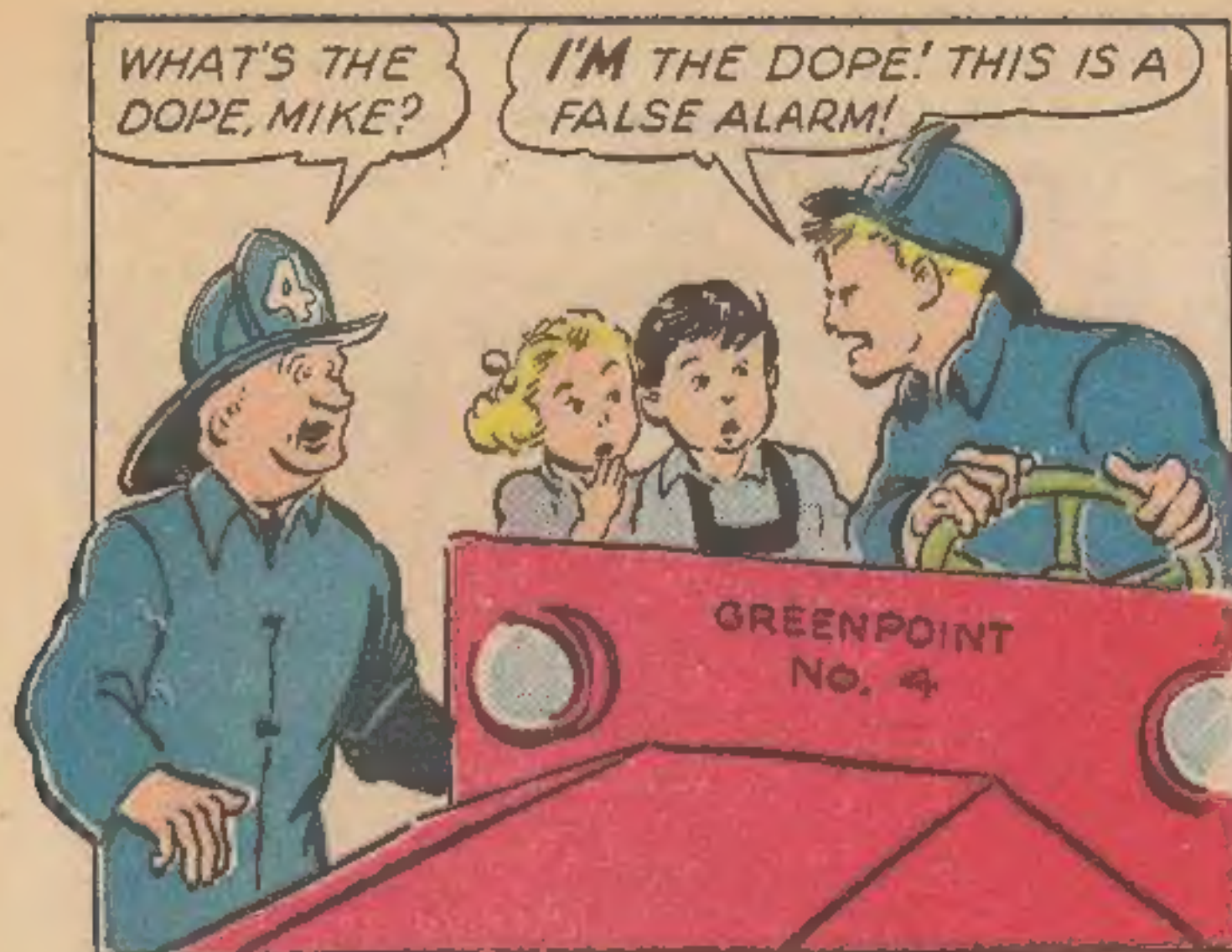
OH, SURE! BIGGEST ONE I EVER SAW - COVERS THE WHOLE SIDE OF A BRICK BUILDING!

DON'T WASTE TIME! GET ABOARD THAT WAGON AND DIRECT US TO IT.

WHY - UH - WHY - SURE, SURE!

GOLLY, WE'RE IN THE FIRE DEPARTMENT ALREADY!





WELL, IF THAT'S GONNA BE THEIR ATTITUDE, WE'LL START A RIVAL FIRE COMPANY AN' TAKE ALL THEIR BUS'NESS AWAY FROM 'EM.

HOT DOG-I'LL GO GET MY SPEED WAGON!

AN' WE'LL BUILD A FIRE ENGINE OUT OF IT AN' GET TH' GOAT TO PULL IT!

MAMMY'S OL' DINNER BELL WILL COME IN HANDY.



AND IN A HALF HOUR--

JANET AN' MICKEY HAVE GONE TO DIG UP SOME UNIFORMS.

OL' GOAT IS LOOKIN' KINDA SOO-PRISED. I GUESS HE DON' TRUST THIS SHEBANG

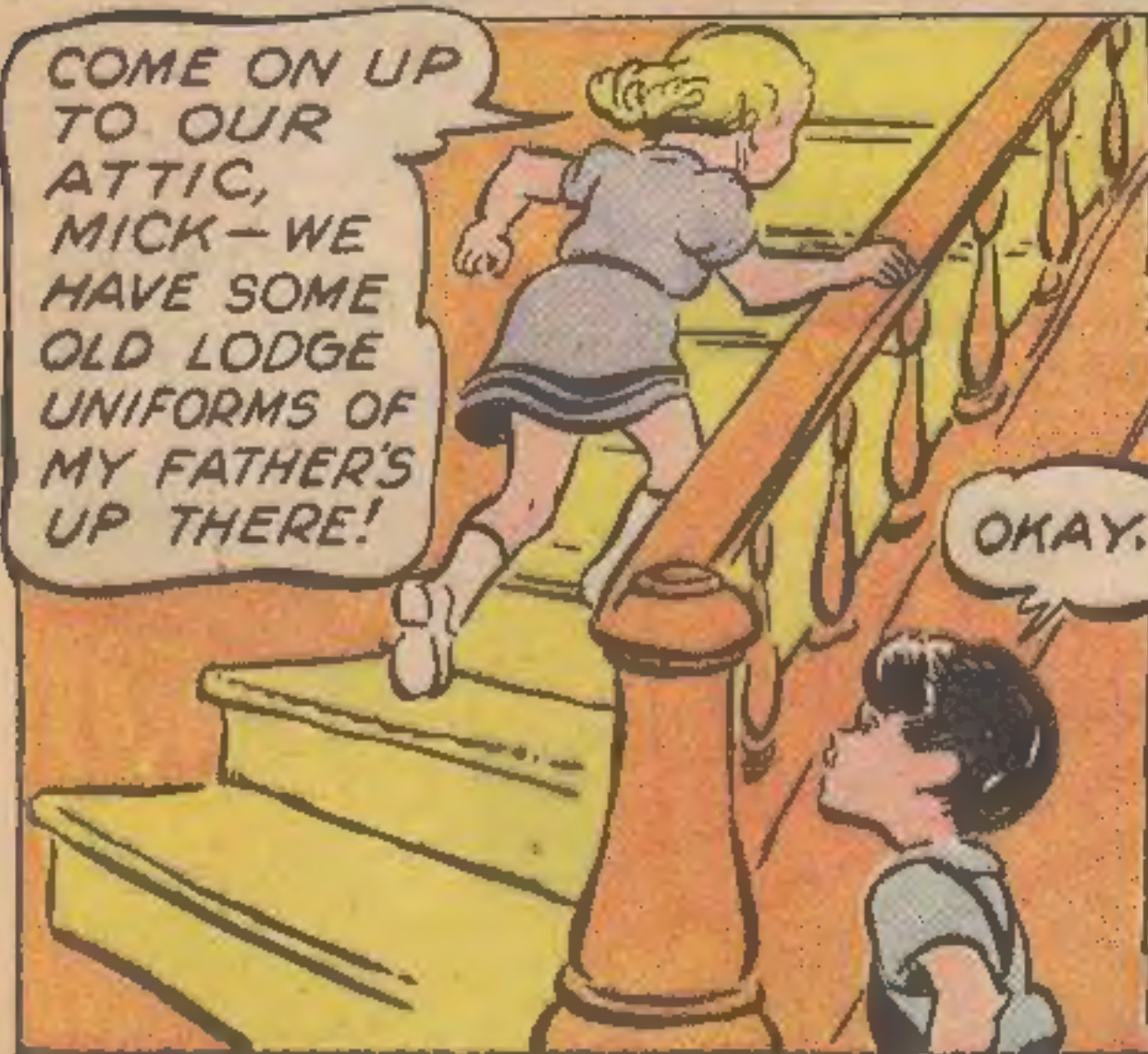


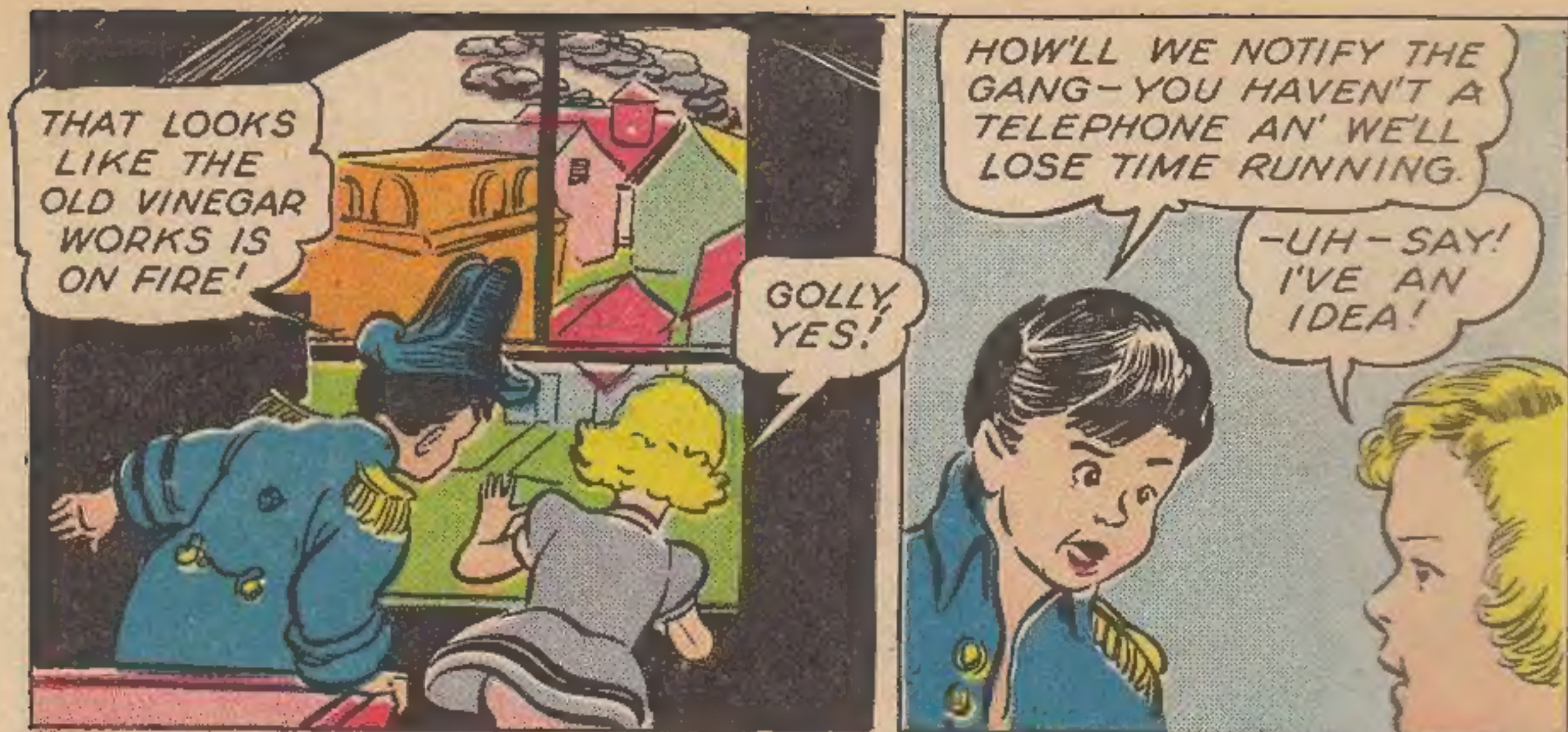
COME ON UP TO OUR ATTIC, MICK--WE HAVE SOME OLD LODGE UNIFORMS OF MY FATHER'S UP THERE!

OKAY.

YOU CAN WEAR THAT ONE--AN' HERE'S A GOOD ONE FOR--

HEY-LOOK!



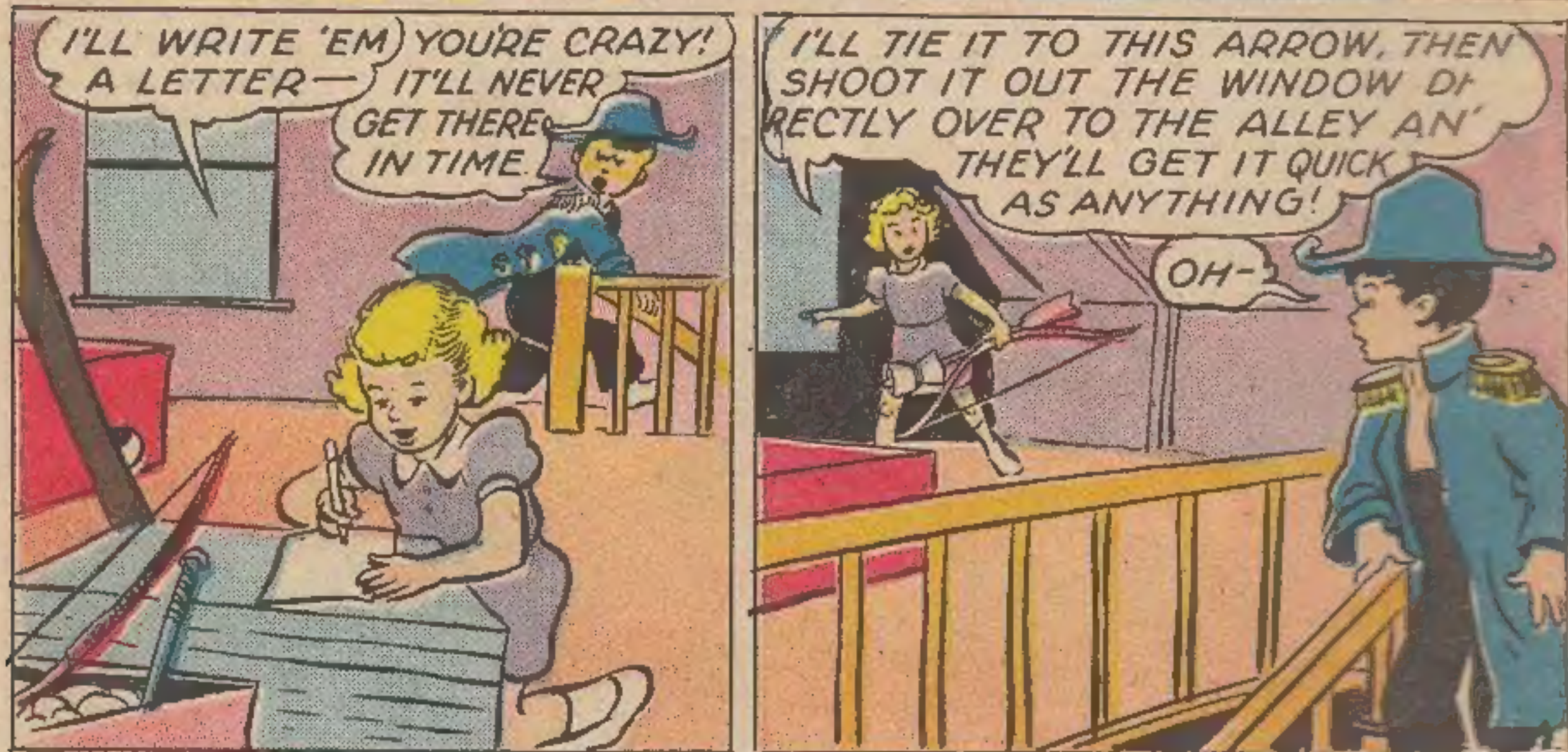


THAT LOOKS LIKE THE OLD VINEGAR WORKS IS ON FIRE!

GOLLY, YES!

HOW'LL WE NOTIFY THE GANG—YOU HAVEN'T A TELEPHONE AN' WE'LL LOSE TIME RUNNING.

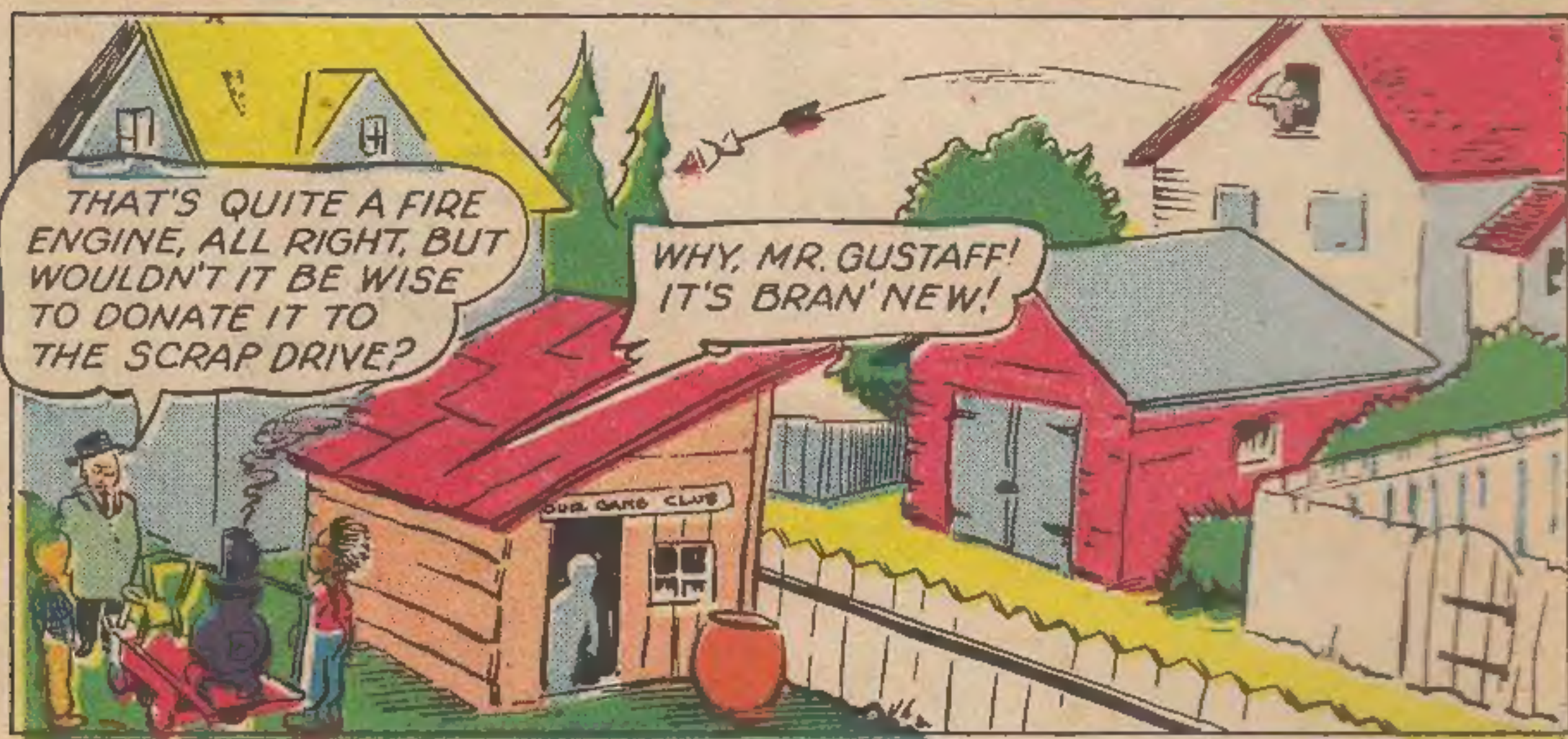
—UH—SAY! I'VE AN IDEA!



I'LL WRITE 'EM YOU'RE CRAZY! A LETTER—IT'LL NEVER GET THERE IN TIME.

I'LL TIE IT TO THIS ARROW, THEN SHOOT IT OUT THE WINDOW DIRECTLY OVER TO THE ALLEY AN' THEY'LL GET IT QUICK AS ANYTHING!

OH—



THAT'S QUITE A FIRE ENGINE, ALL RIGHT, BUT WOULDN'T IT BE WISE TO DONATE IT TO THE SCRAP DRIVE?

WHY, MR. GUSTAFF! IT'S BRAN' NEW!

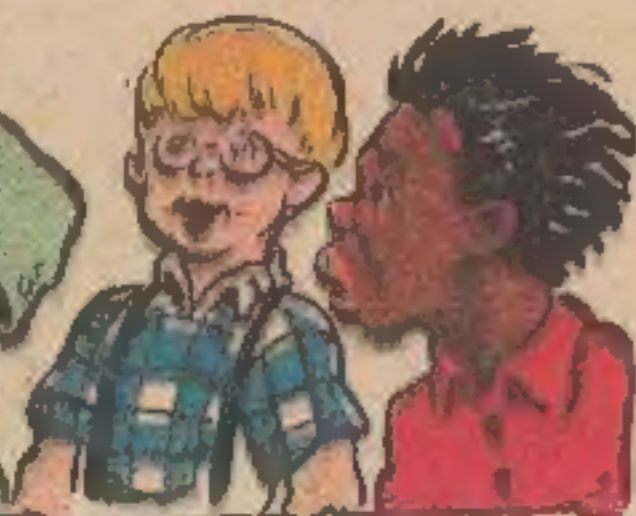
FLUG!

HEY!

LAWSY!
WE IS BEIN'
ATTACKED
BY INDIANS!

MY WORD-IF THIS IS SOMEONE'S
IDEA OF A JOKE-HUMPH-LOOKS
LIKE A NOTE ON THAT ARROW.

YER LEAVIN' A VERY
STRATEGIC POSITION
EXPOSED, MR. GUSTAFF.



GOOD GOSH!

Dear Dang
The old Vinigger
works is on fire.
Very truly
yours
Janet
and
Mikay

I'VE GOT TO
GET OVER THERE!

WONDER
WHAT THAT
NOTE SAYS!



YEOW-IT'S AN ALARM!
GET GOIN'- OVER TO
TH' OL' VINEGAR
WORKS!

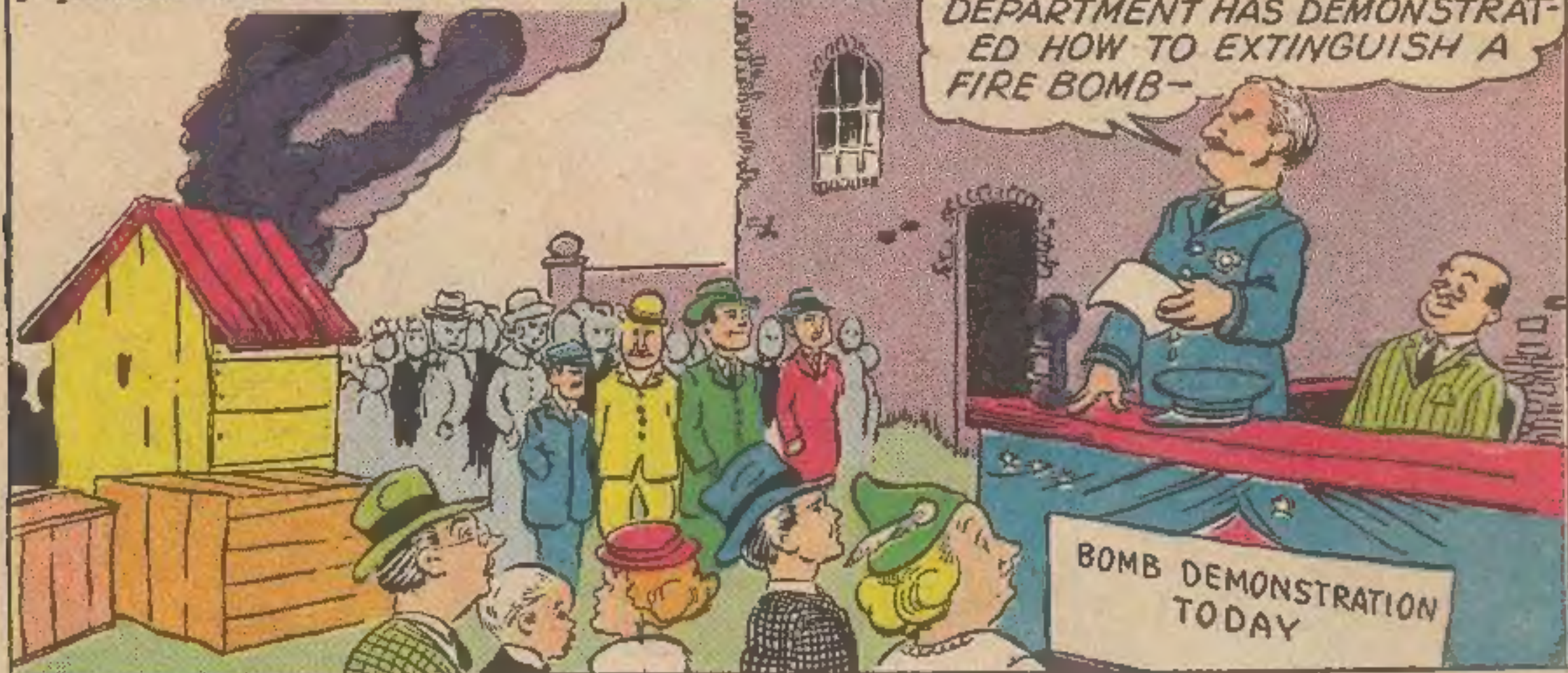
HOP ON WHEN WE COME
TEARIN' BY, FROGGY!
GIDDAP,
GOAT!

WOW!



MEANWHILE AT THE OLD VINEGAR WORKS

NOW THAT THE REGULAR FIRE DEPARTMENT HAS DEMONSTRATED HOW TO EXTINGUISH A FIRE BOMB—

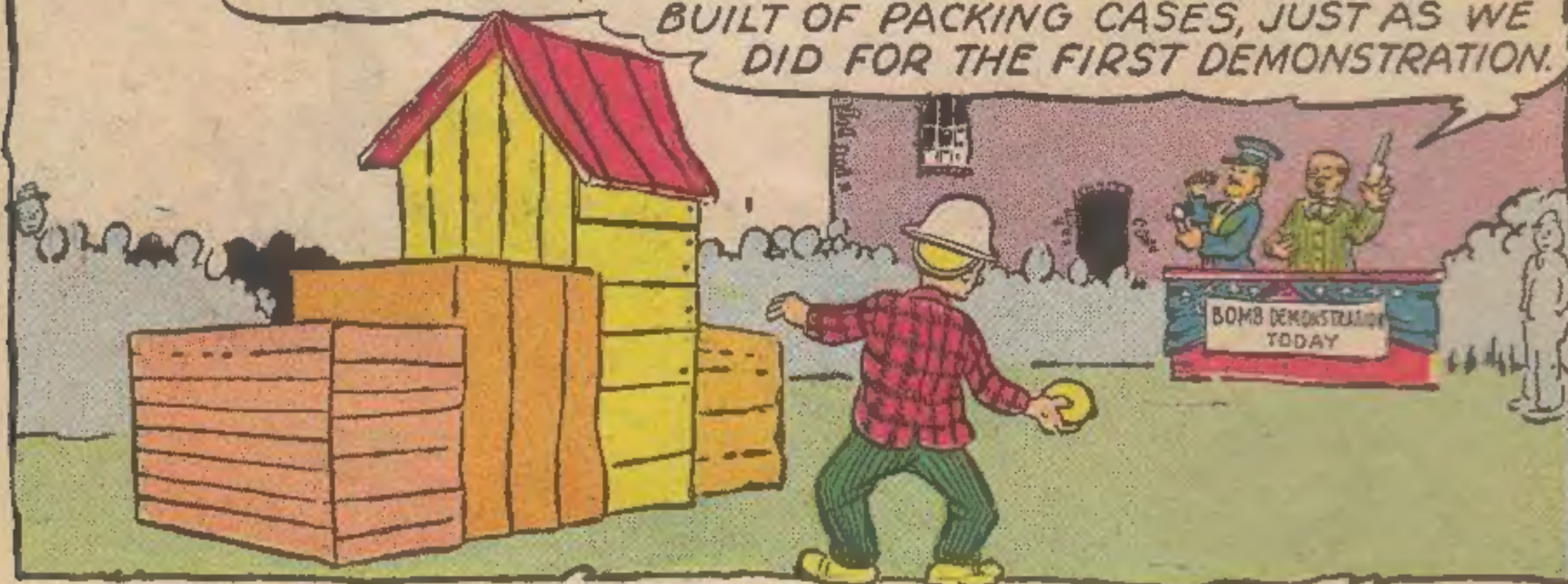


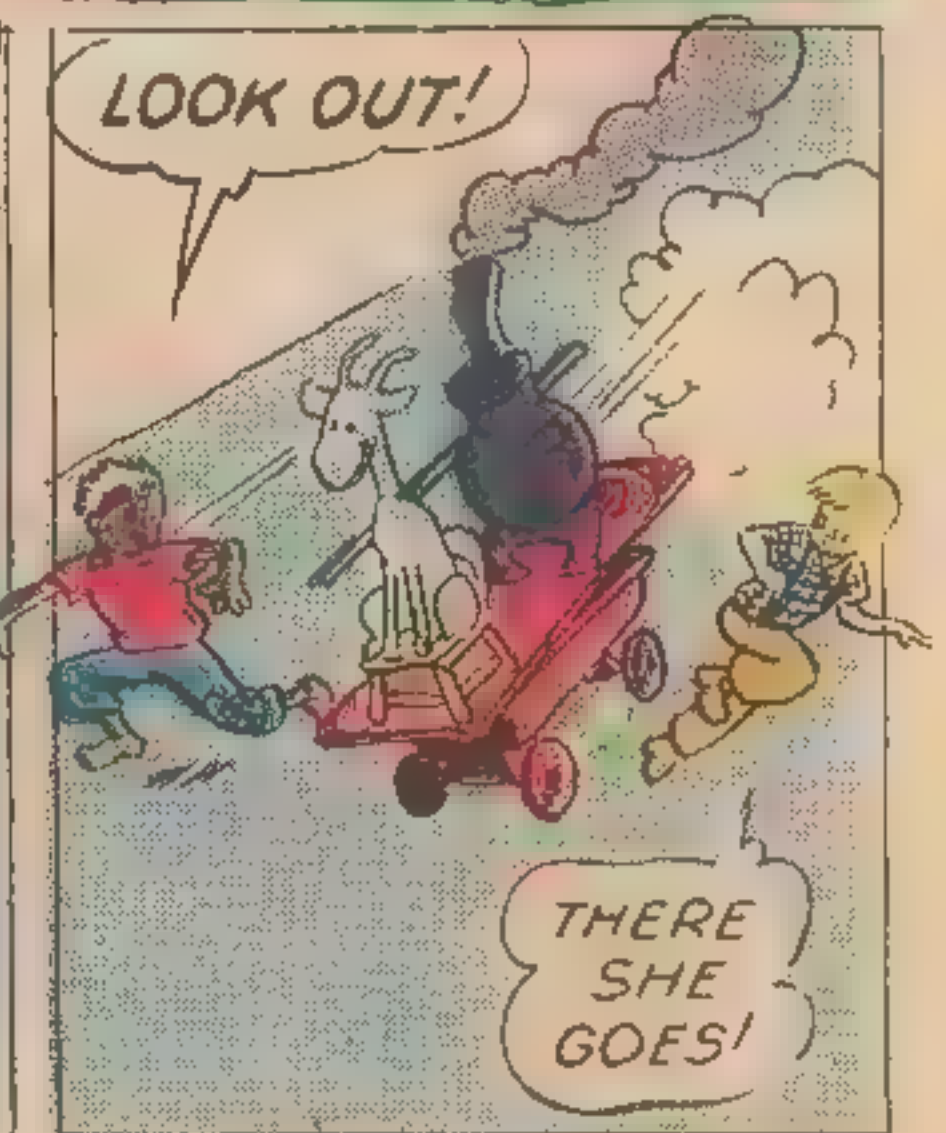
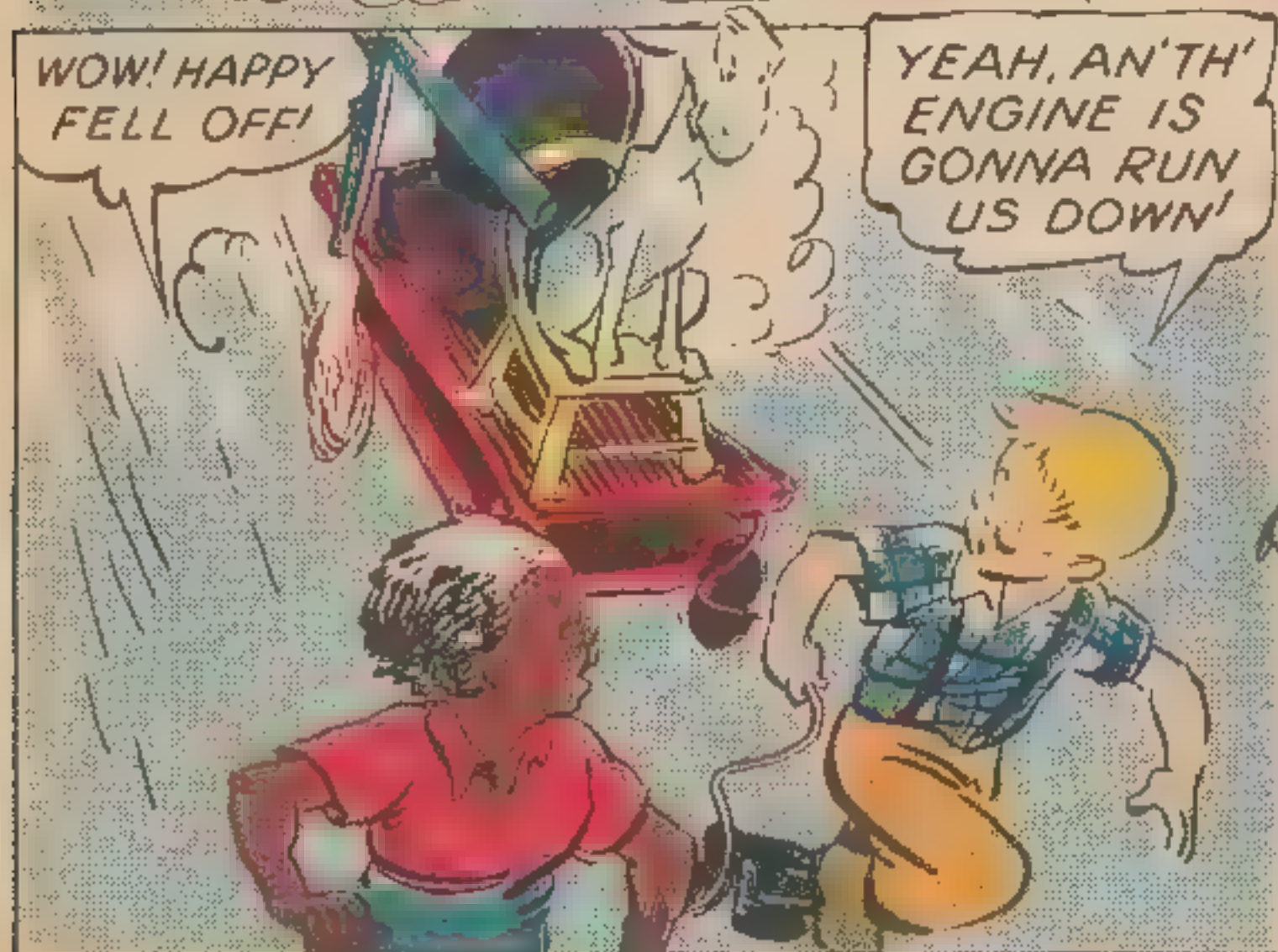
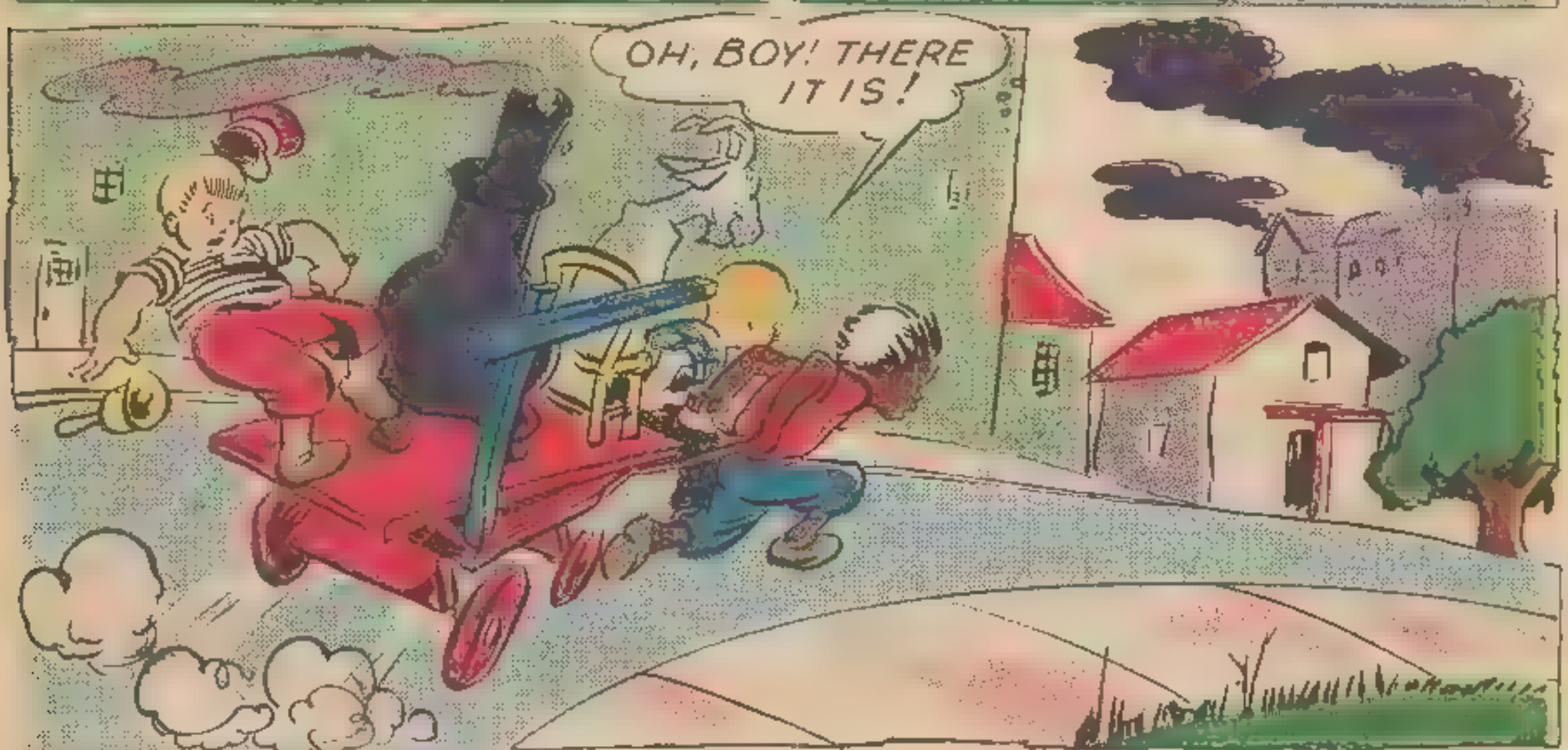
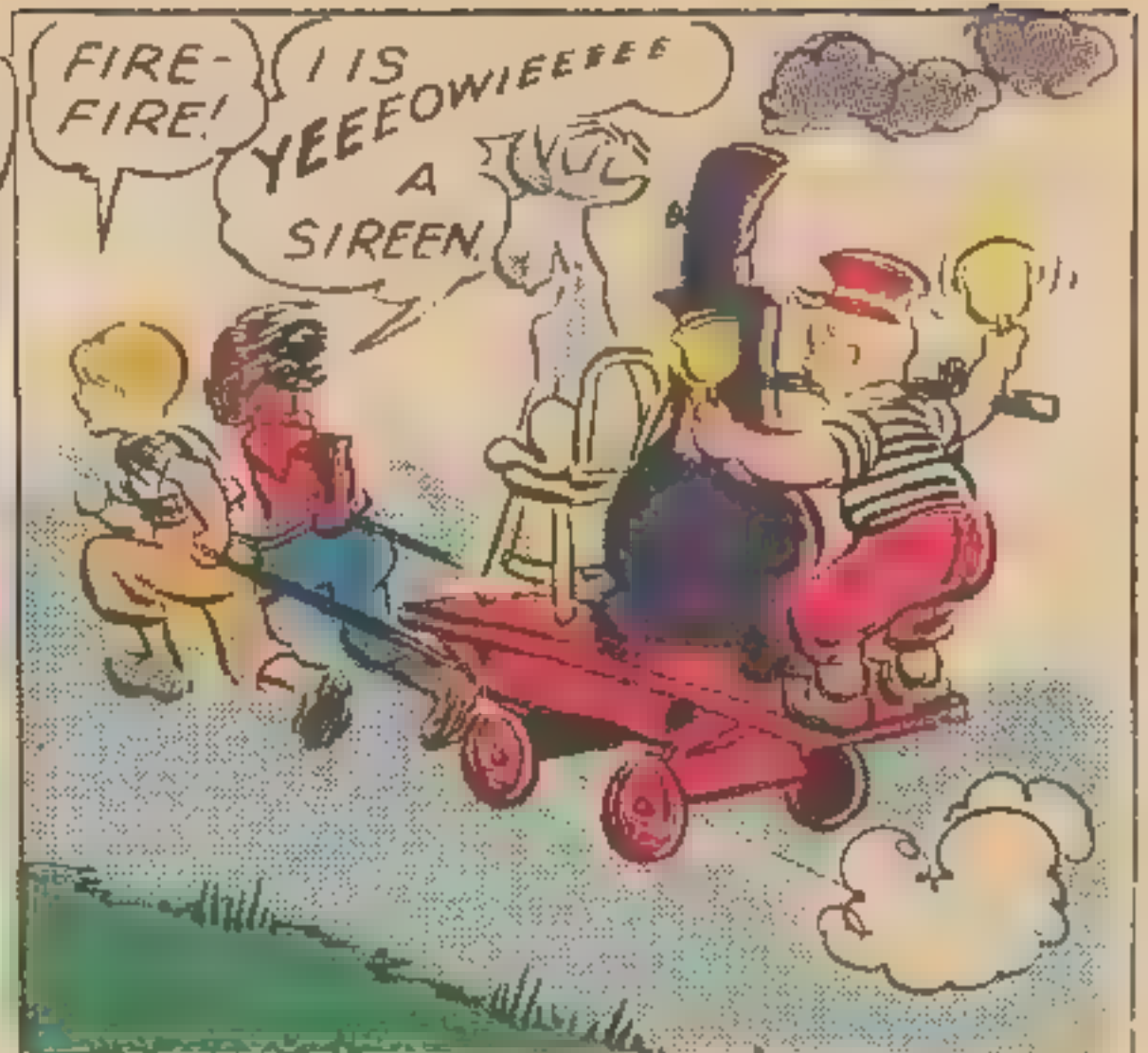
WE WILL HEAR FROM OUR FRIEND, THE HONORABLE MAYOR OF GREEN-POINT, WHO HAS A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR US.

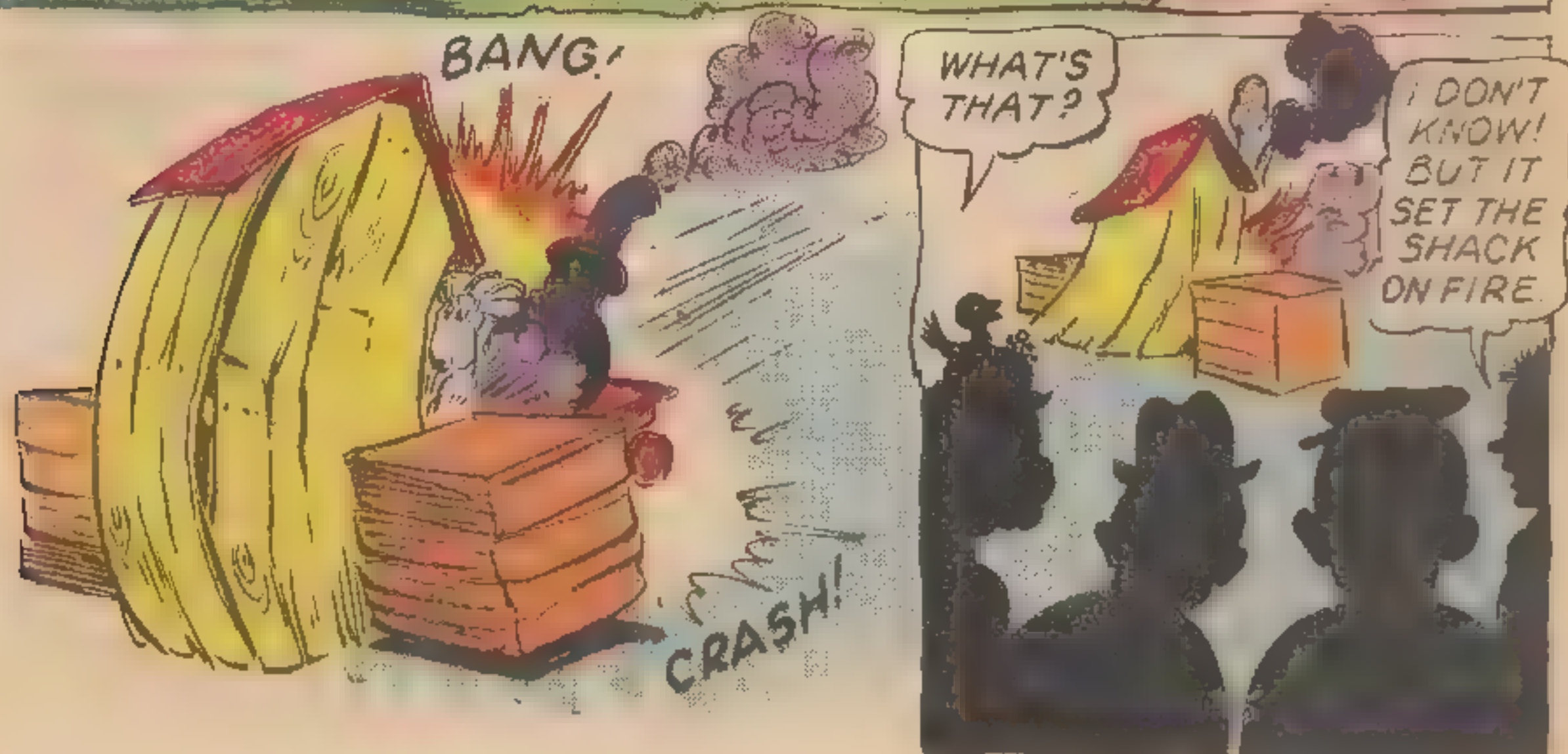
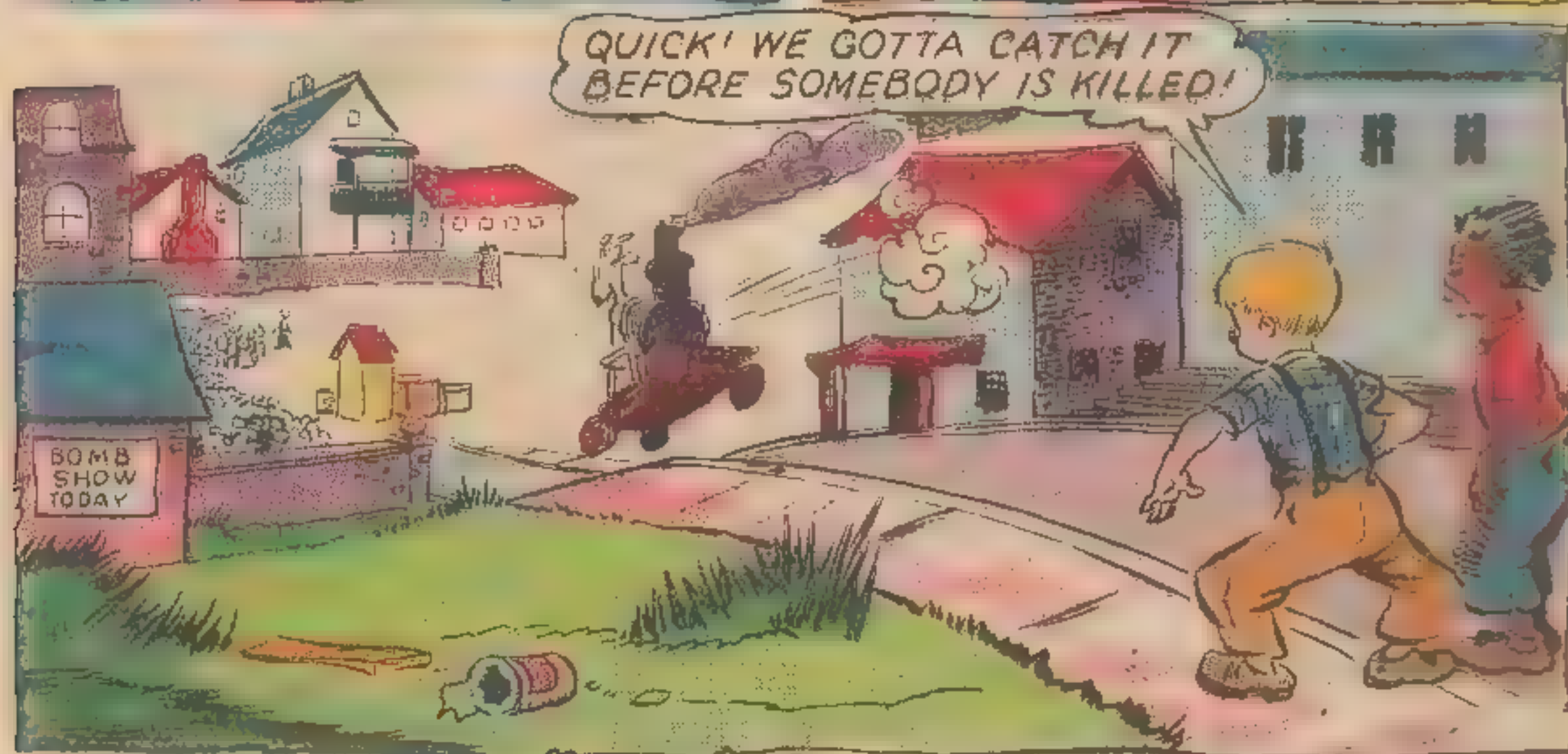
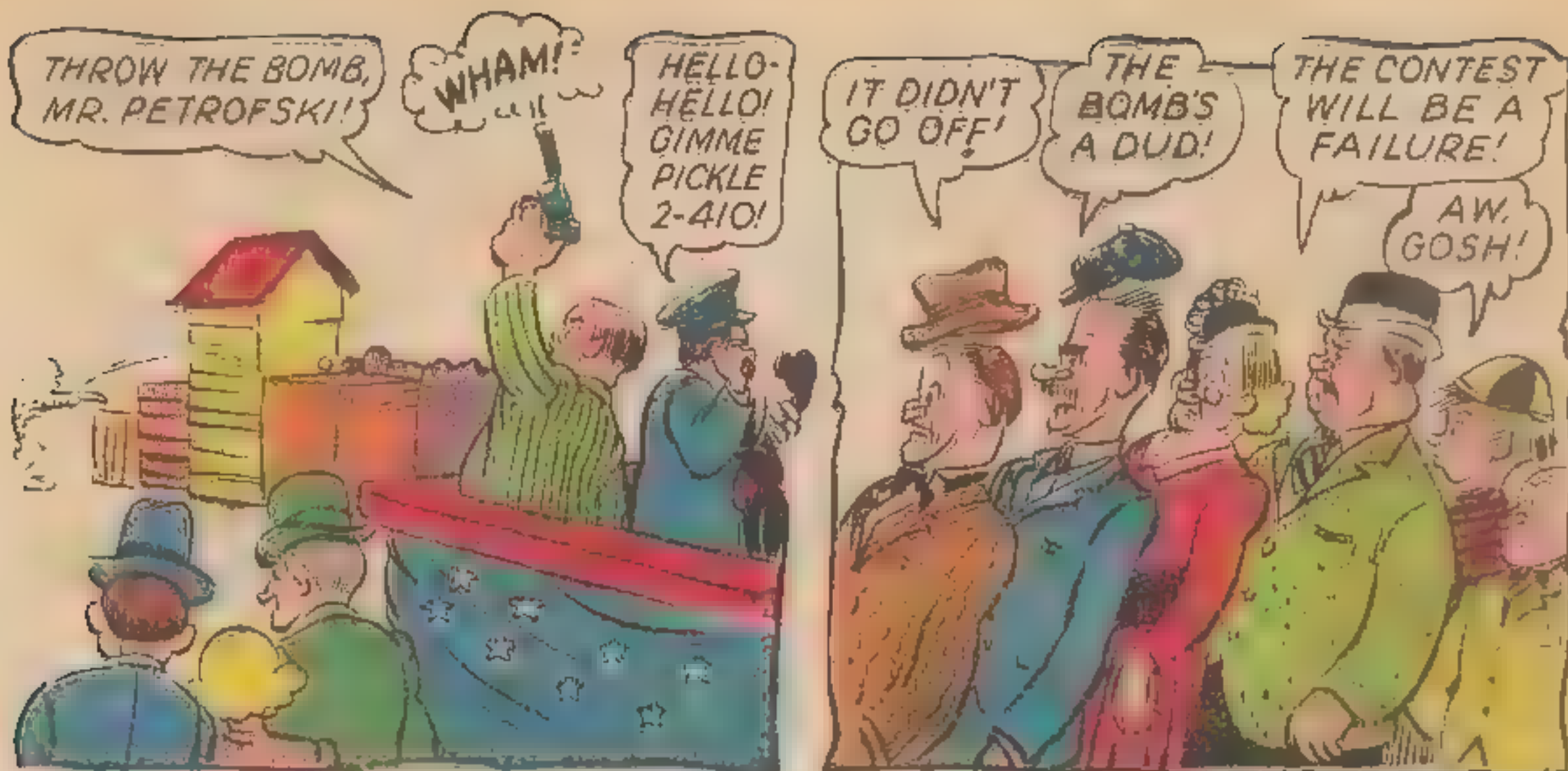
FELLOW CITIZENS, I FIND THAT THE FIRE DEPARTMENT EXTINGUISHED THAT BLAZE IN THREE MINUTES AND FOUR SECONDS. NOW OUR VOLUNTEERS WILL RESPOND TO A SIMILAR TEST AND ATTEMPT TO PUT THE FIRE OUT IN LESS TIME.

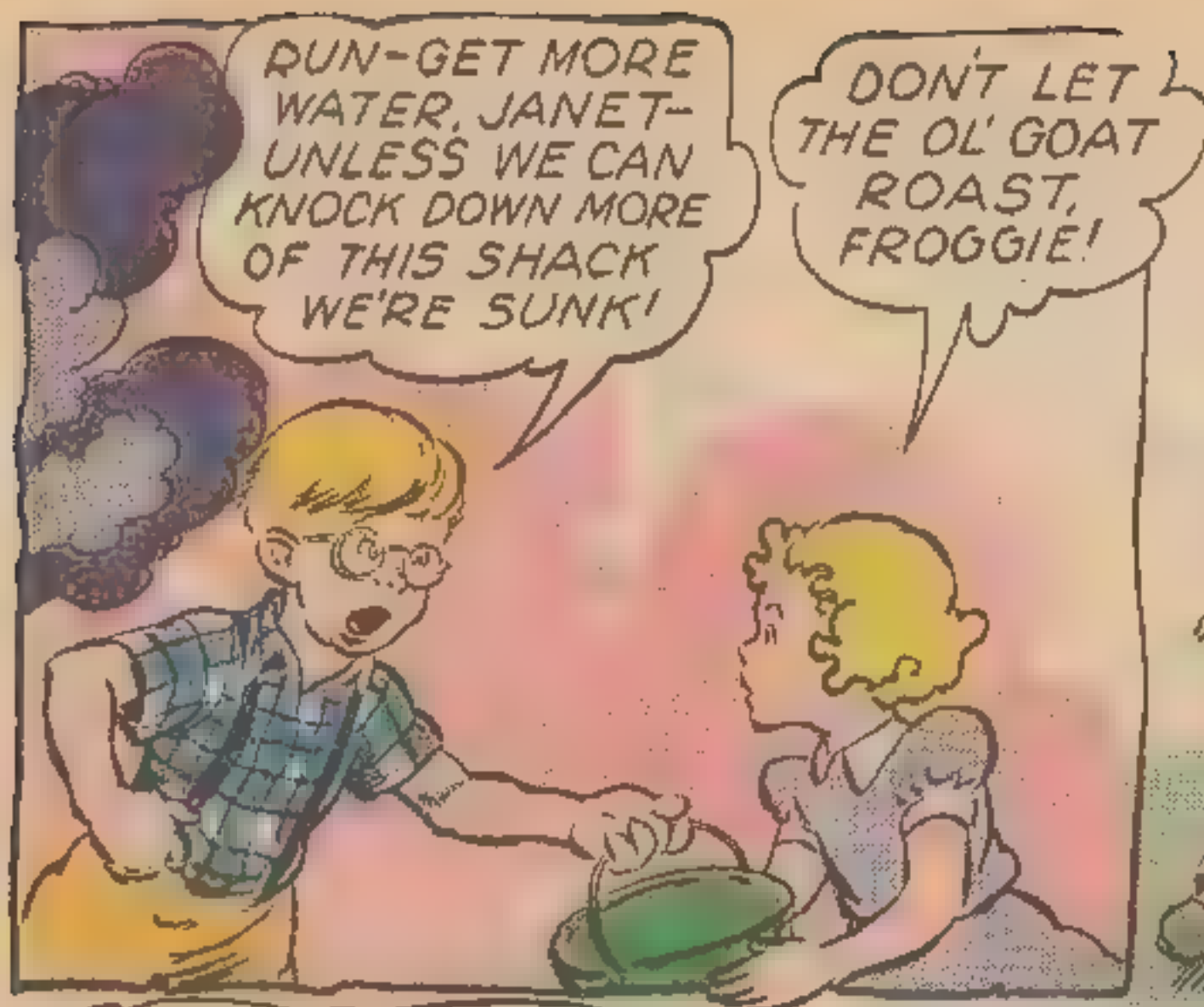


NOW, WHEN I FIRE THE PISTOL, CHIEF BLAKE WILL PHONE THE VOLUNTEER FIRE HOUSE AND WARDEN PETROFSKI WILL THROW THE FIRE BOMB INTO THE DUMMY HOUSE BUILT OF PACKING CASES, JUST AS WE DID FOR THE FIRST DEMONSTRATION.

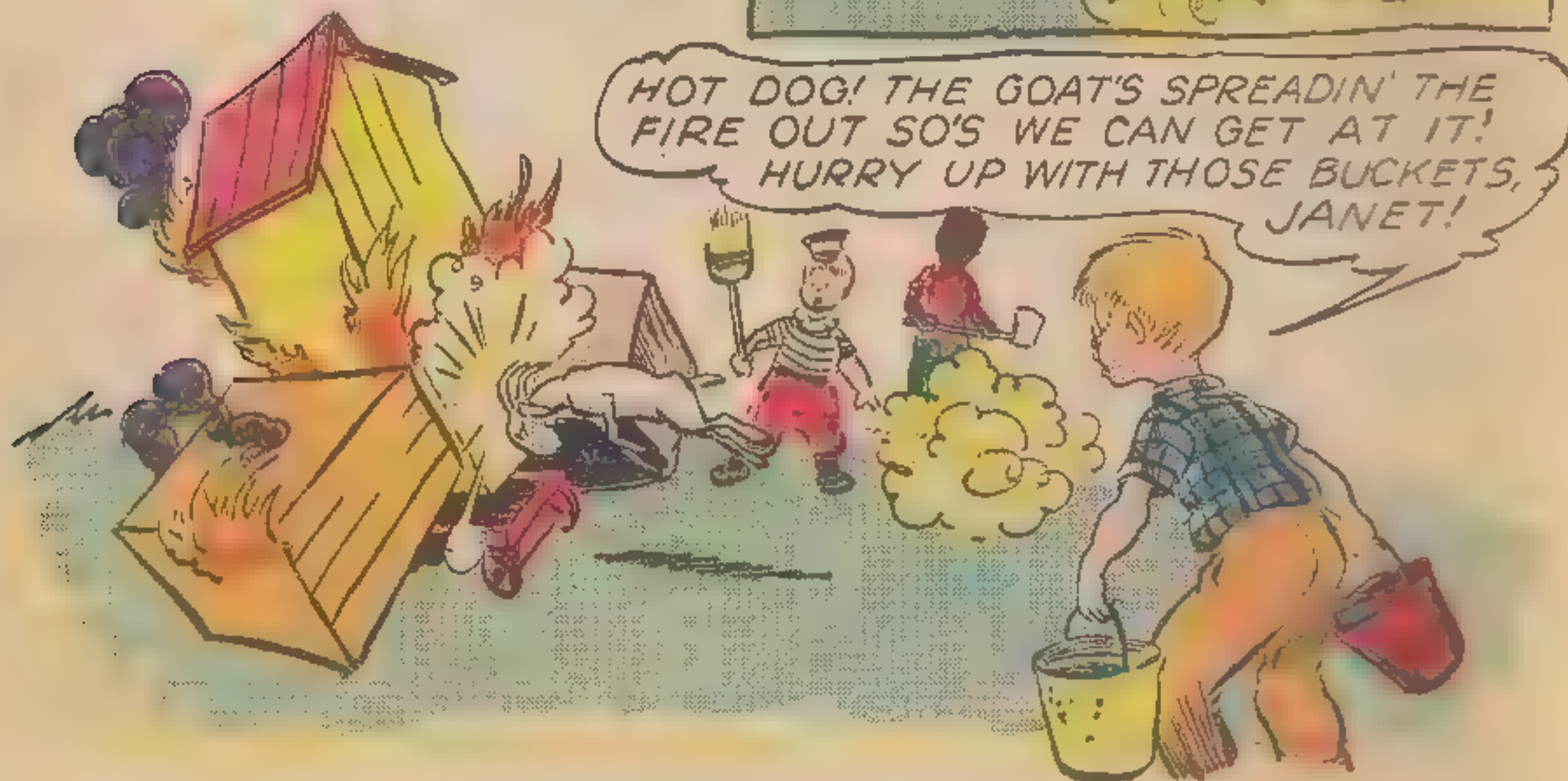
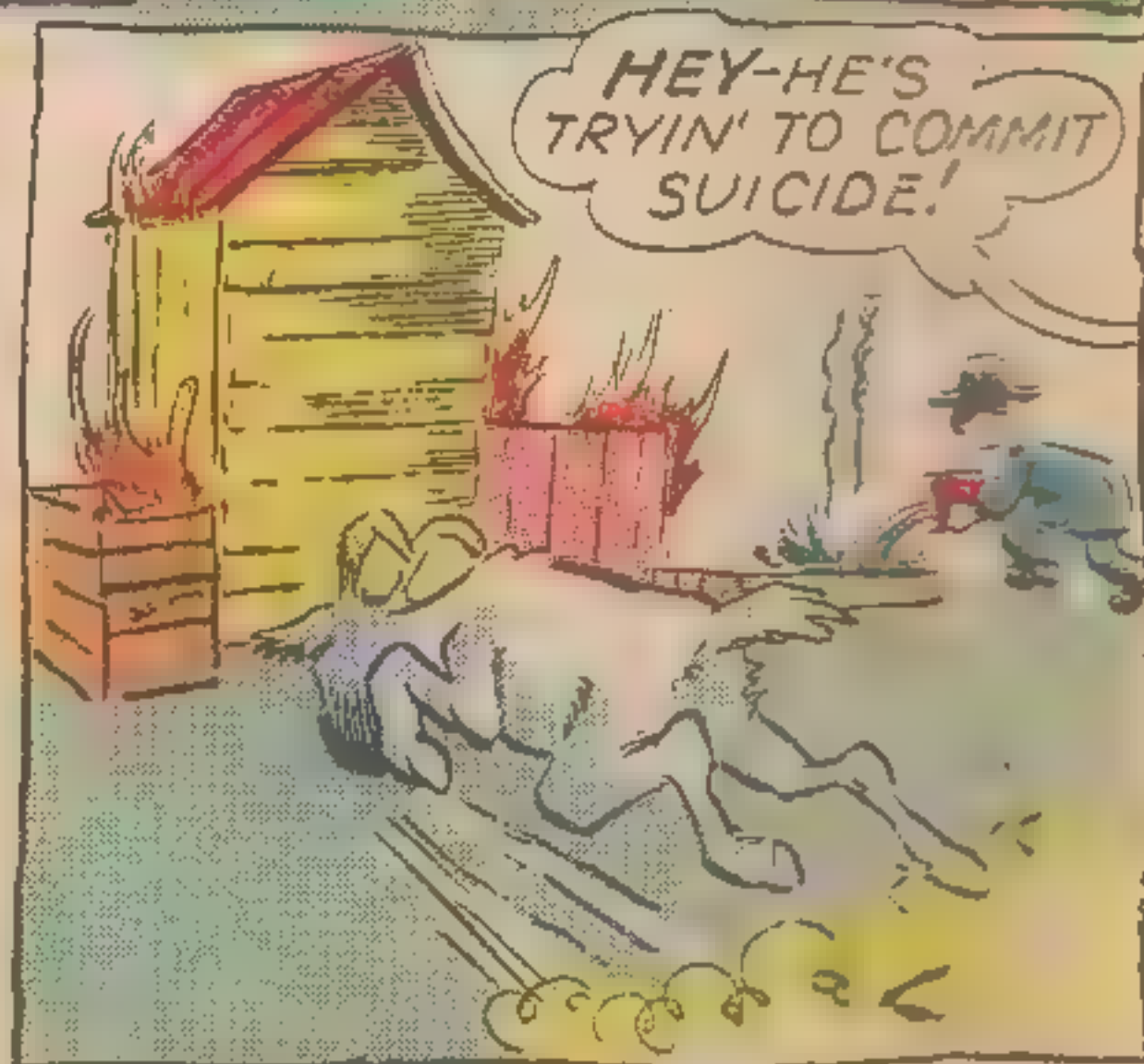




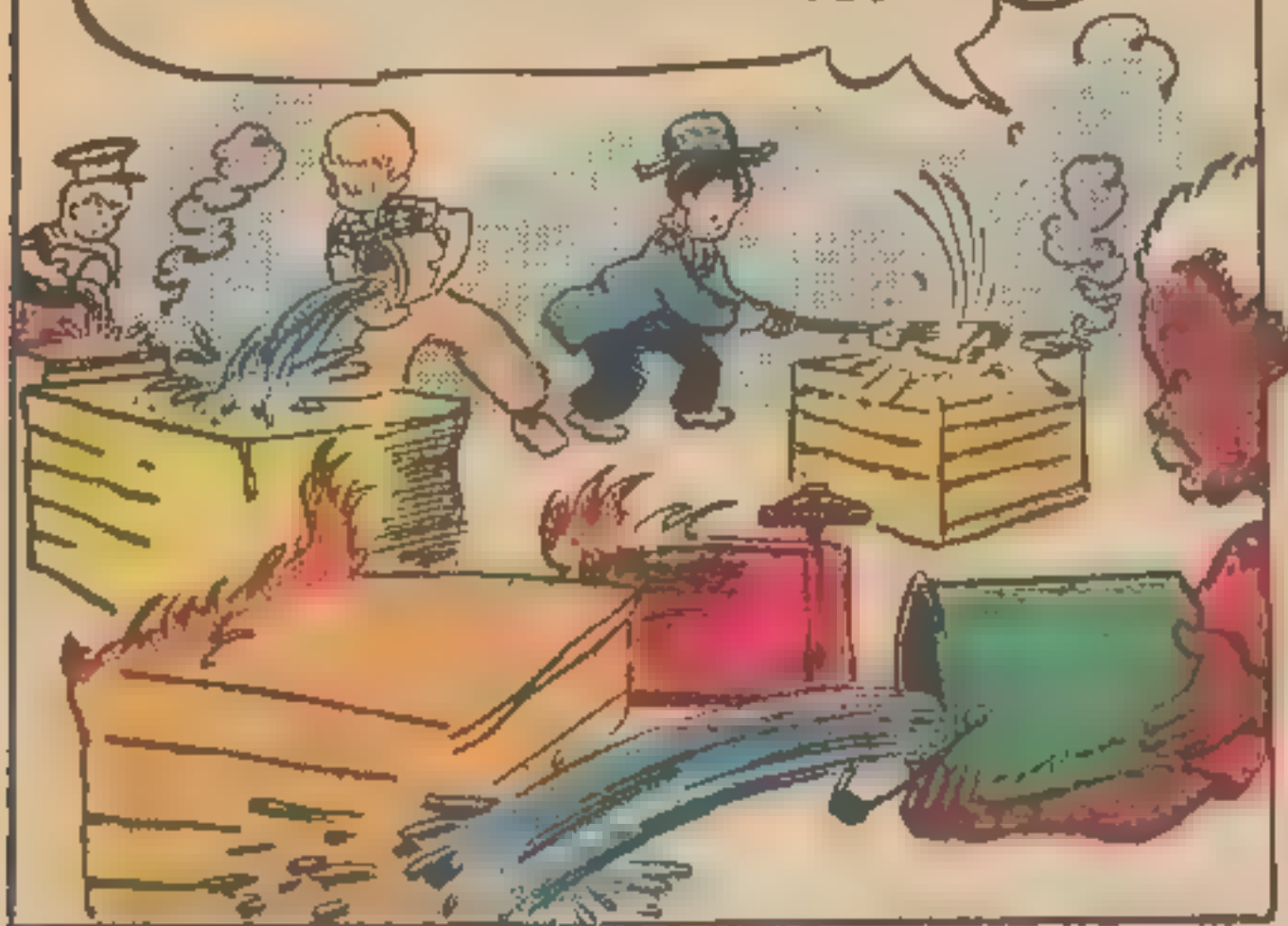




DON'T LET
THE OL' GOAT
ROAST,
FROGGIE!

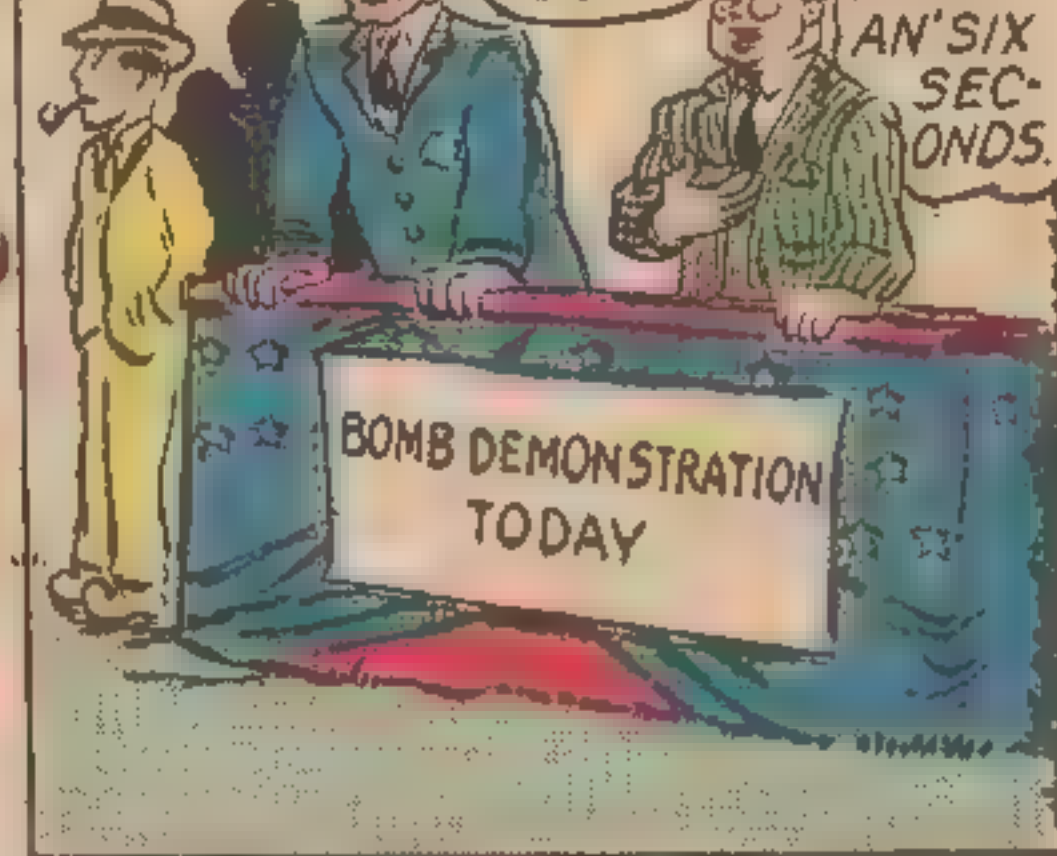


BOY! NOW WE'LL GET TH' OL' FIRE UNDER CONTROL!



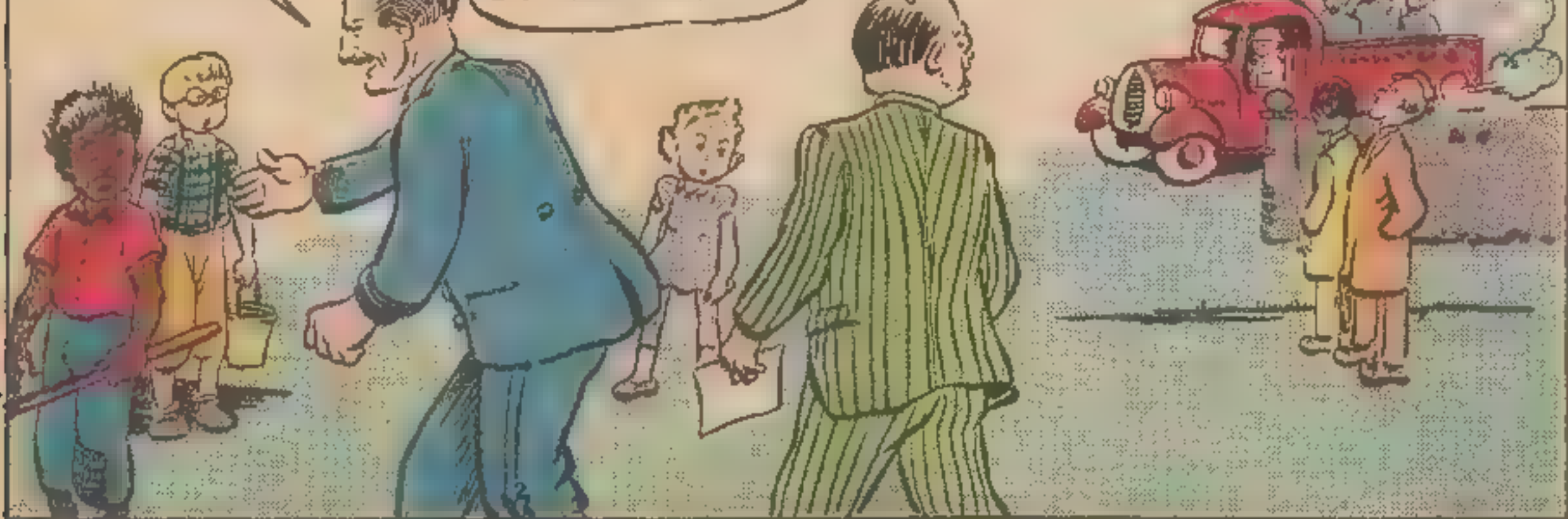
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! THOSE KIDS HAVE PUT THAT FIRE OUT!

AND IN ONLY ONE MINUTE AN' SIX SECONDS.

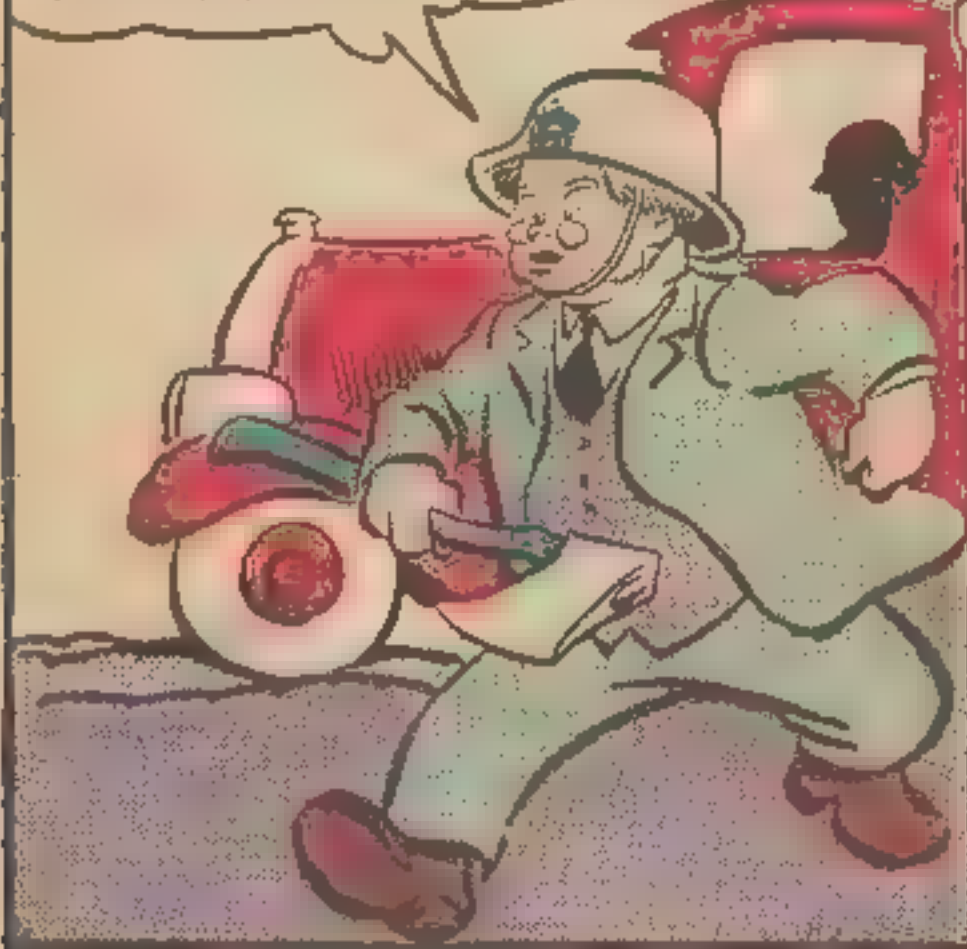


BY GEORGE, YOUNG FOLKS, YOU'VE DONE WELL! YOUR GROUP PUT OUT THAT FIRE IN LESS THAN HALF THE TIME TAKEN BY OUR DEPARTMENT!

AN' HERE COMES THE VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT NOW!



HERE WE ARE-WHERE'S THE FIRE!

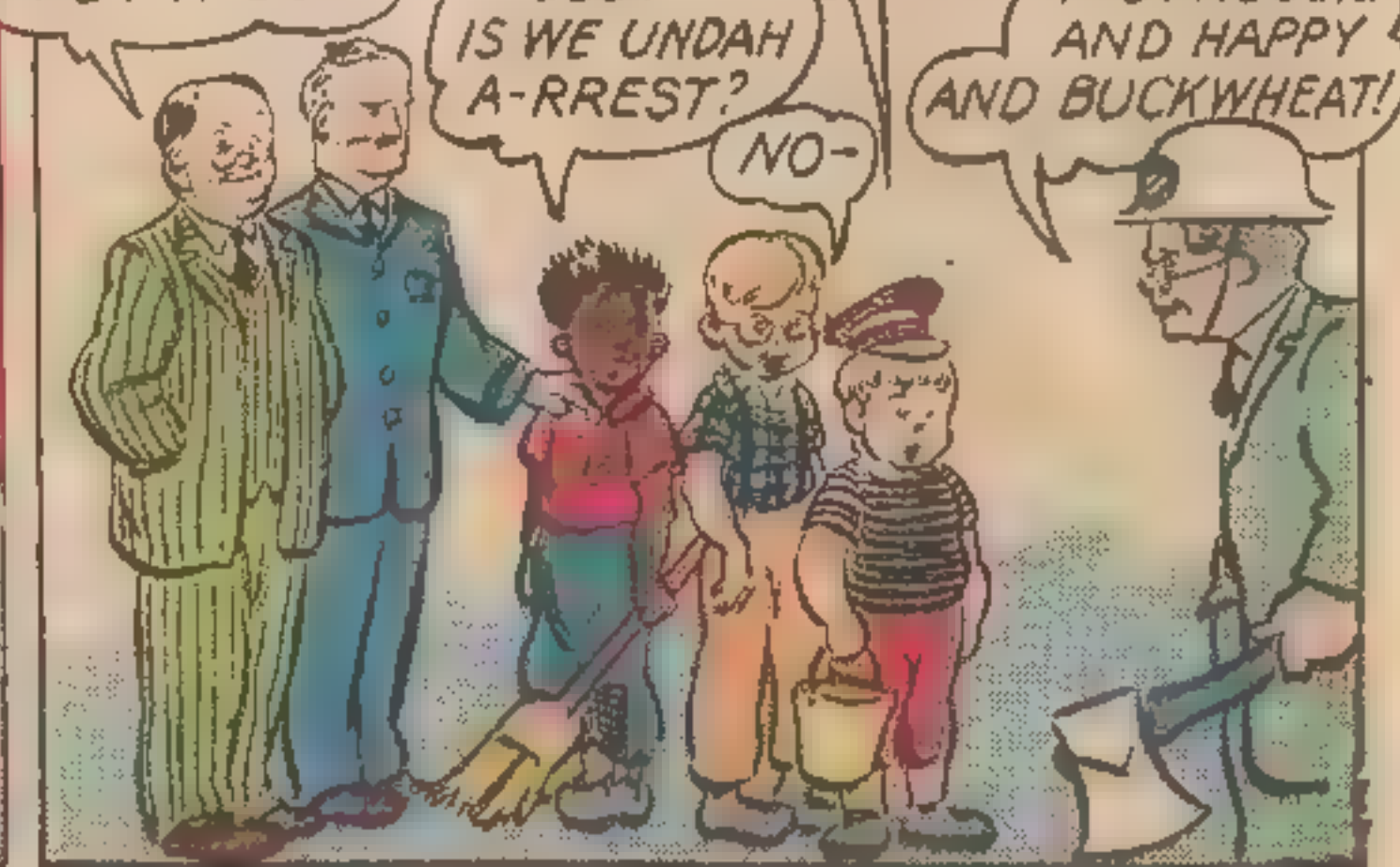


IT'S ALL OVER. THESE CHILDREN PUT IT OUT

FROGGIE! PSSST- IS WE UNDAH A-RREST?

WHY, IT'S MR. GUSTAFF!

WELL, BLESS ME, IT'S FROGGIE AND HAPPY AND BUCKWHEAT!



CHIEF, THESE BOYS SHOWED ME THEIR ENGINE A LITTLE WHILE AGO-AND THEY ARE VOLUNTEER FIREMEN IN AN UNOFFICIAL CAPACITY.

WELL-IF THEY ARE VOLUNTEERS, THEN THE VOLUNTEERS WIN THE CONTEST- HERE'S A \$25.00 WAR BOND AS A PRIZE.

THESE BOYS AND THEIR GIRL FRIEND DESERVE IT!

DON'T FORGET OUR GOAT. HE GETS CREDIT, TOO!

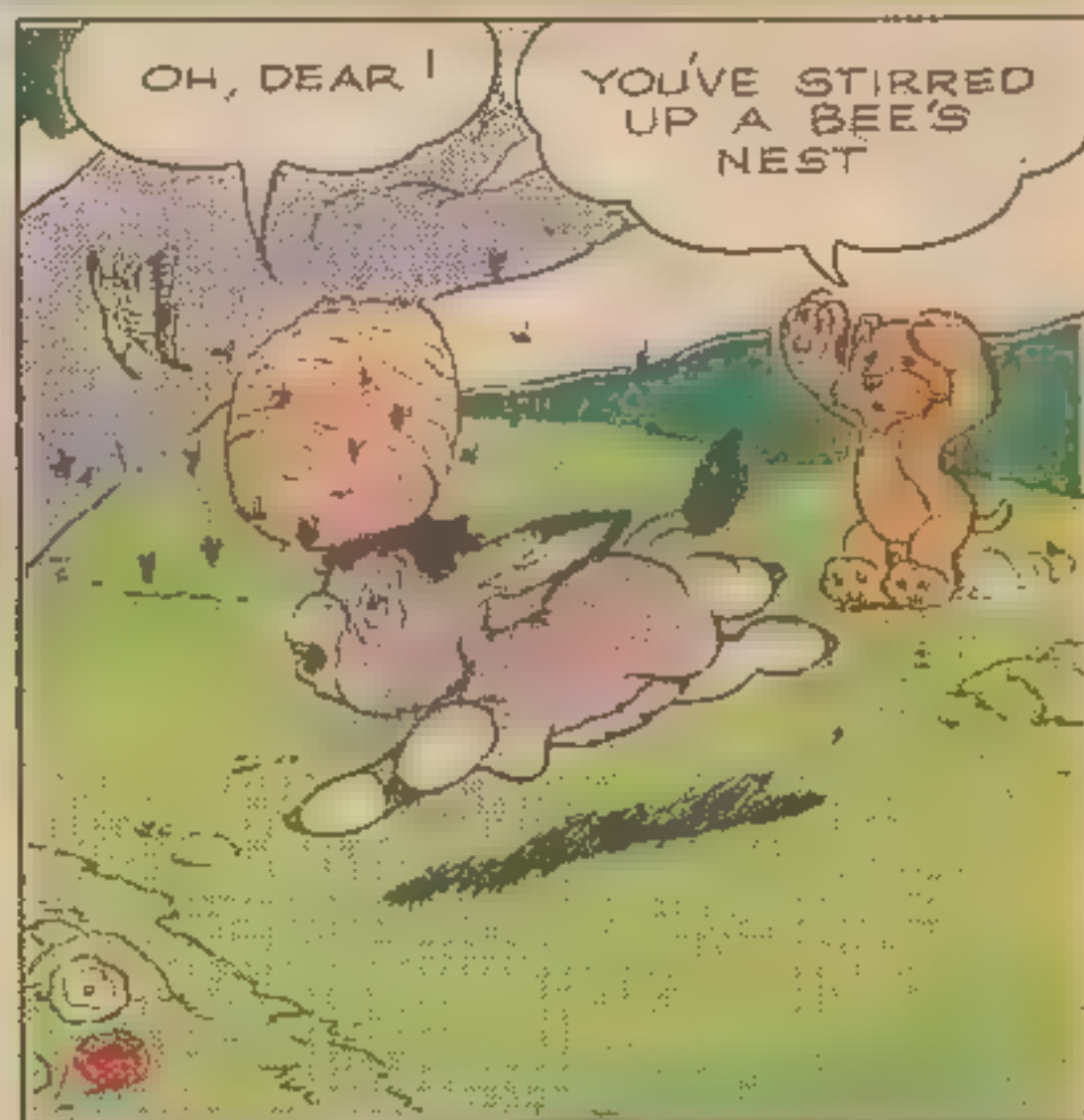
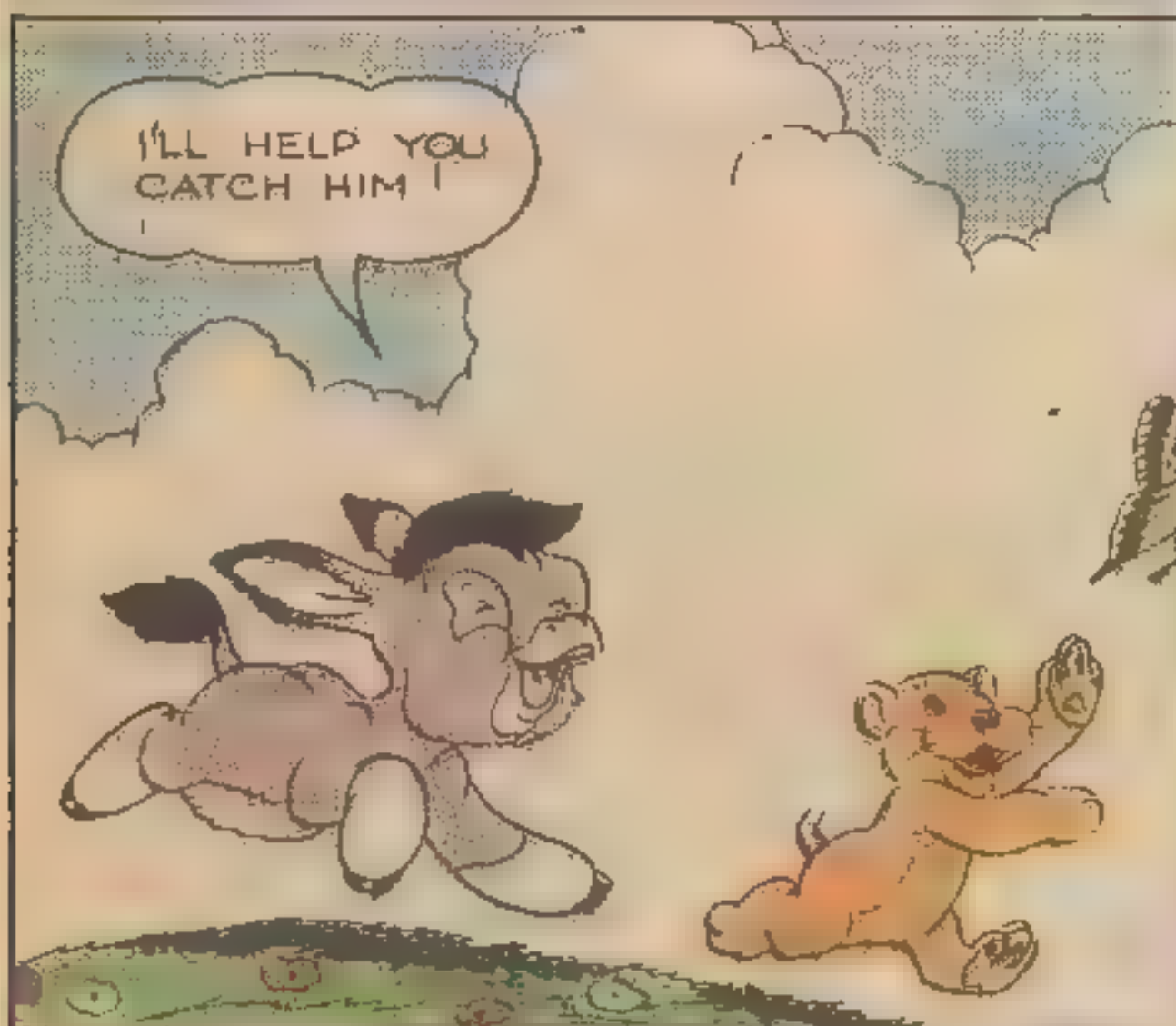
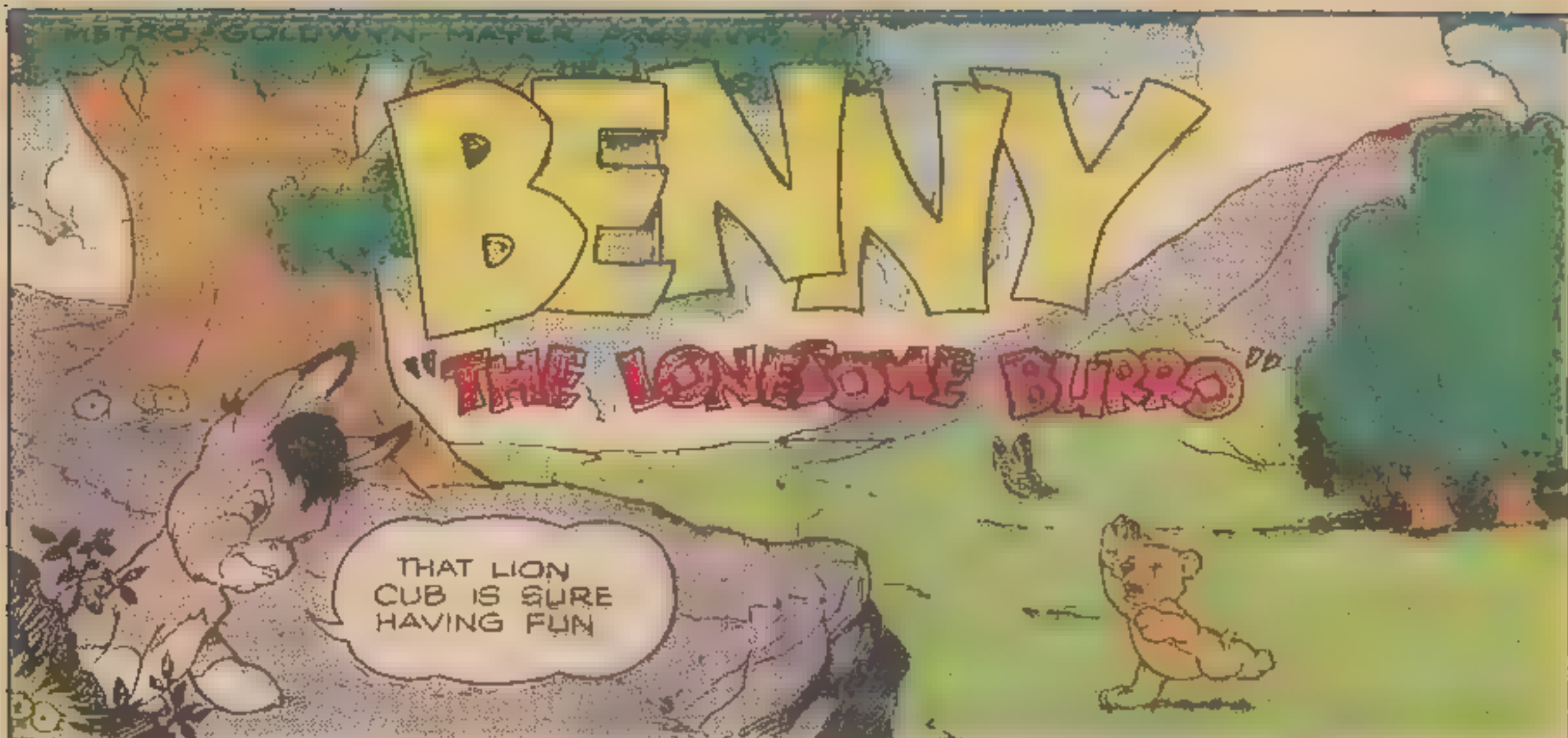
IN FACT, THAT GOAT MADE A SUCCESS OF THE ENTIRE AFFAIR. FIRST HE CRASHED INTO THE DUMMY BUILDING AND SET IT AFIRE. THEN HE KNOCKED IT TO PIECES SO THE GANG COULD FIGHT THE BLAZE.

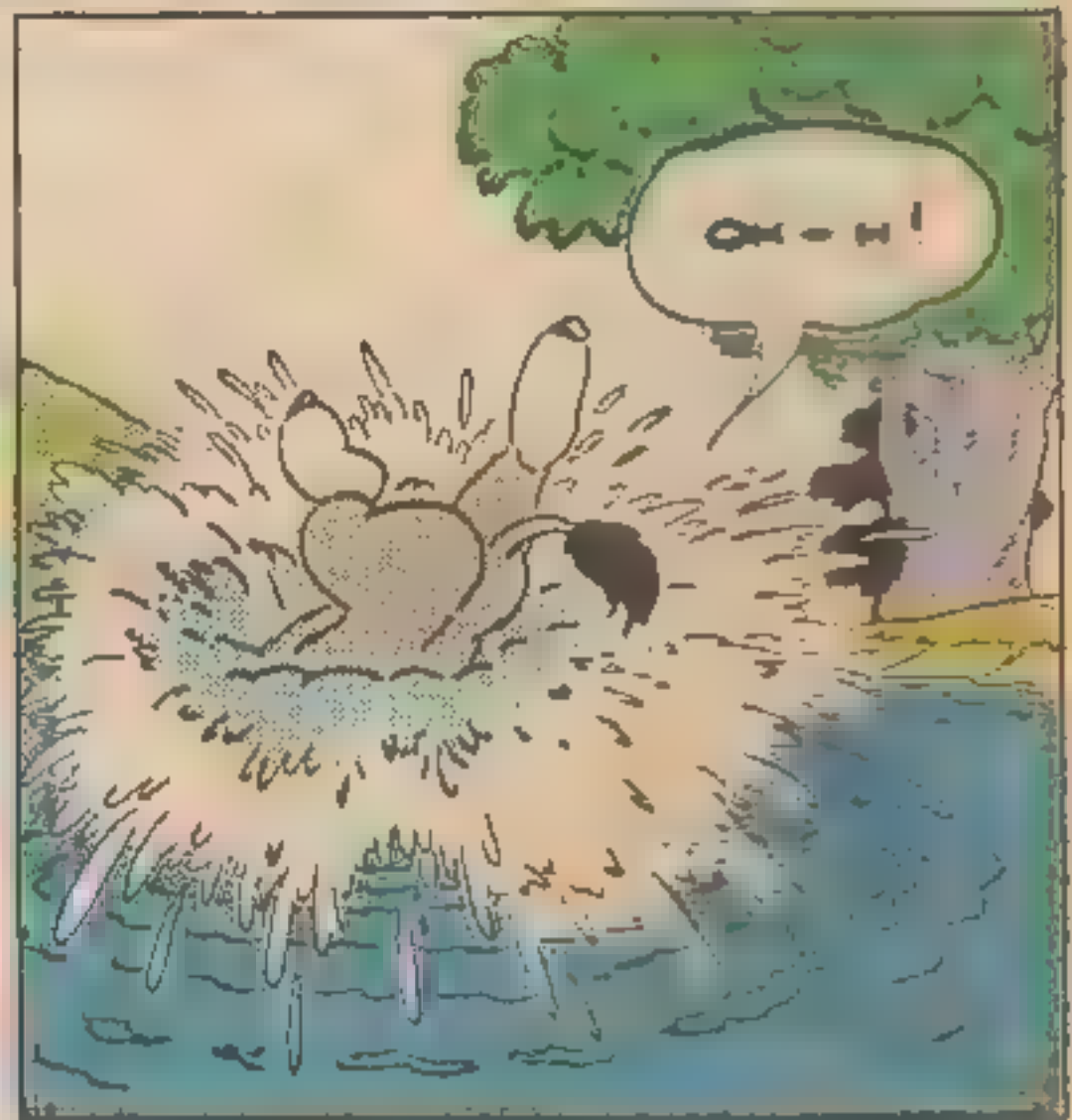
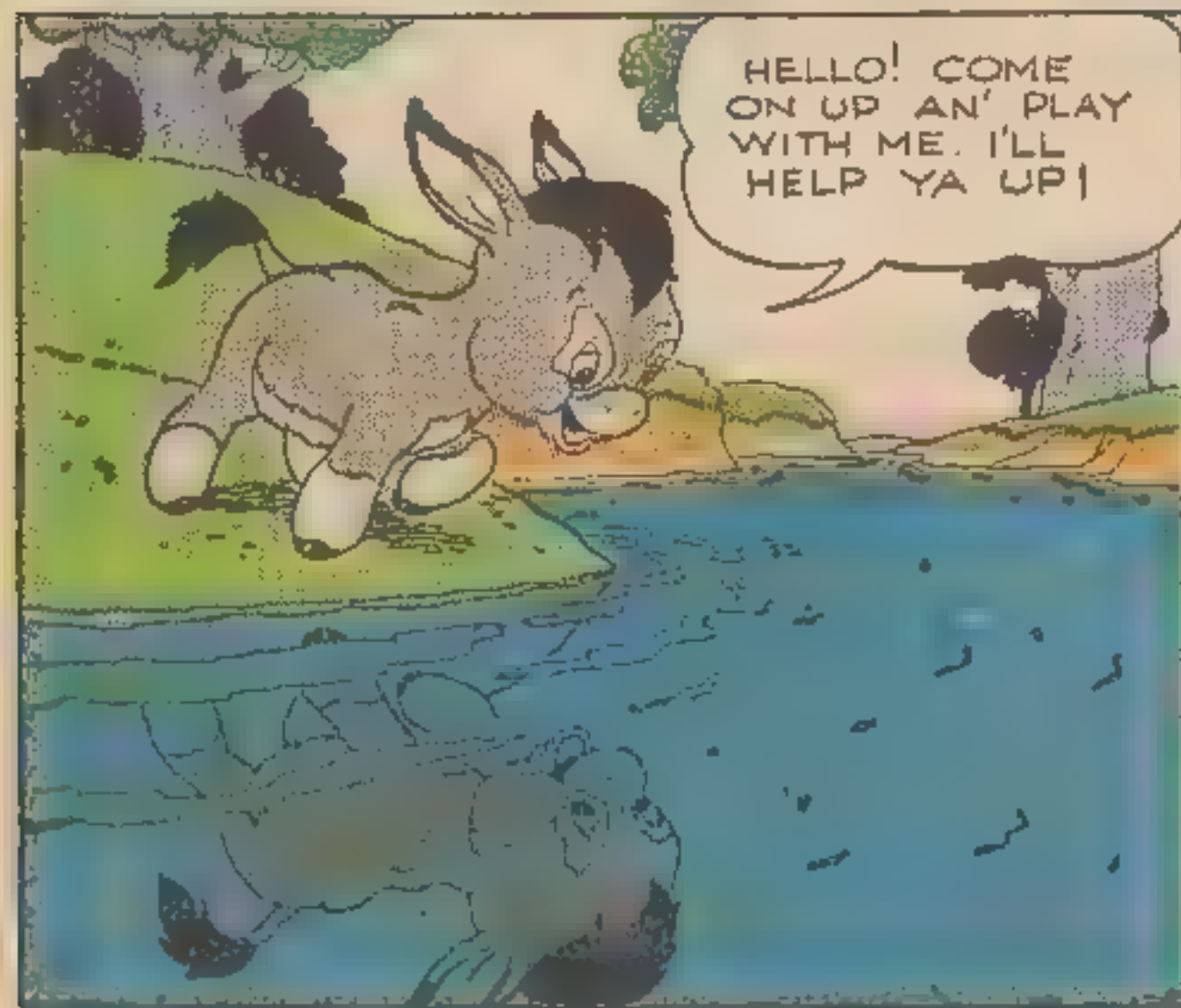
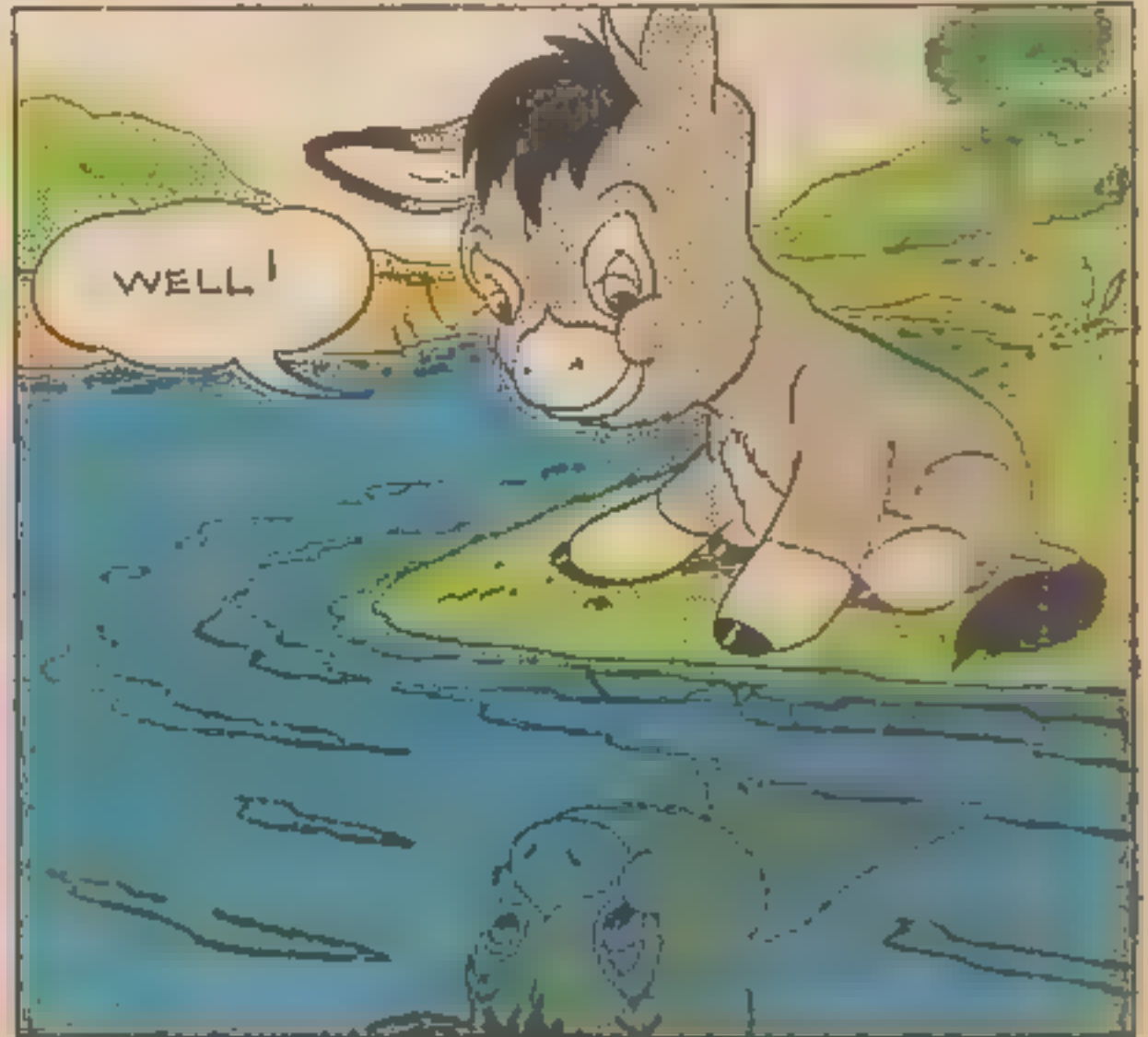
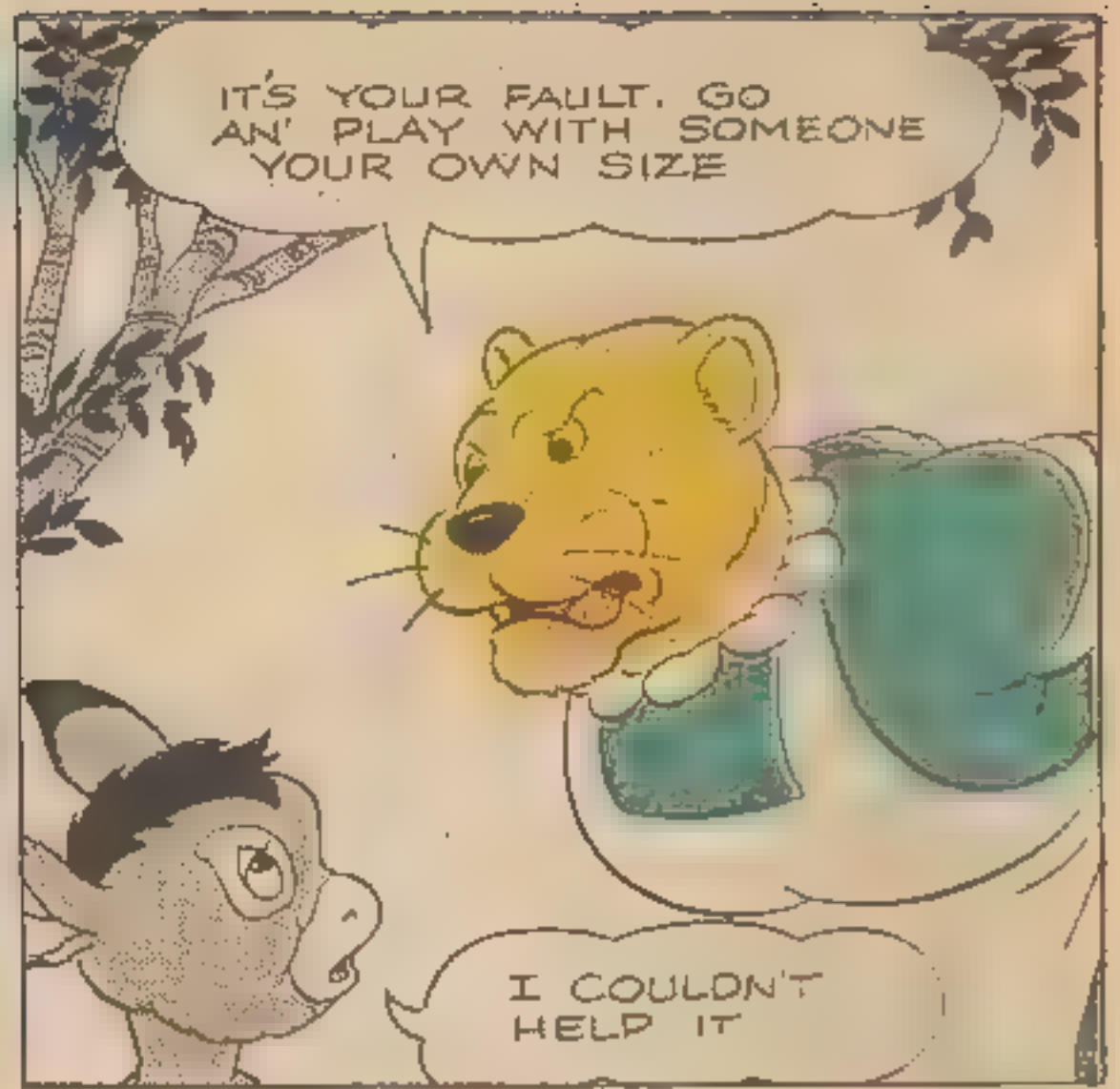
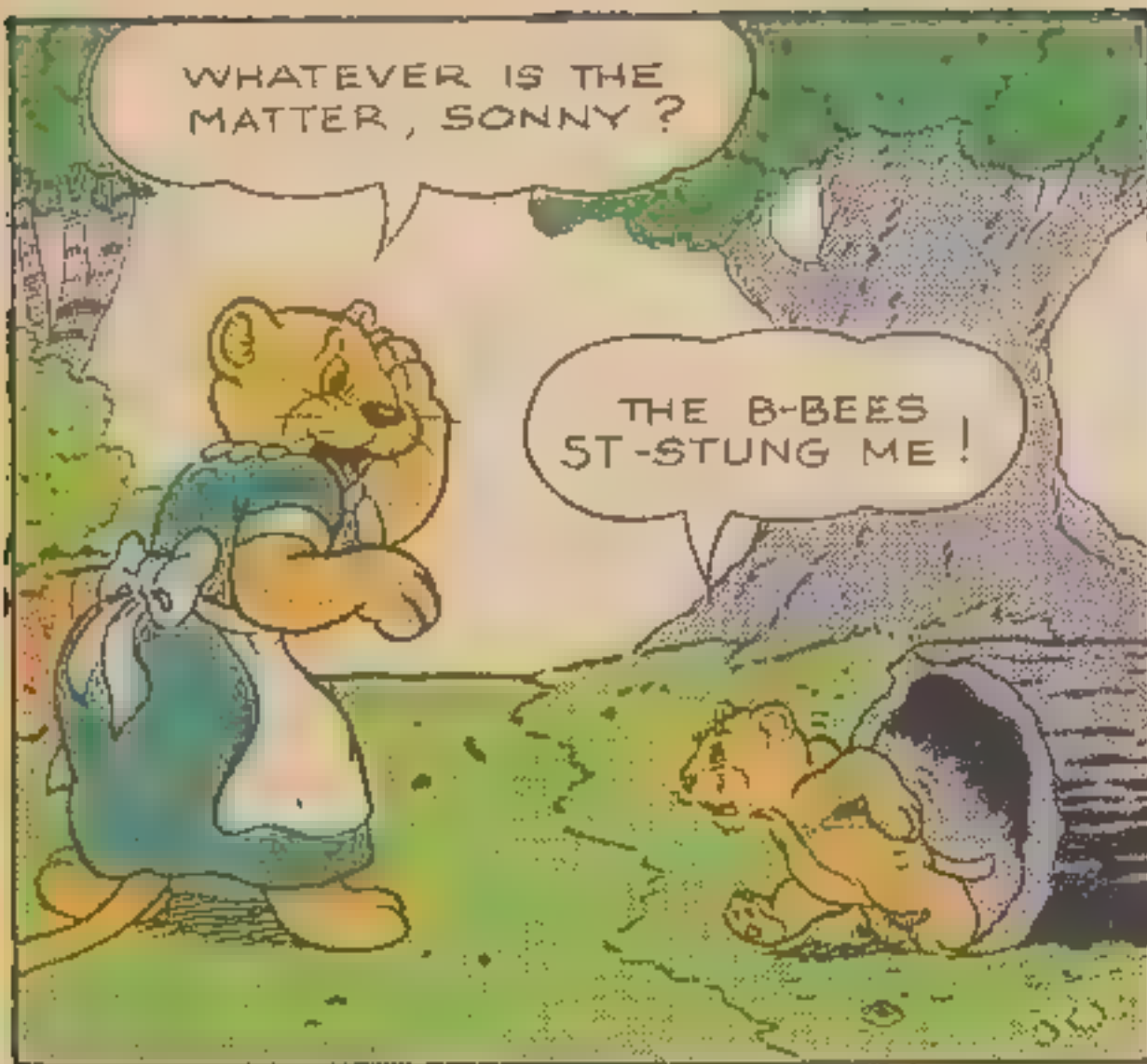
I MOVE WE ACCEPT THE GANG INTO THE VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT.

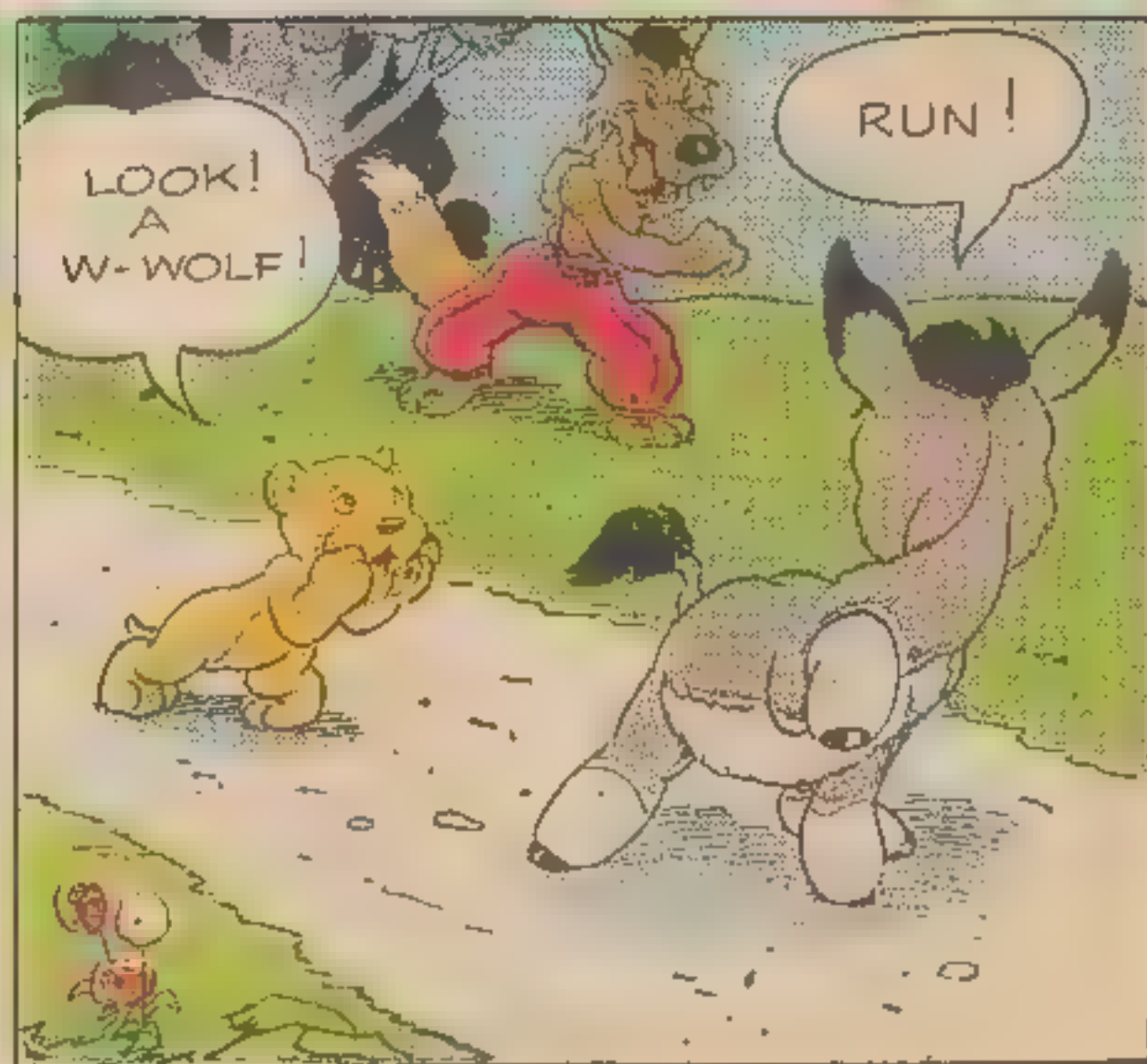
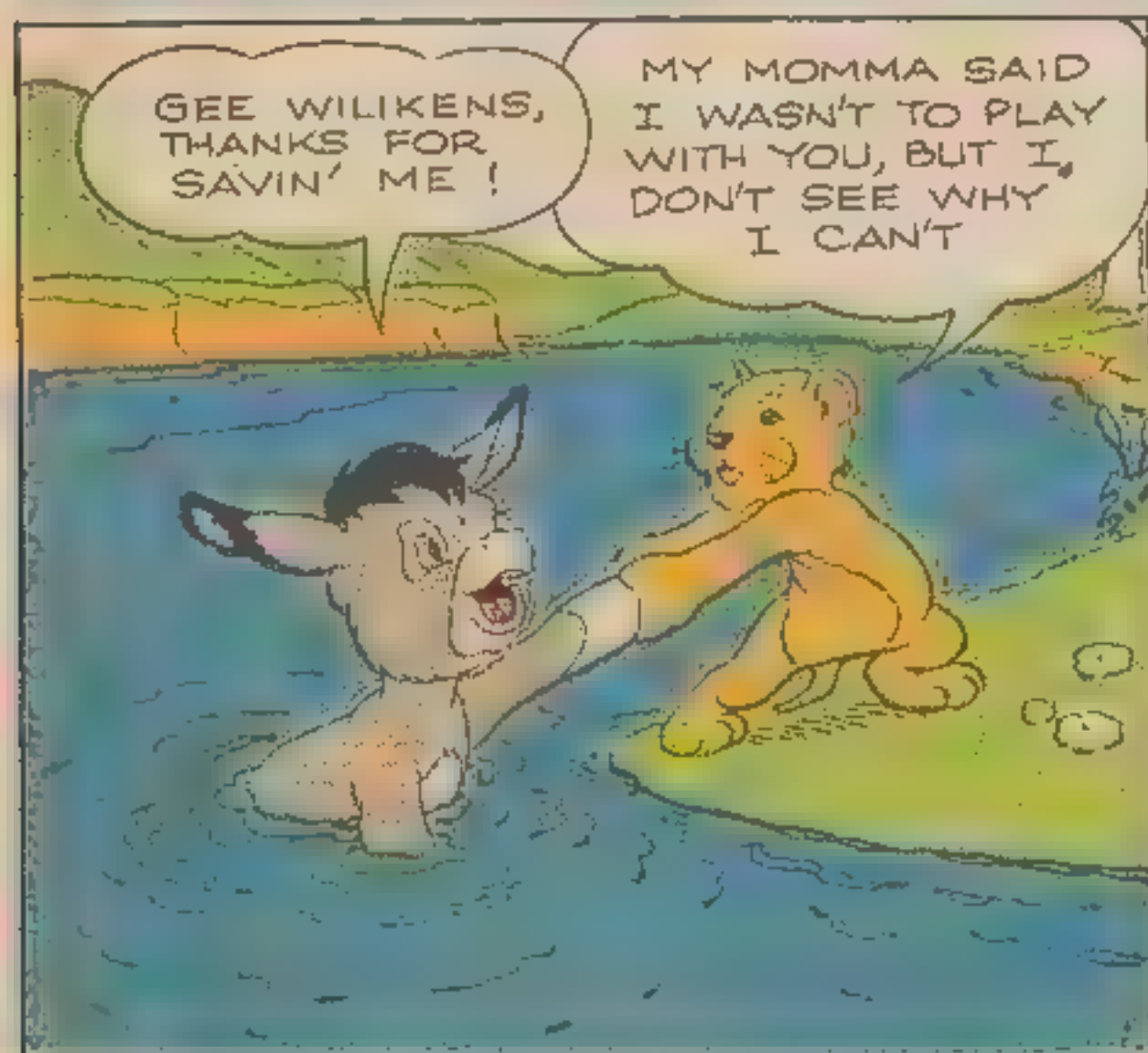
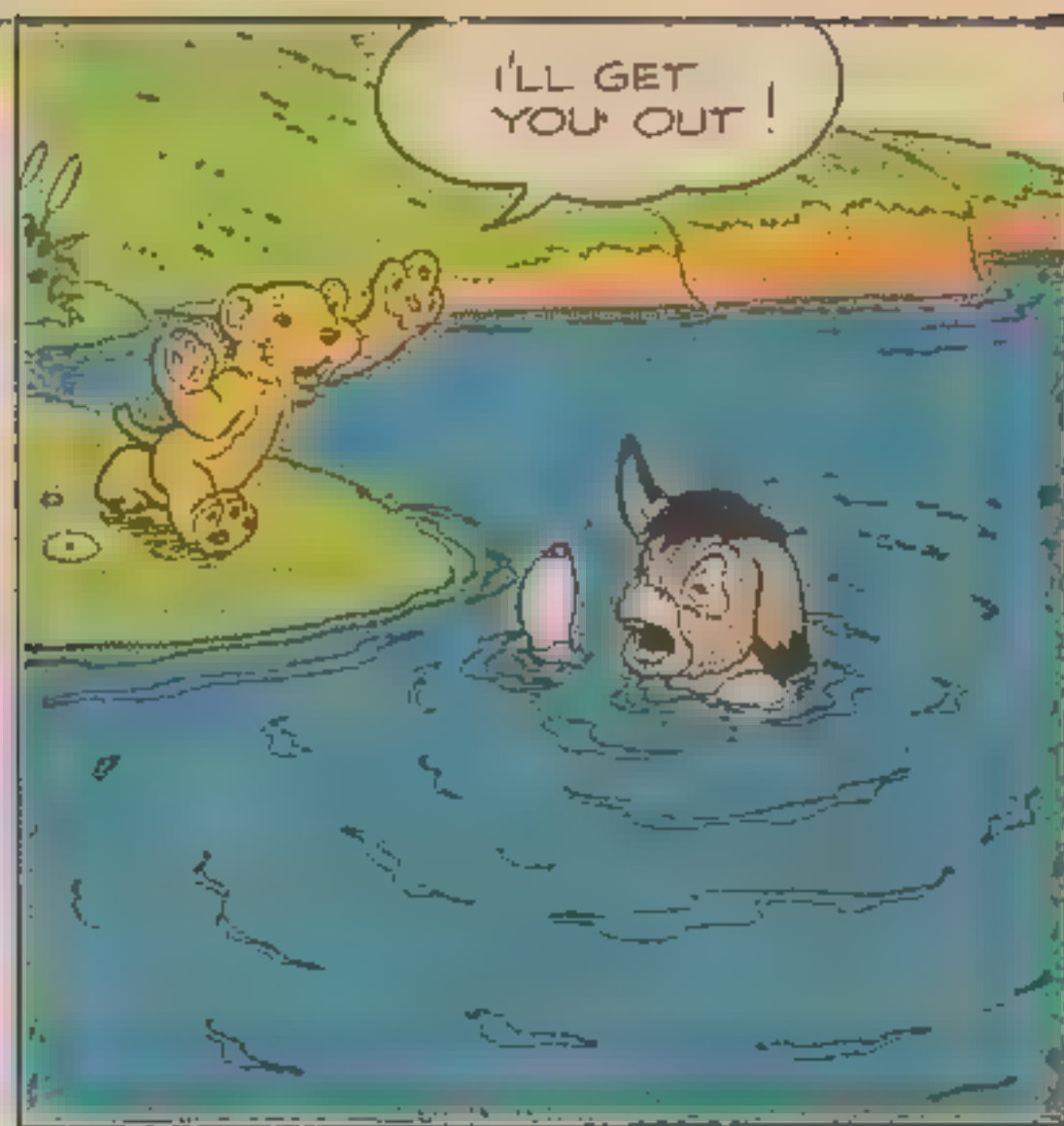
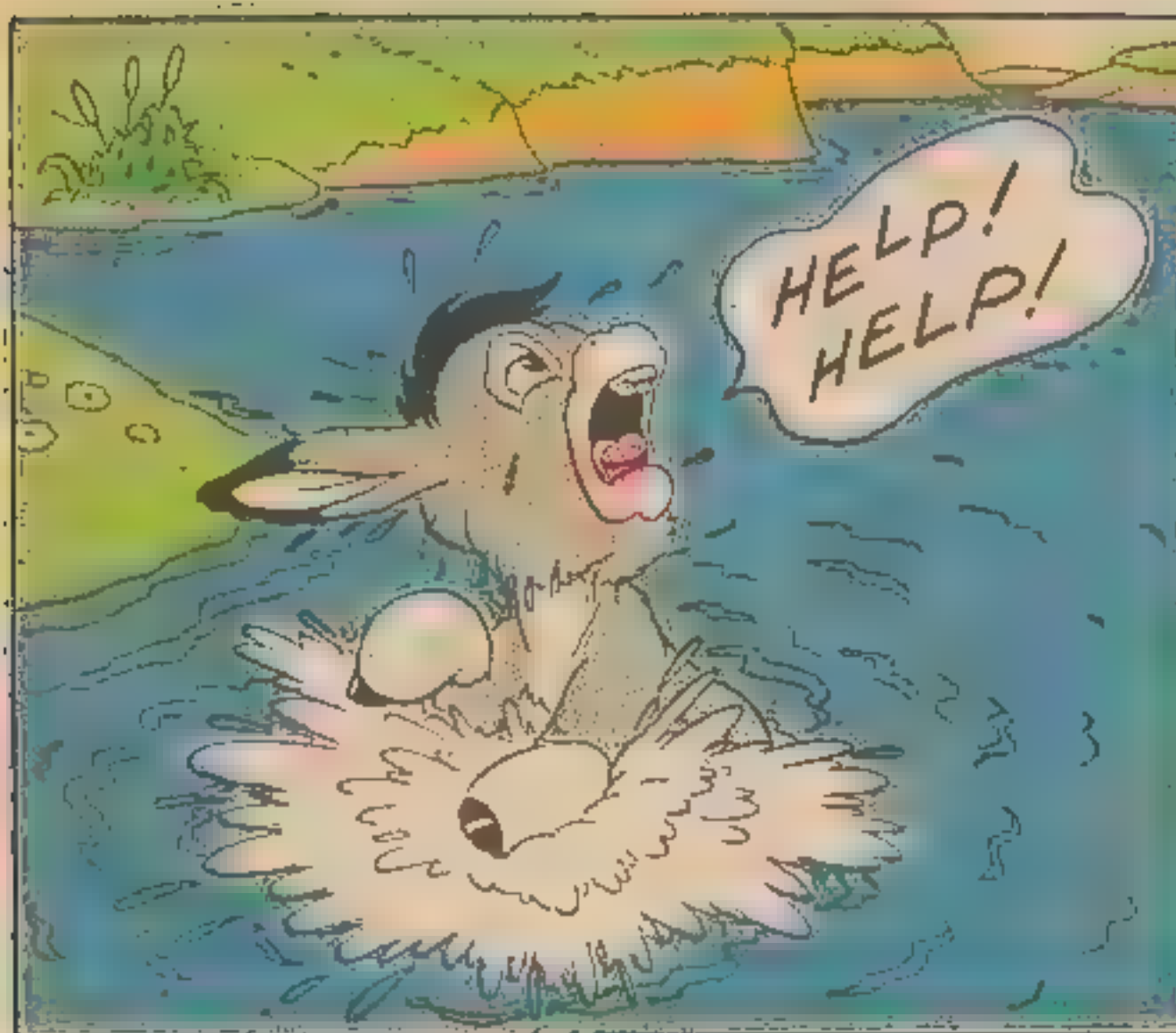
AND I MOVE THAT WE PRESENT THE BOND TO THE CAPTAIN OF THEIR GANG.

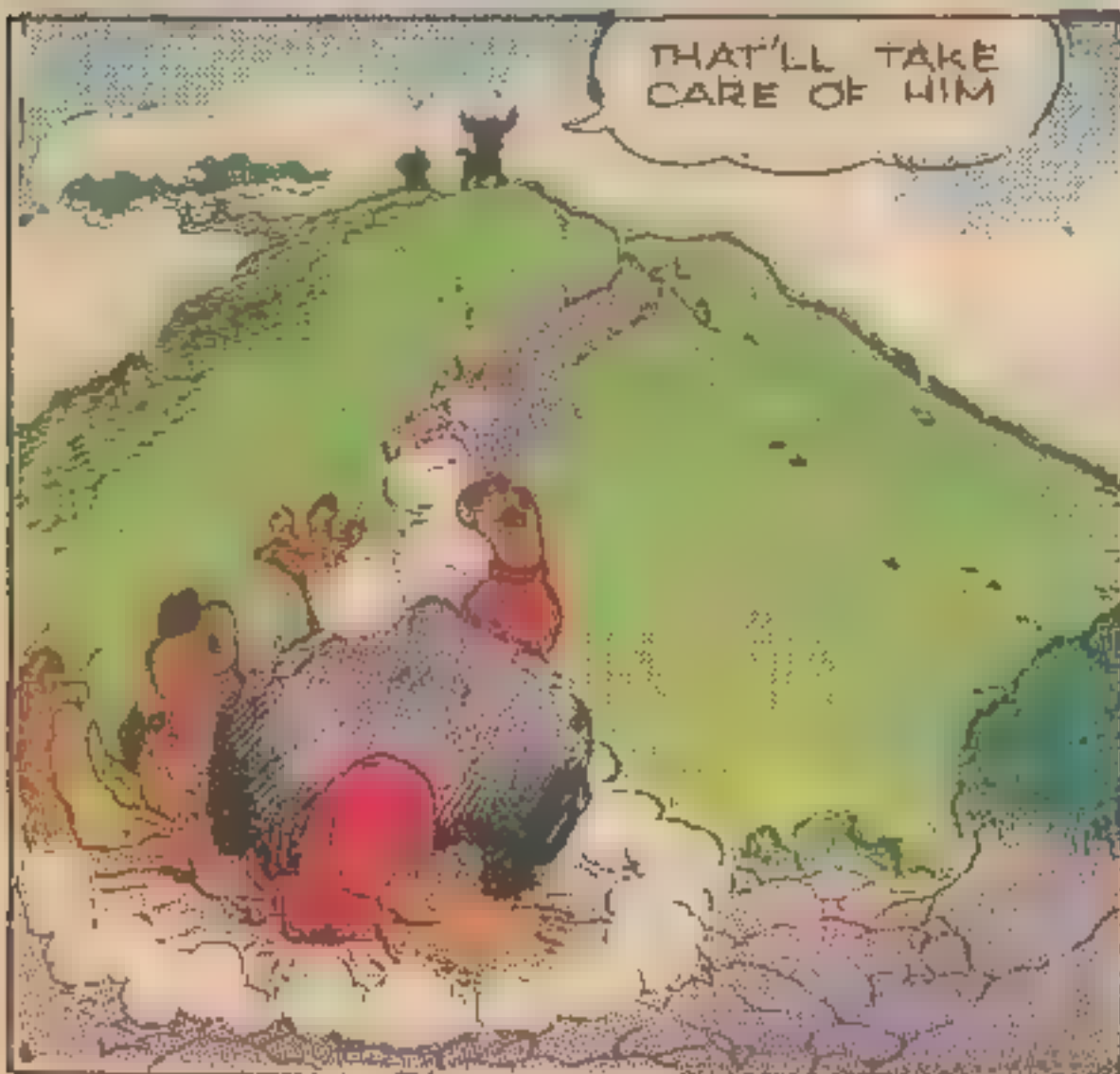
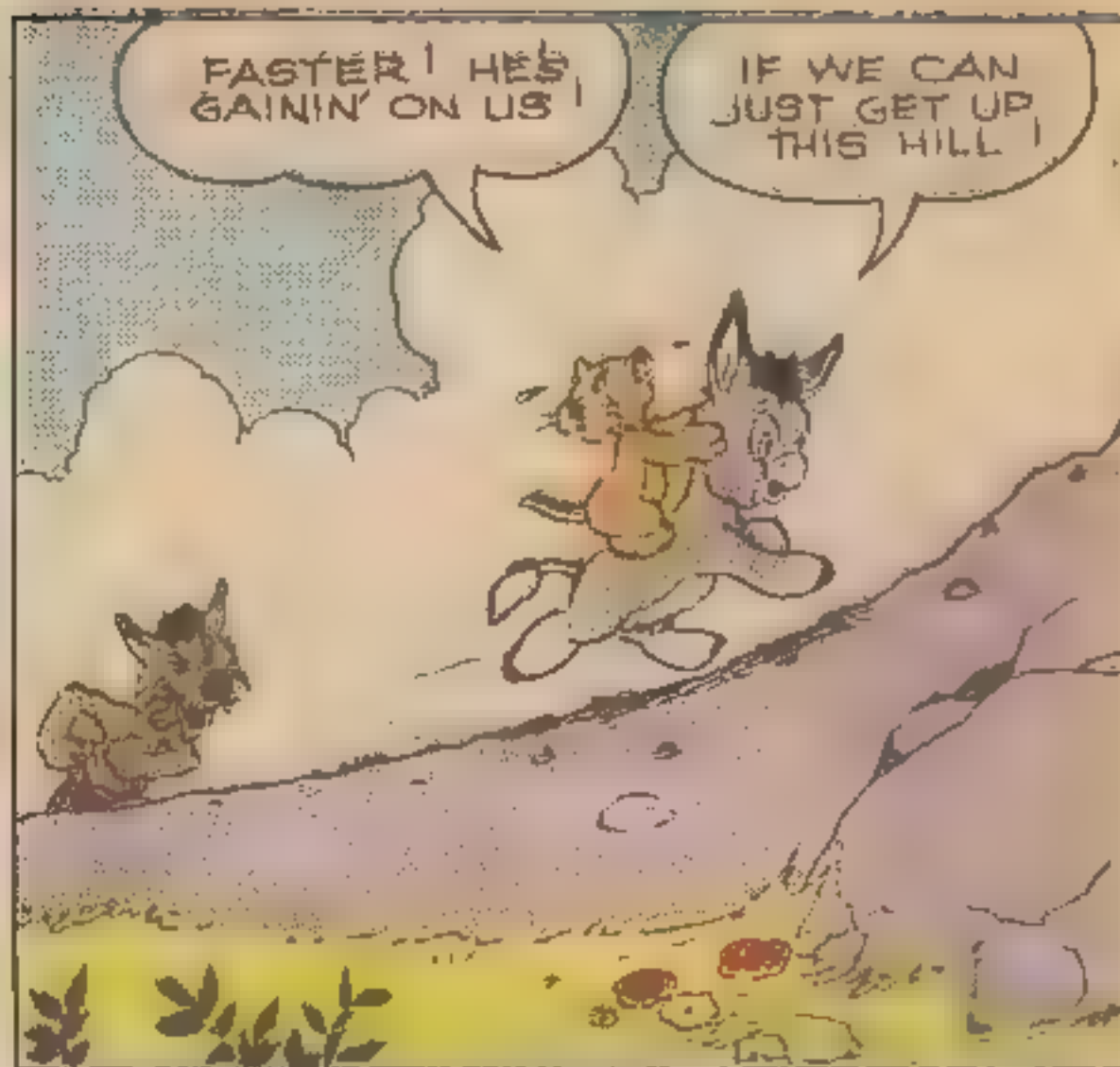
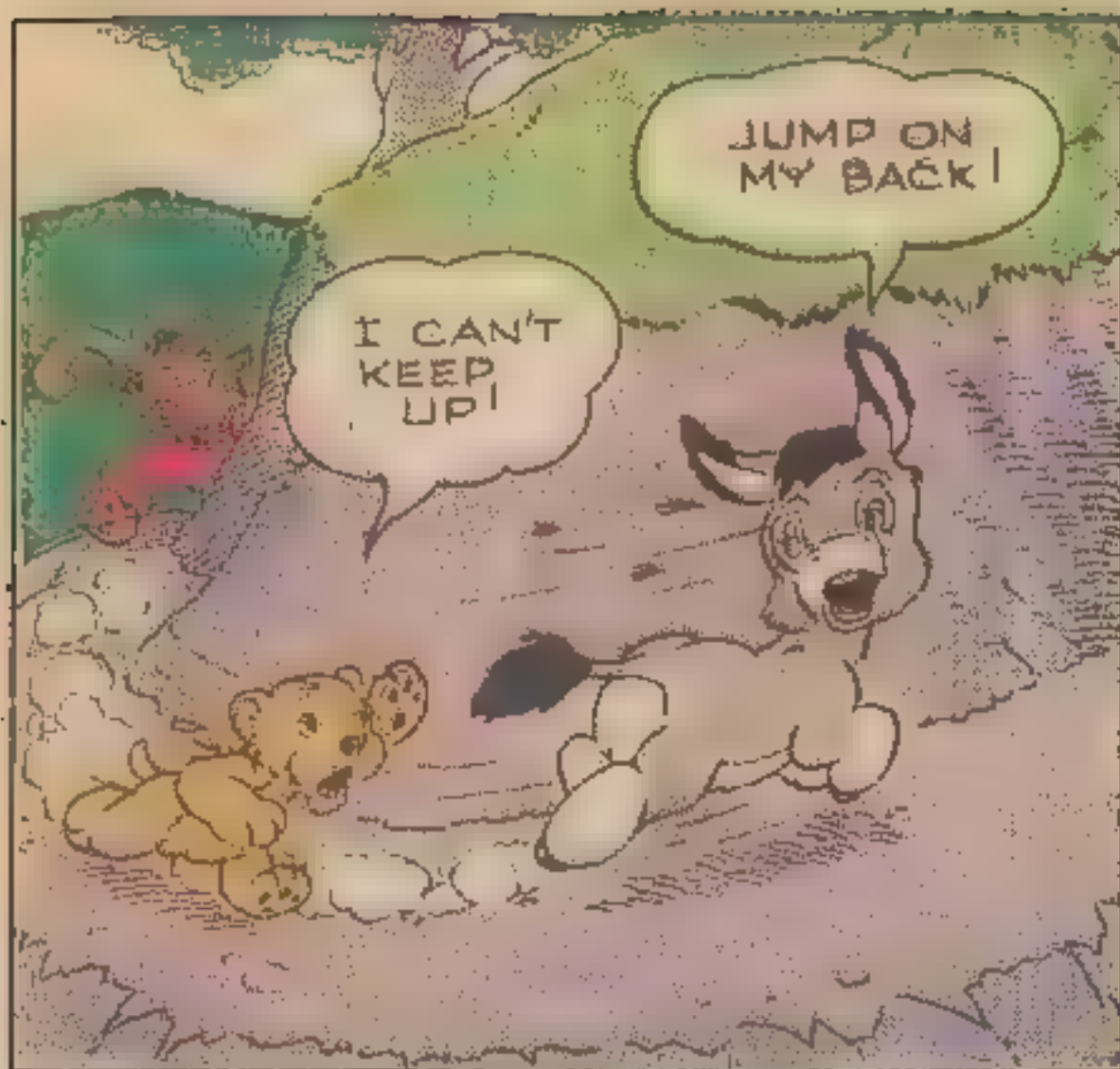
HAPPY DESERVES THAT. IT WAS HIS WAGON THAT WE BURNED UP, SO HE GETS THE BOND.

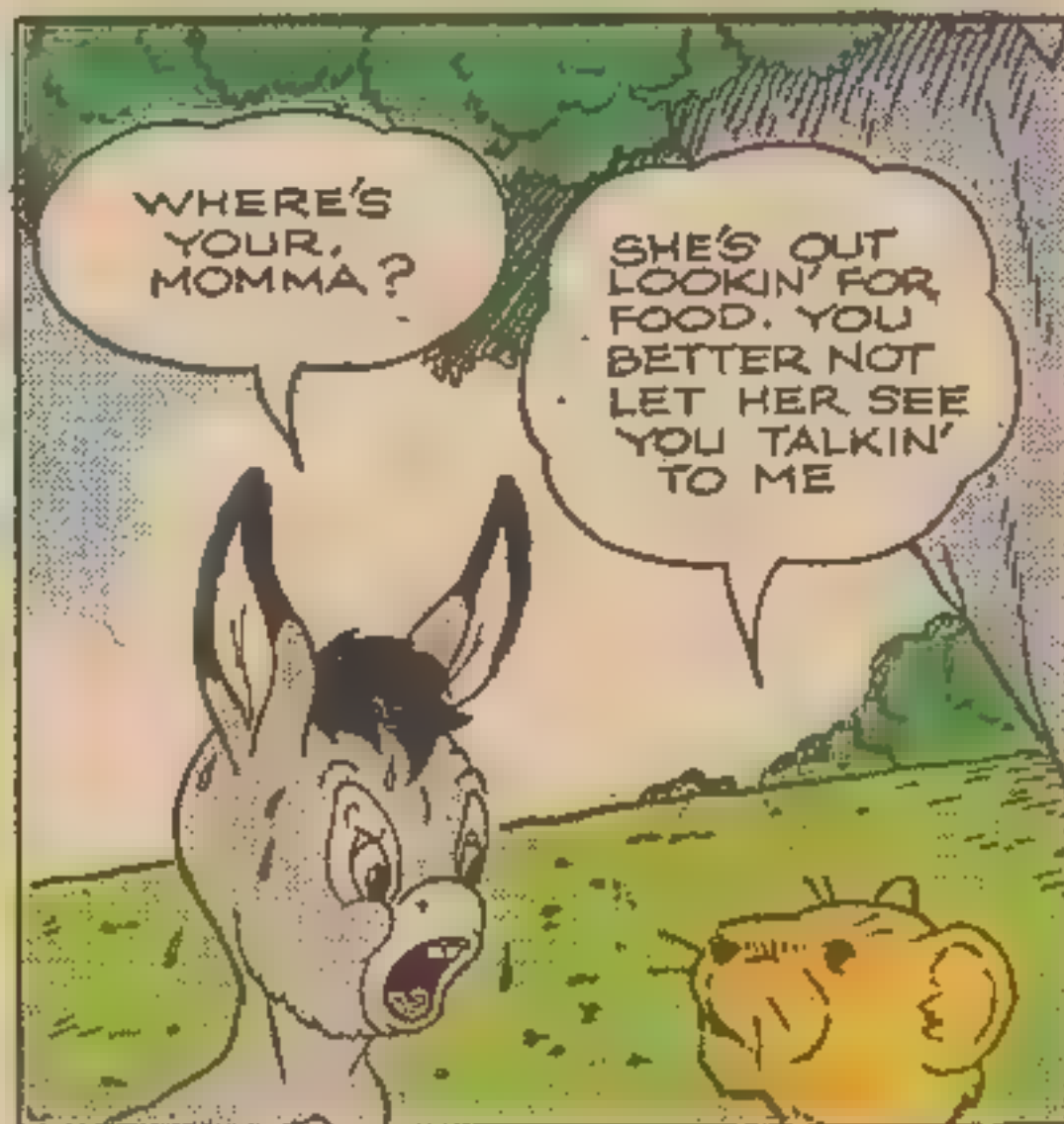
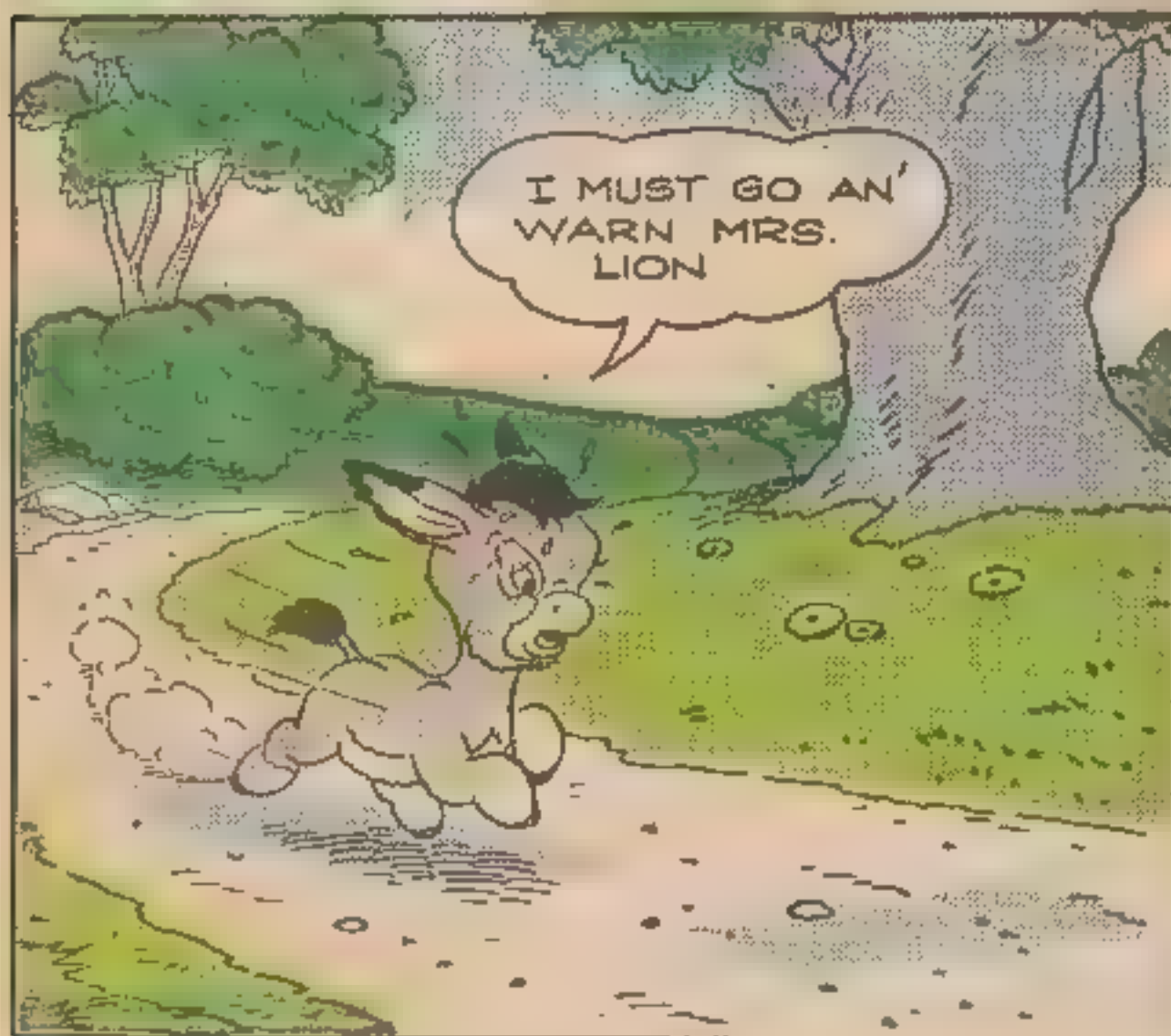
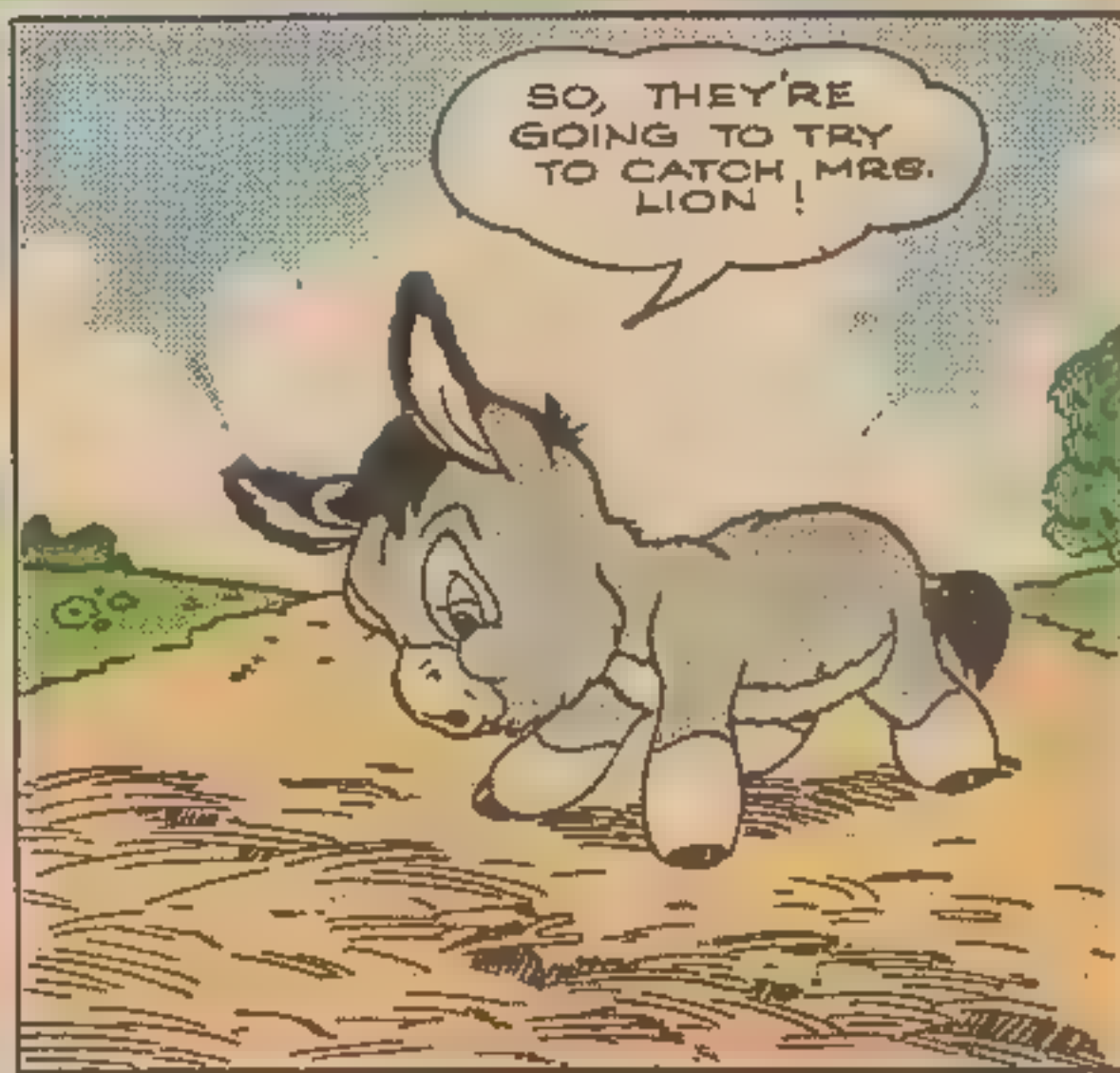
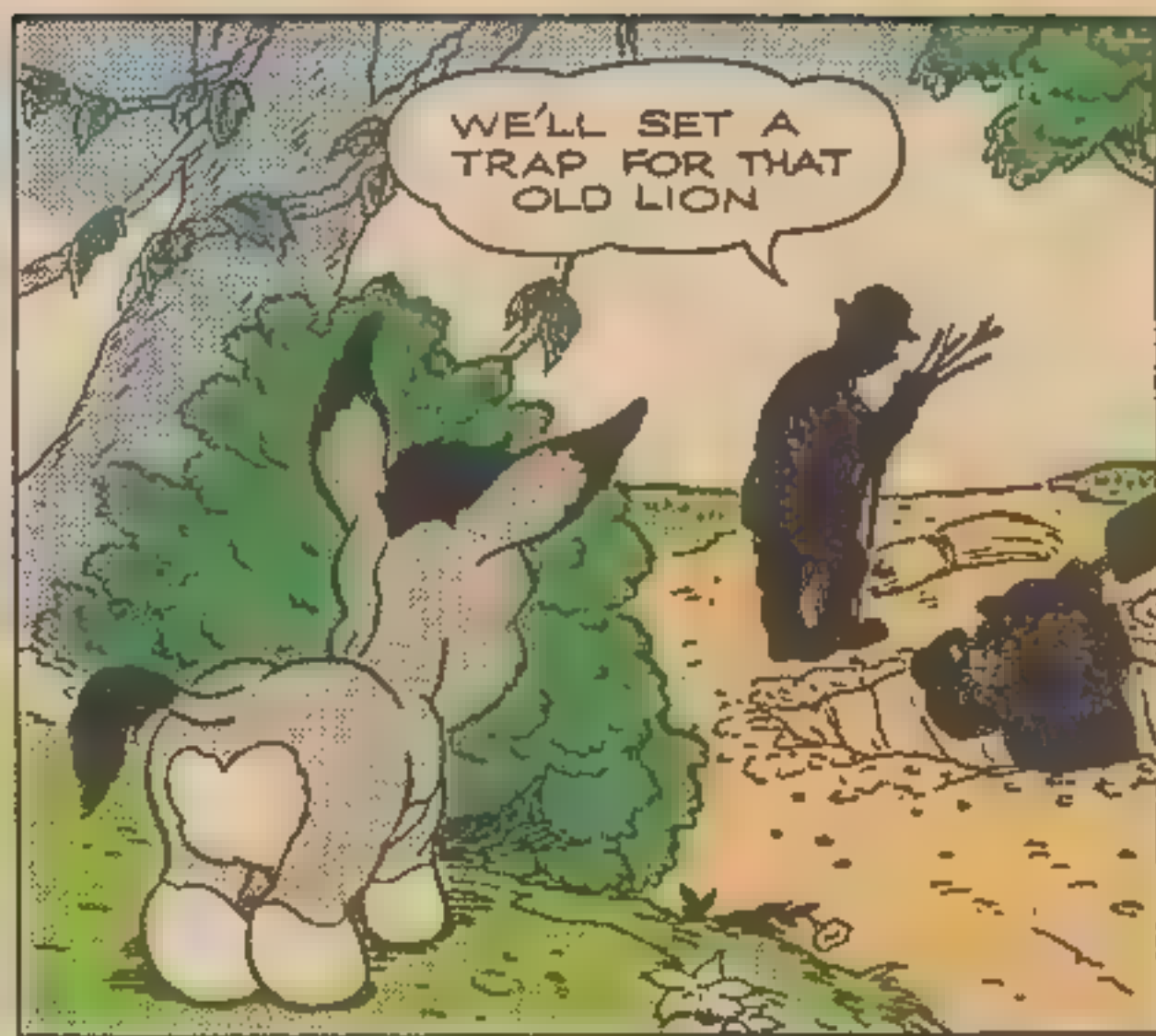
BOY-I'LL HITCH MY WAGON TO A WAR BOND ANY DAY!

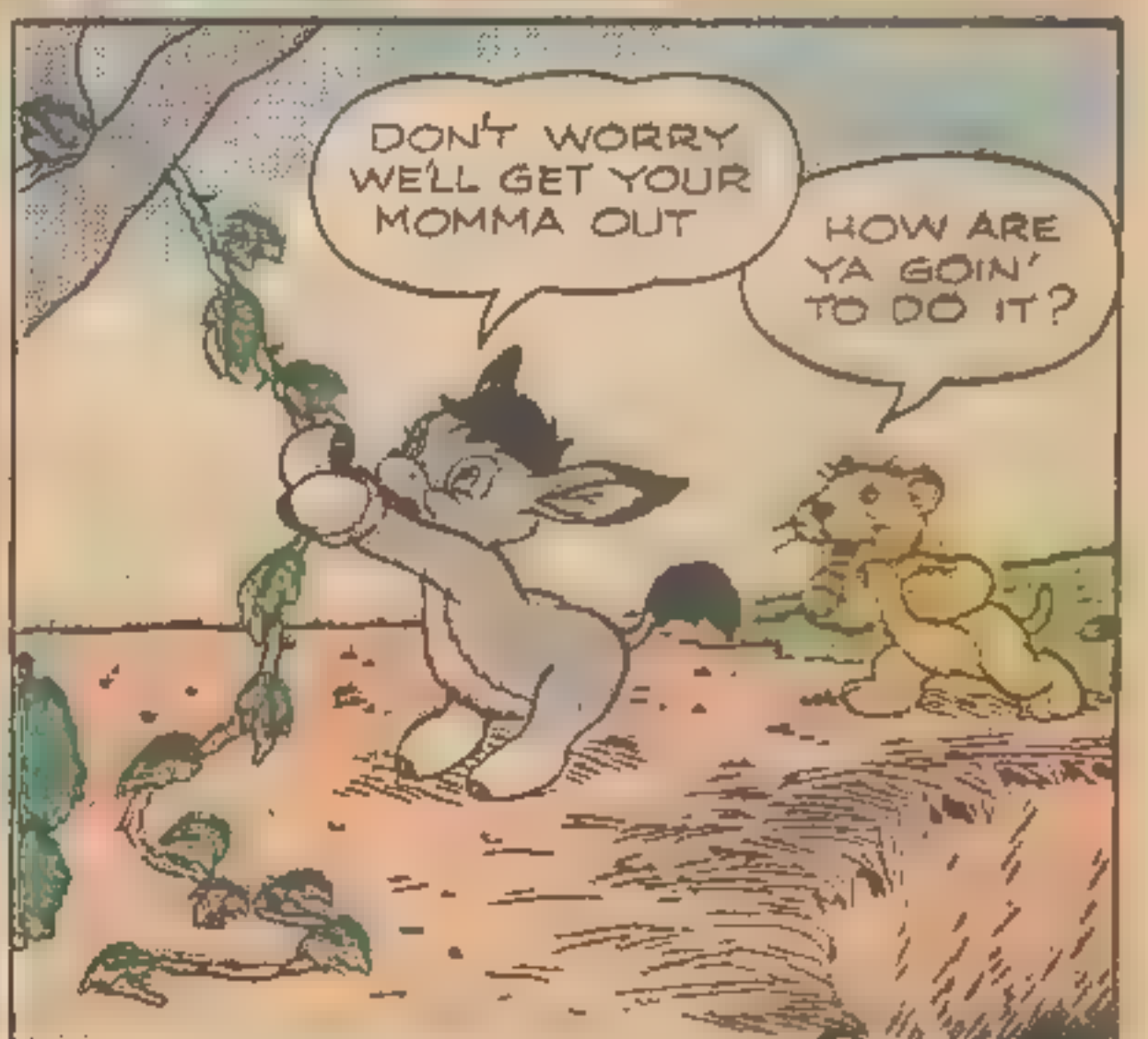
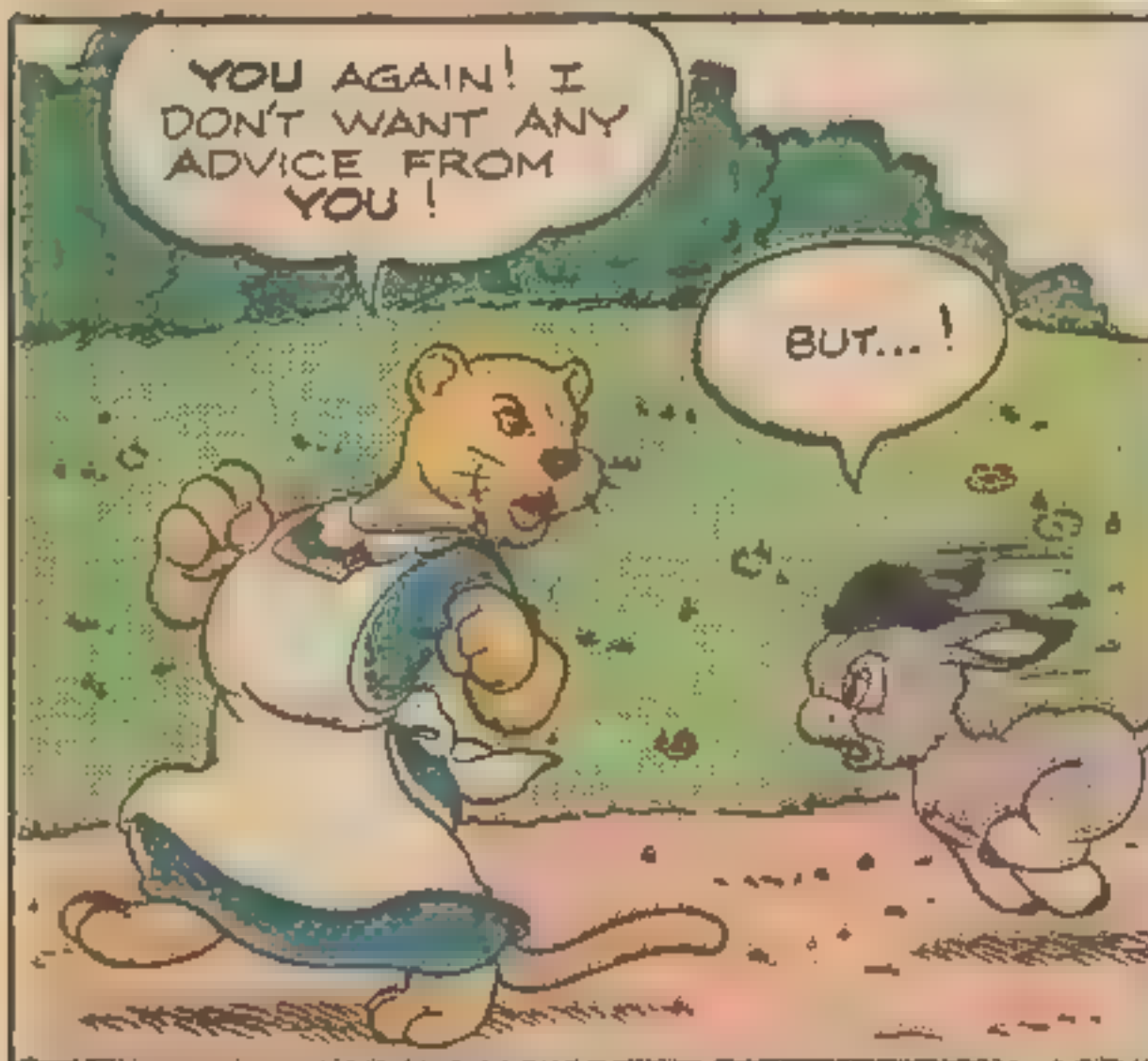
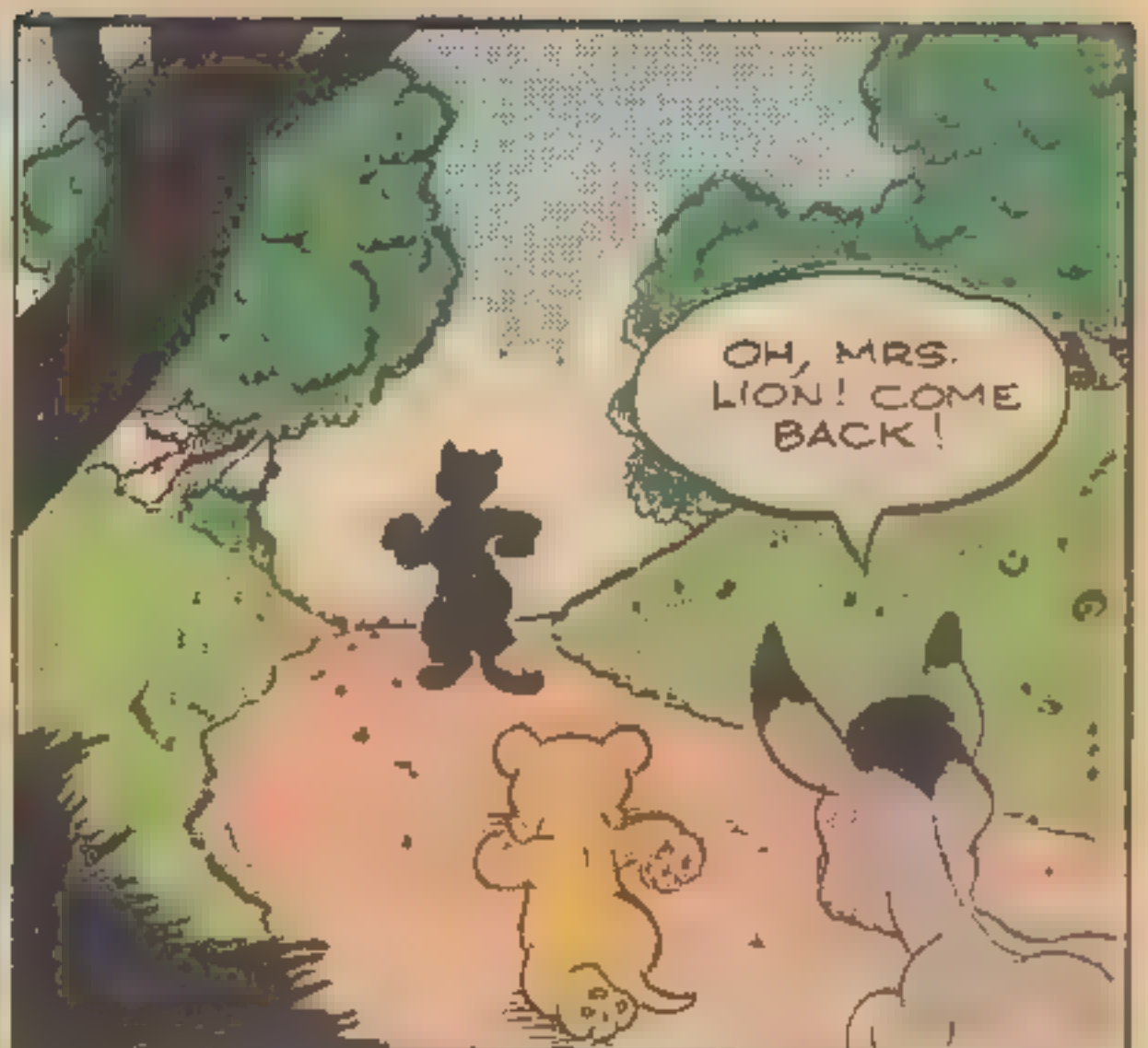
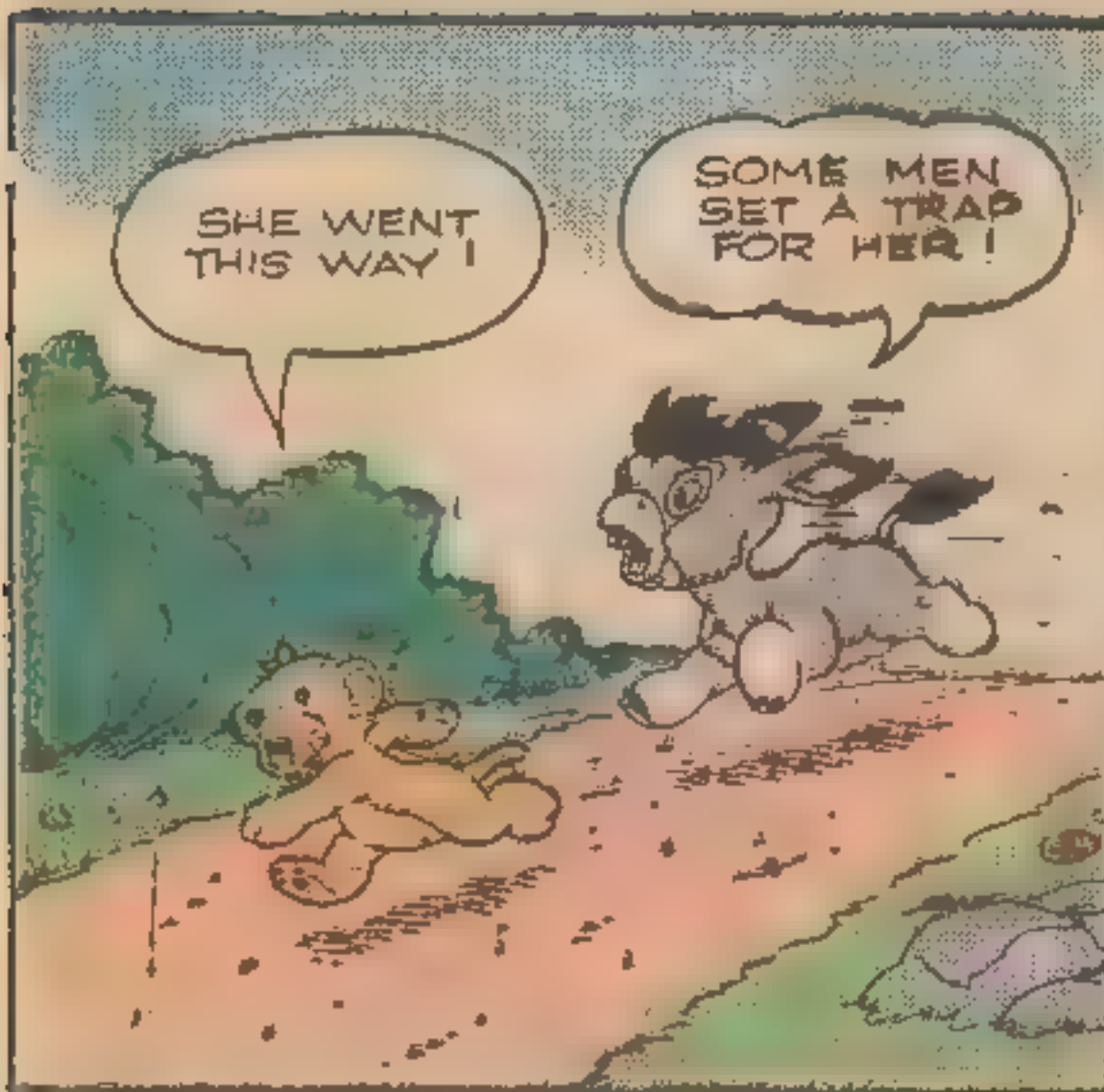


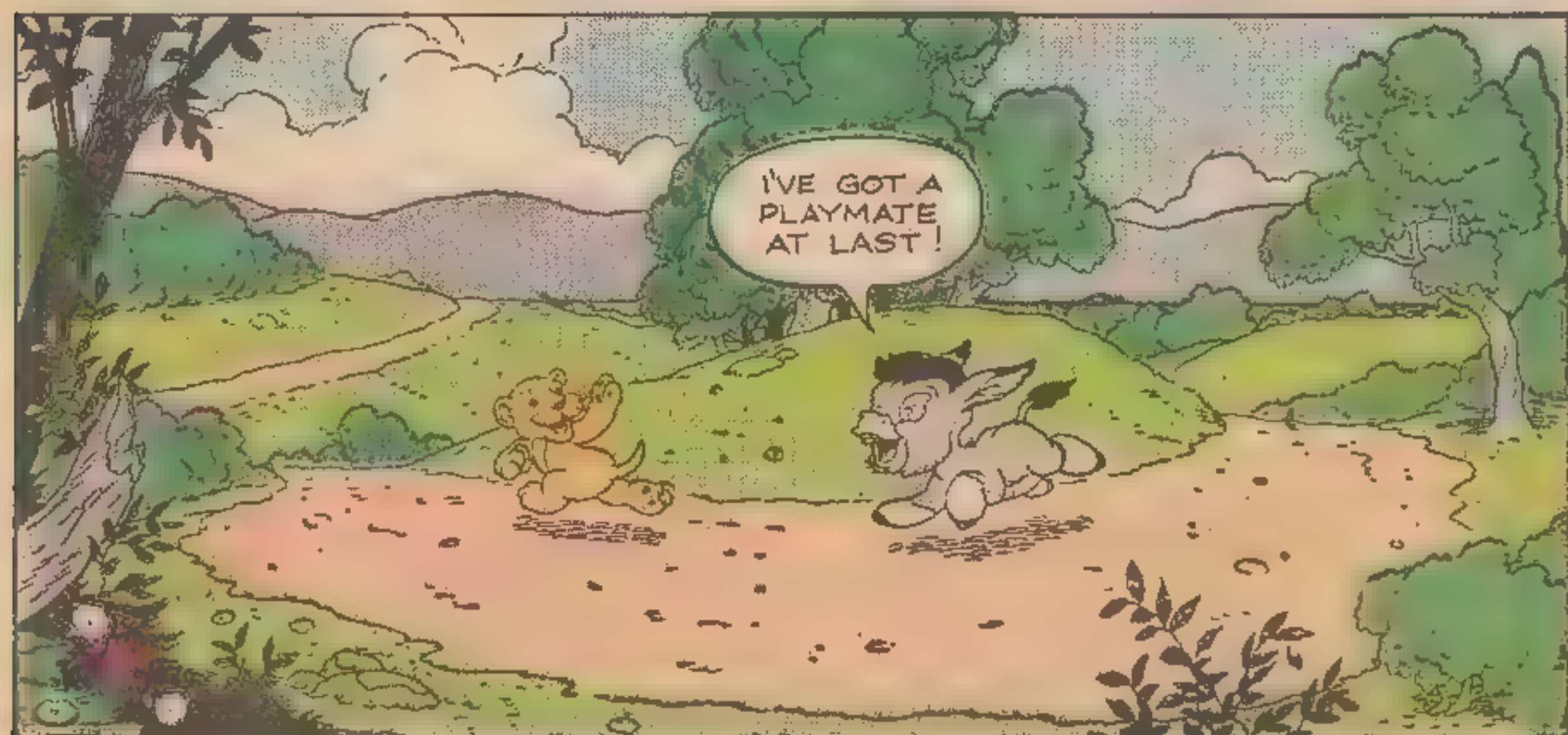
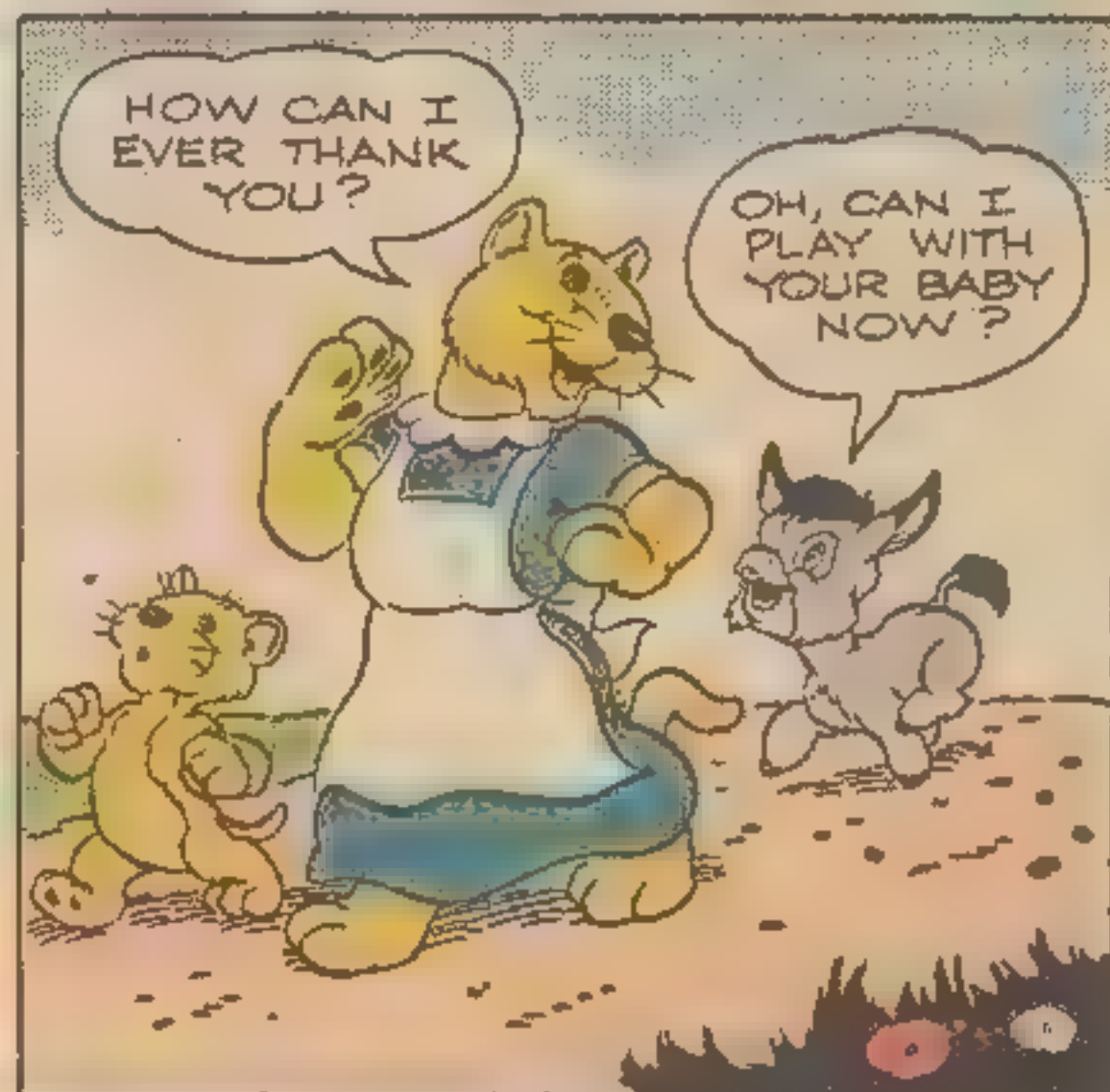
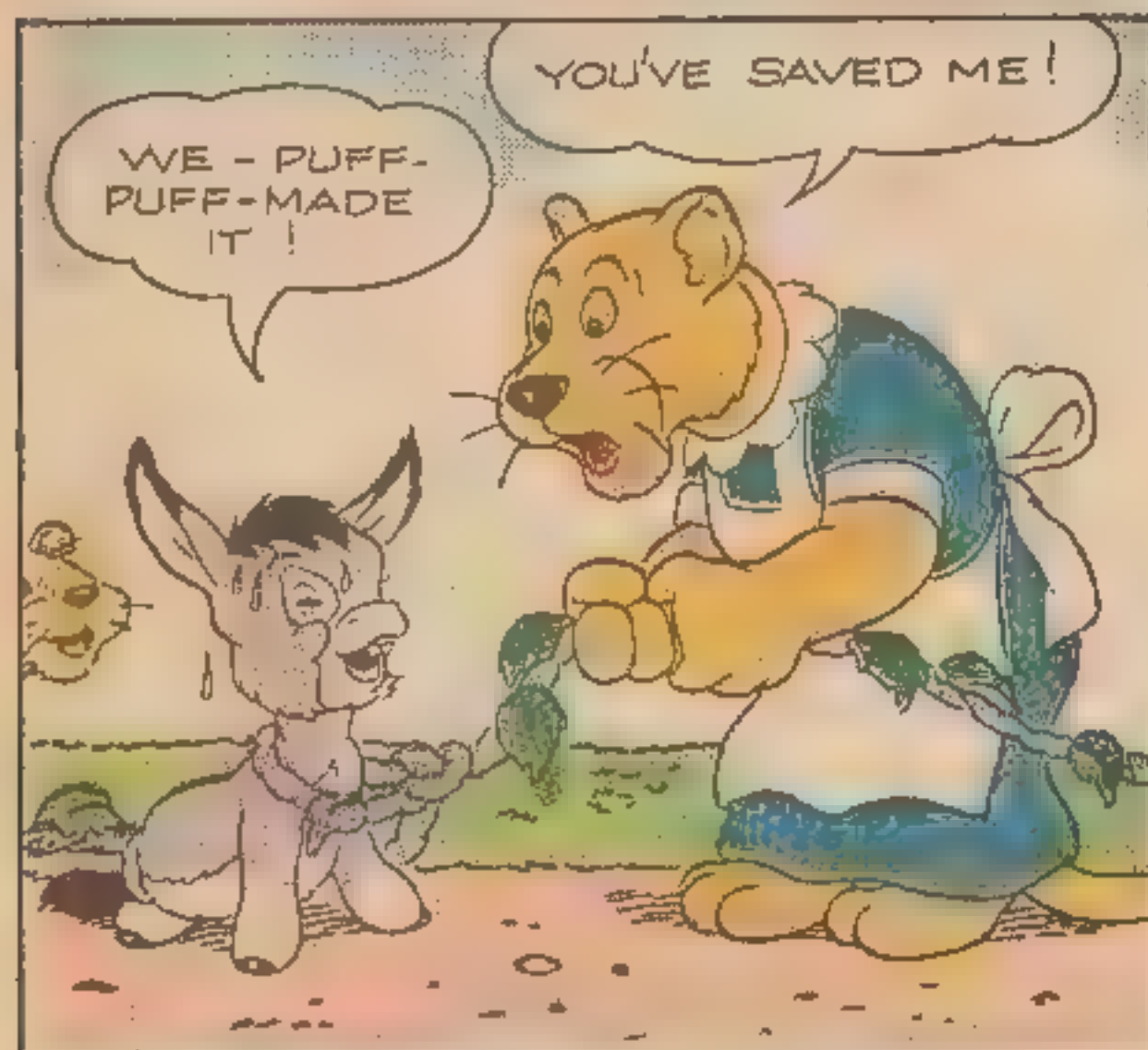
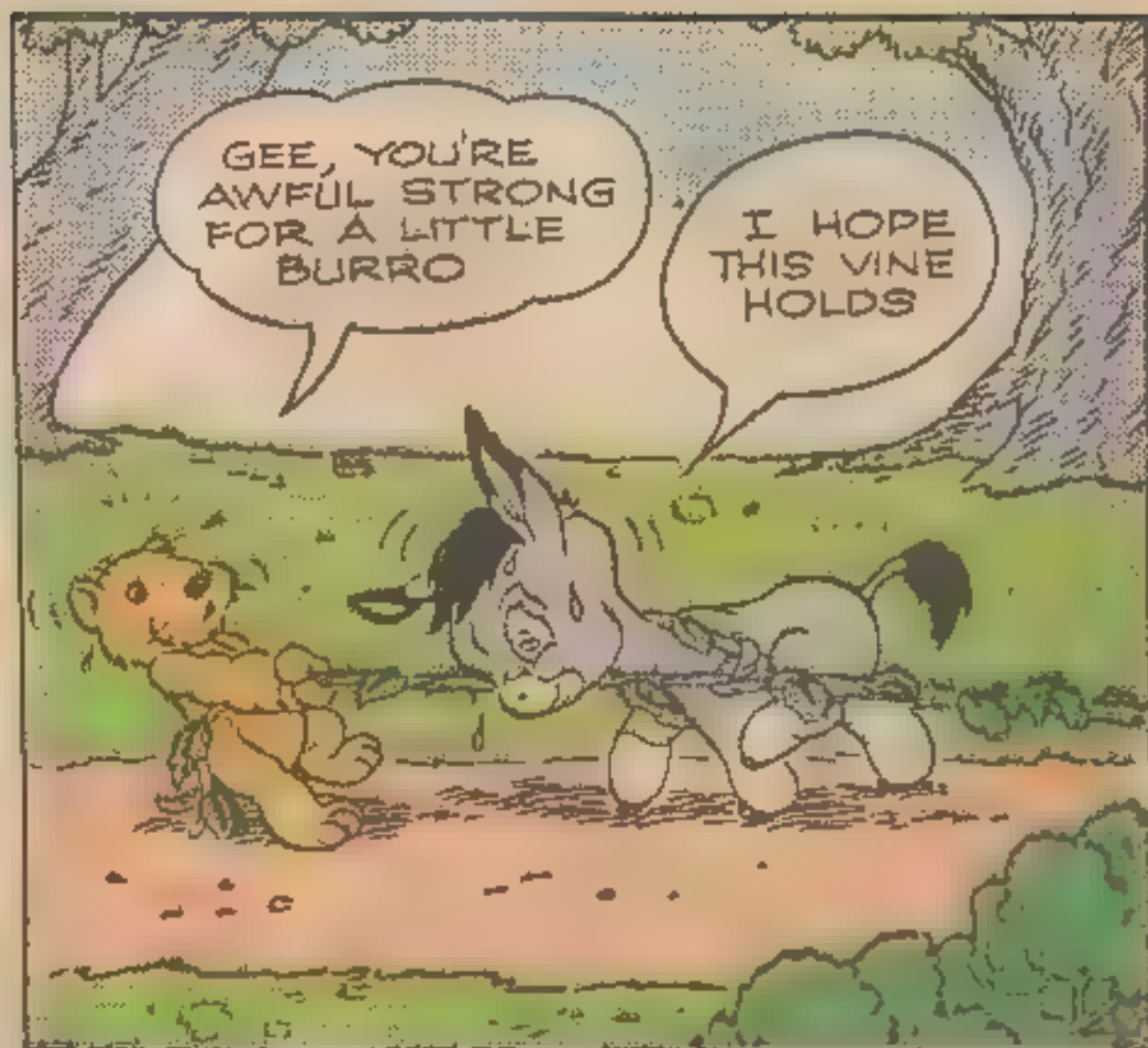
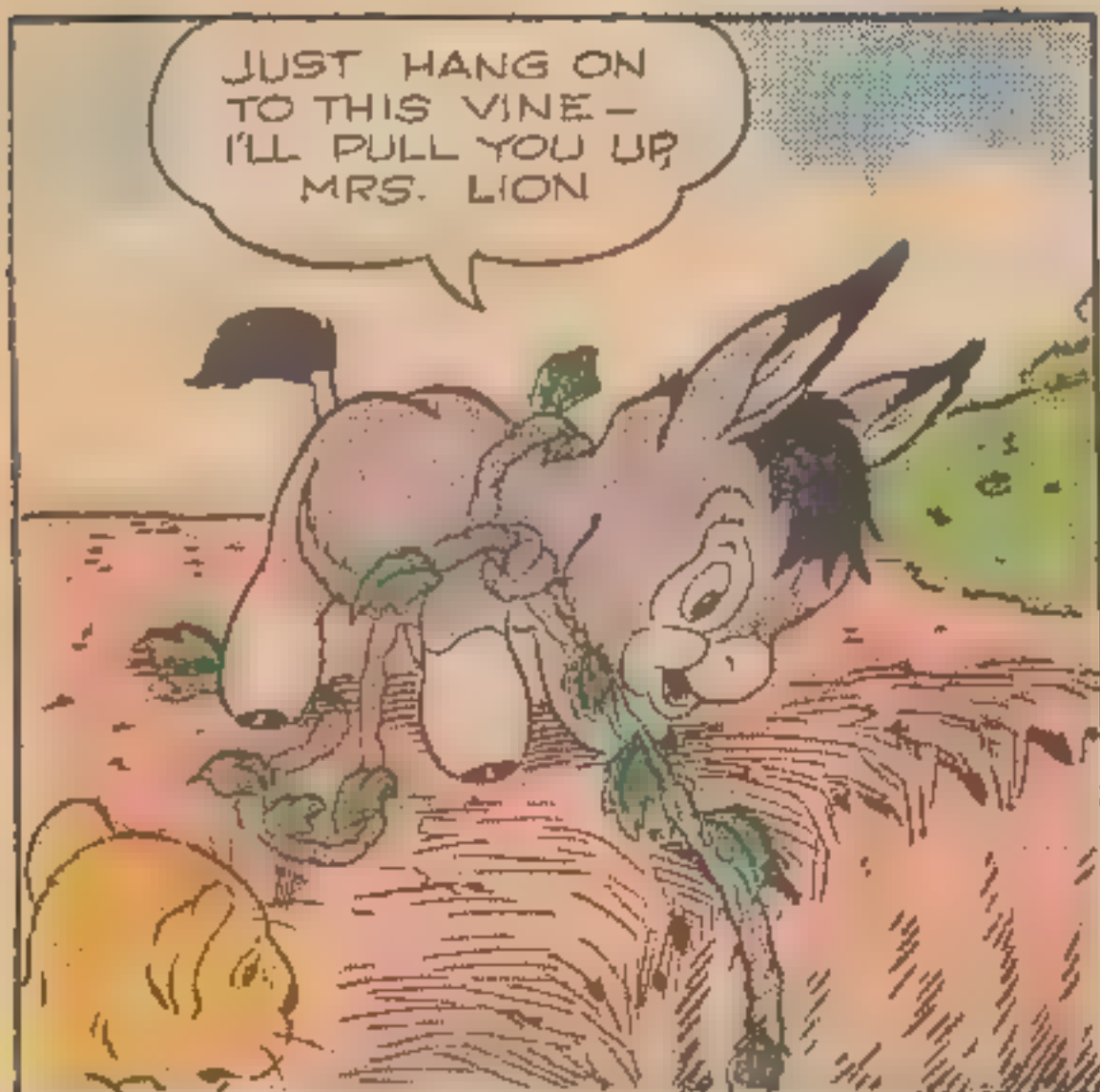


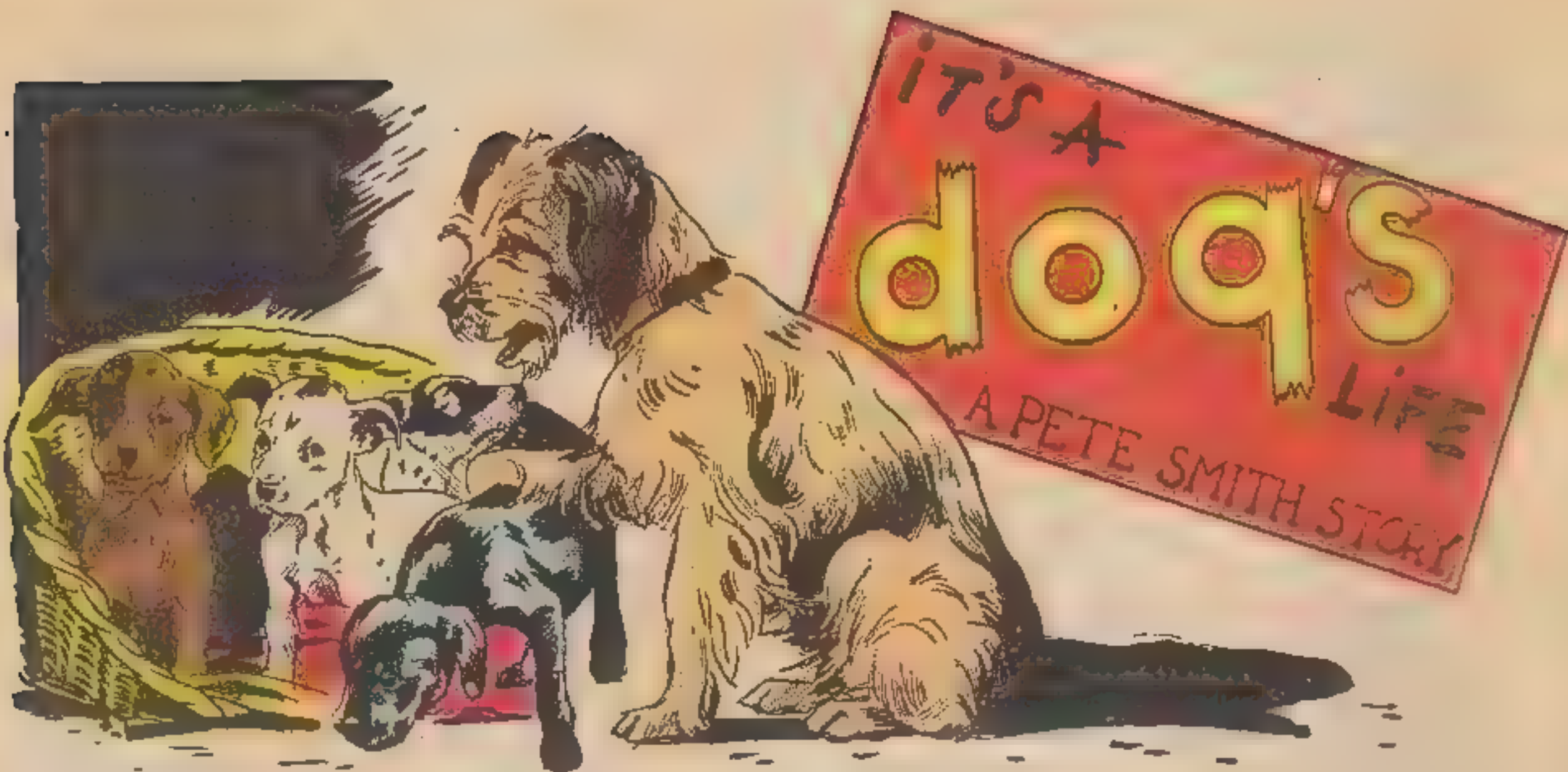












My name is Daisy and I'm just a plain dog. My master is an old man. He hasn't much money and we live in a shabby, bare room. But we have good times together and my master is very kind. Often he doesn't have enough to eat, but he always shares what he has with me.

One early morning six little puppies came to live with us. They were mine and, to me, they were the cutest little balls of fur ever born. I think my master agreed with me. He patted them and played with them and praised them.

"I never saw a finer bunch of pups, Daisy," he said in his deep voice.

I stayed at home, keeping an eye on those mischievous pups. They rolled out of their basket onto the floor and made funny little noises. My master brought home food for us and we sat together, watching the pups.

But, as the days passed, I noticed that my master's face grew sadder and sadder. Once, when he was patting me and playing with the pups, I saw tears in his eyes. Then, for two days, we didn't have anything to eat.

Finally, on the third morning, my master put on his threadbare coat and gently lifted the puppies into a basket.

"We're going to have to sell the puppies, Daisy," he said sadly. "I can't find any work and we've got to have money to pay the room rent and buy some food. I hate to do it, but—"

Oh, how I wished that I could talk. I whined and tried to speak to him with my eyes, begging him not to sell the puppies. I knew that my babies would be far happier in that cold, bare room with my master and me than they would be in any other finer house. I was so afraid they might be sold to the wrong people.

I think my master understood what I was trying to say, because he shook his head sadly and whispered, "I'm sorry, Daisy, but it's the only thing we can do."

With the basket of pups in his arms, he walked slowly down the street. I followed him and I felt sadder and bluer than I had ever felt before in my whole life.

My master stopped beside a parked car on a busy street and set down the basket of pups. Then he hung a sign on the rear bumper of the car, a sign reading, "Puppies for Sale." He stood beside the basket and the sign, looking cautiously around. I knew that he was watching for the first glimpse of the blue uniform of a police-

man. I'll admit that secretly I wished that one would come along and make my master move on so that he couldn't sell the pups.

My babies never looked cuter than they did that morning, tumbling happily in the basket. Silently I begged and begged my master not to sell them to strangers. I knew that he was as heartbroken about what he was doing as I was, because his eyes were dim and he murmured, "I hate to do this," over and over again.

Suddenly my master's body stiffened. I followed his gaze and saw a policeman coming toward us down the street. Quickly my master grabbed the pups out of the basket and thrust them under his coat and in his pockets. In his hurry and excitement he left one puppy in the basket.

The policeman was frowning when he came up to us and saw the sign. He glared at my master. Then, slowly his frown changed into a smile. He had seen the little pup in the basket.

The policeman bent down and talked in a low gentle voice to the pup. Then he picked him up and thrust him under his coat. Quickly he pulled a bill from his pocket, gave it to my master, and hurried down the street with my baby.

He had gone only a short distance, when suddenly he bumped into another policeman, who was evidently a higher officer. The newcomer frowned sternly and pointed to the bulge under the policeman's coat. Shamefacedly the policeman pulled out the puppy. The officer took it from him and motioned him to move on. As soon as the other man was out of sight, the officer smiled at the pup, patted him and thrust him under his own coat.

I had seen his smile and the gentle way he handled the pup, so I knew that one of my babies had found a good master. My master felt the same way, because he looked down at me and whispered, "There, you



see, Daisy, humans aren't bad." I wanted to remind him that everyone wasn't as good-natured as those two policemen, but I couldn't speak the words.

A small crowd soon gathered around the basket of pups and the sign. They all looked smilingly at my roly-poly babies and I knew that the master wouldn't have much trouble selling them. Carefully I examined the faces of the onlookers. My heart sank as I saw a piggish-looking fat man, a simpering, over-dressed woman, a cheerfully smiling young couple, and a pretty girl.

I could close my eyes and imagine what might happen to my babies if they were sold to those people. Anxiously I looked up at my master and tried to tell him what I was thinking.

"If you sell one to the fat man, the puppy will have a miserable life," I said, but, of course, my master couldn't hear me! "The man will think only of himself. He

will have no time for the puppy. He will eat and eat. Then he will sleep, only to waken and eat again, while my poor baby's food bowls will go empty.

"That woman, who is holding up one of the puppies to see if he matches her fur coat, will be just as bad. She doesn't want the pup for a friend and companion. She will dress him up in bows and ribbons and parade him down the street at the end of a long leash. Other dogs will sneer at him when he passes. She will play with him only when she wants to show off. Please don't sell him to her."

My master looked down at me as if he were listening. So I went on.

"And there's that young couple. They look kind. And they *are* kind. They have a baby. They are buying the puppy for a playmate for that baby. Surely you know what that will mean. The baby will make life miserable for the puppy. He will pull his ears and tickle him and roll on him. He won't mean to hurt him, but he will. And the young couple will laugh, watching the baby's 'cute' antics. My baby will be unhappy and miserable, while their baby will be laughing and playing. Please don't send him to a life like that."

I stopped talking. The master was looking at me. He was frowning, as if he were worried. Maybe he understood what I was

telling him and was trying to make up his mind.

"Look at that girl," I said, pleading with my eyes and rubbing against my master's leg. "She wants one of our puppies so she can take him with her when she goes walking. It is easy to make new friends when you have a cute dog with you. She will lead him down the street on a leash and, if some good-looking young man stops to admire him, they will soon forget all about the puppy. They'll lock him in the young man's car and go gaily into some restaurant. The poor puppy will grow tired and hungry and thirsty. But he will be forced to stay in the car until they return, unless he can manage to squeeze through a half-open window. And if he does escape, he will have to face all the dangers of fast-moving automobiles and trucks. Please don't sell him."

I put my paw on my master's knee and looked up at him.

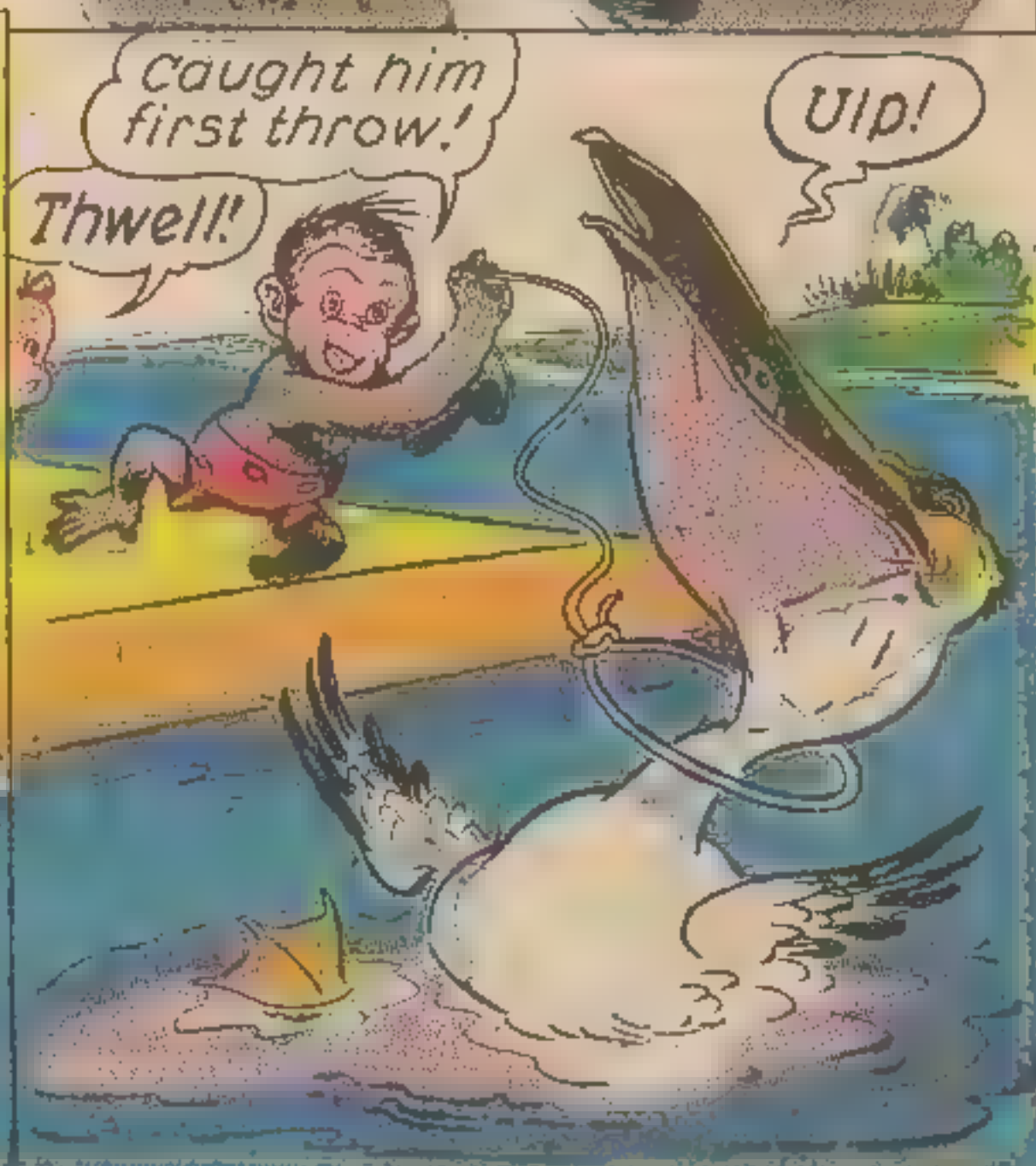
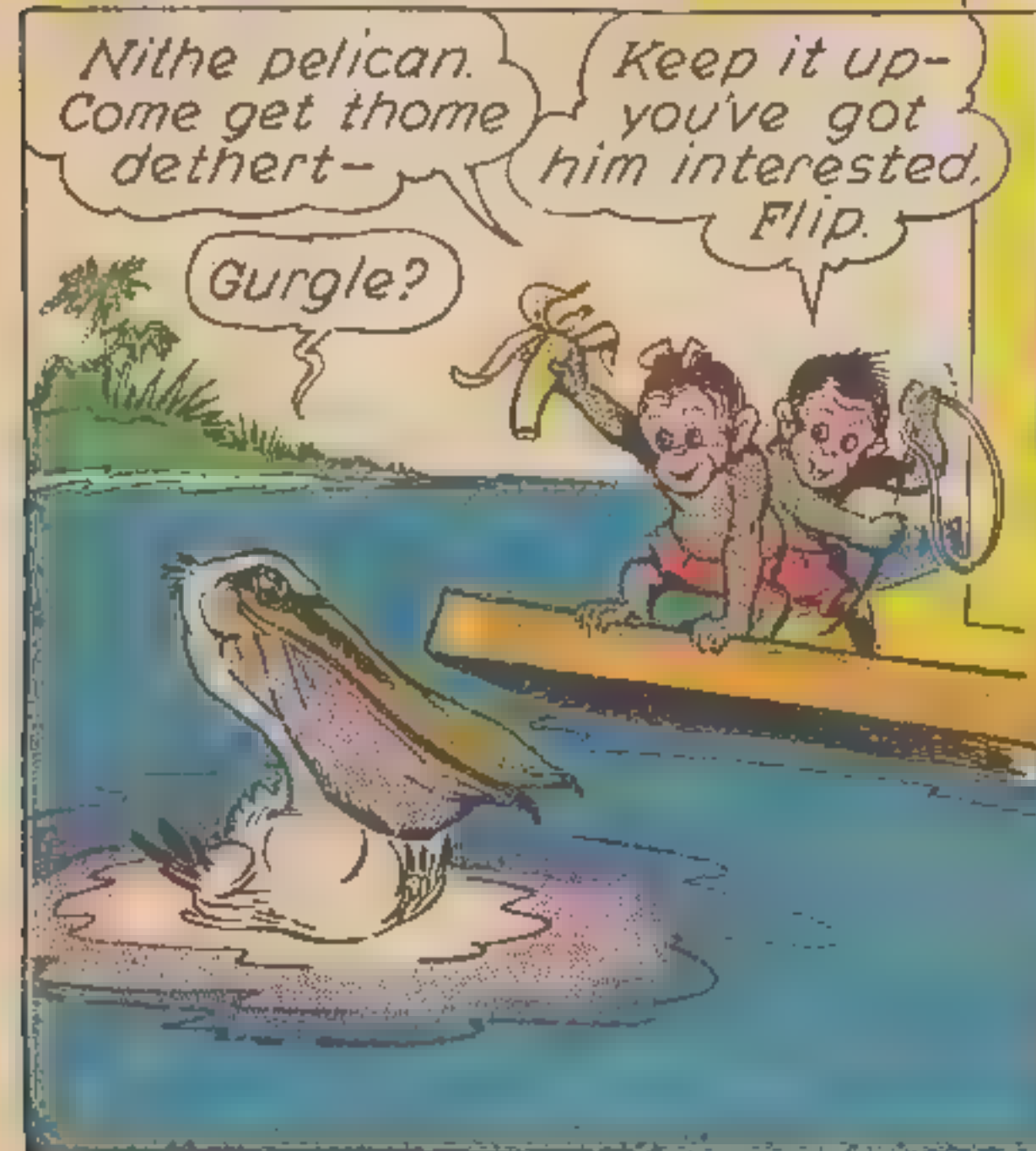
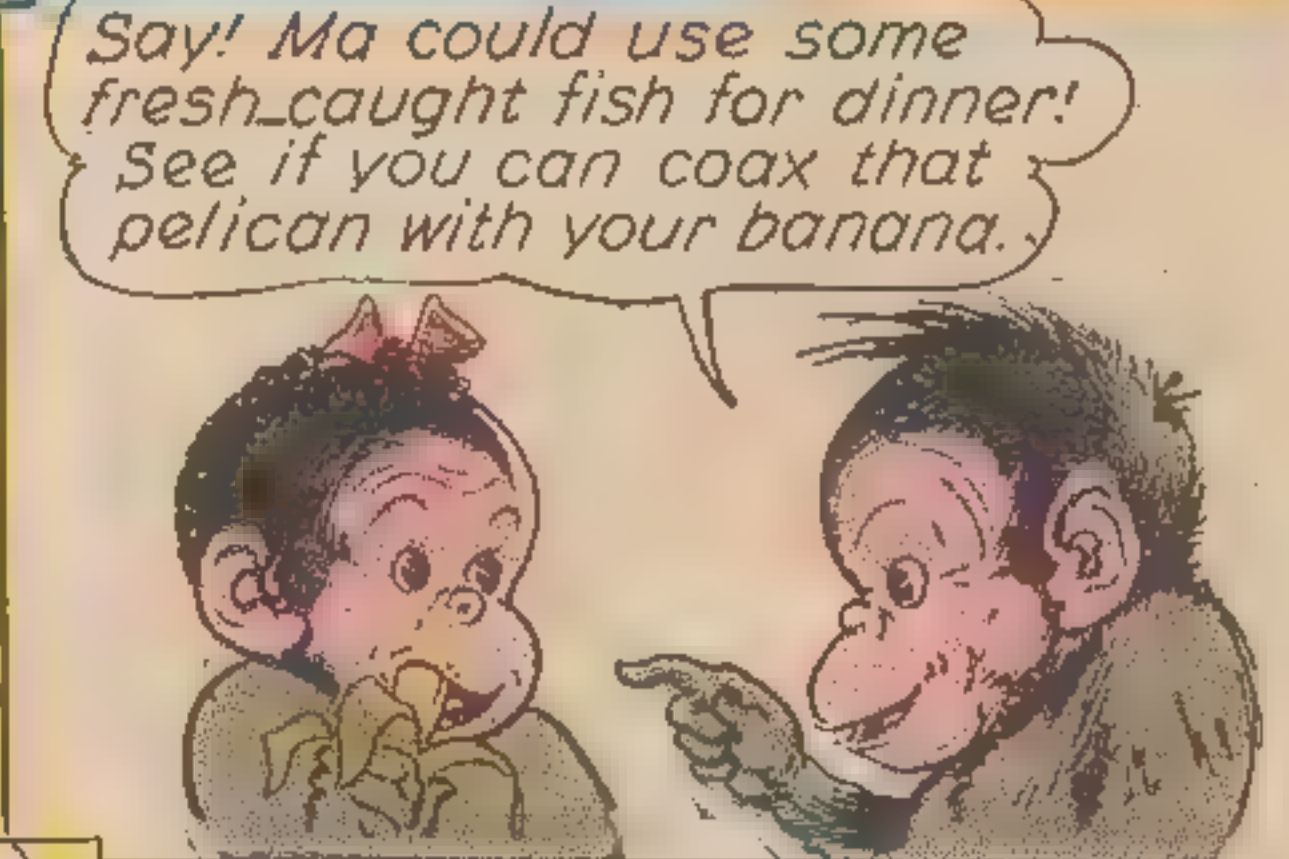
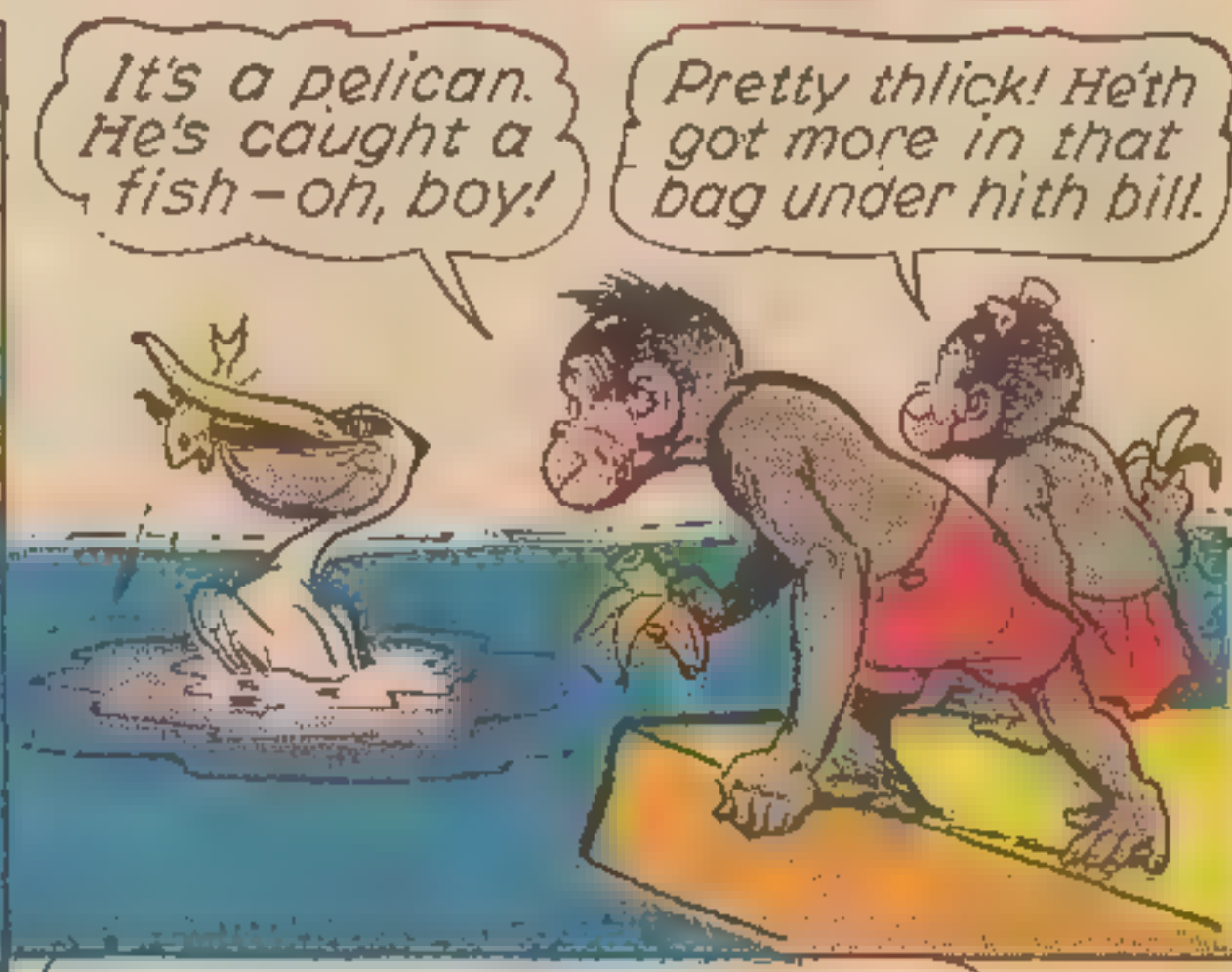
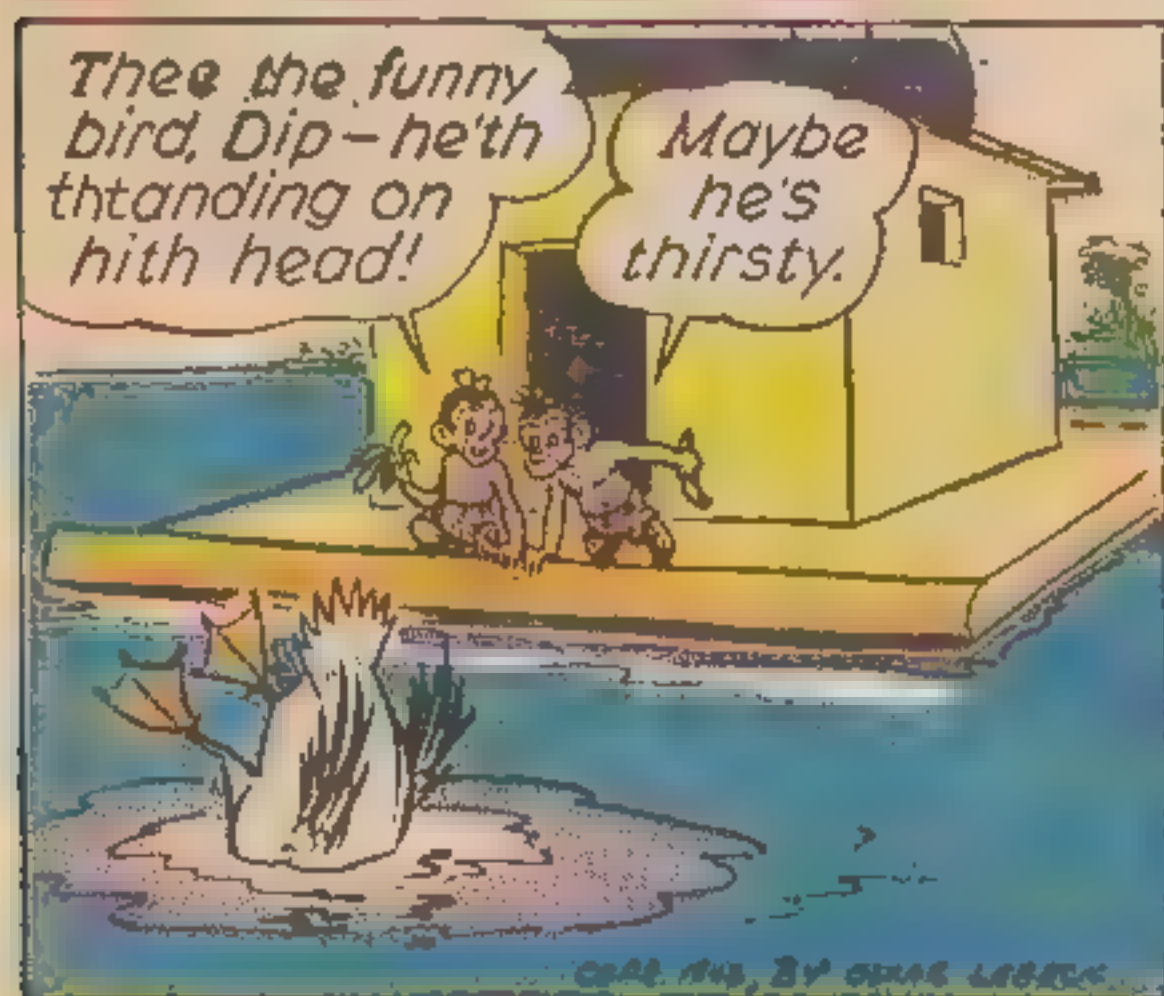
My master hesitated. Then he patted my head and smiled, and I knew that he understood.

Quickly he stooped and picked up the basket of pups. While the disappointed people gasped with surprise, he marched down the street, carrying the puppies back to the happiness and safety of our little bare room.

I was so glad that I could hardly breathe. With my paw, I turned down the sign, "Puppies for Sale," and trotted gaily after my master and my babies.



FLIP AND IDIP



Oooh! A whole
bushel of
fitheth!

Pull—he's
almost aboard!

Gaw-
wk!

Now we can have
fish every day—
he's a pet
worth having!

I'll thay tho!
Let'th call Ma
to thee him!



Ma!
C'mere,
quick!

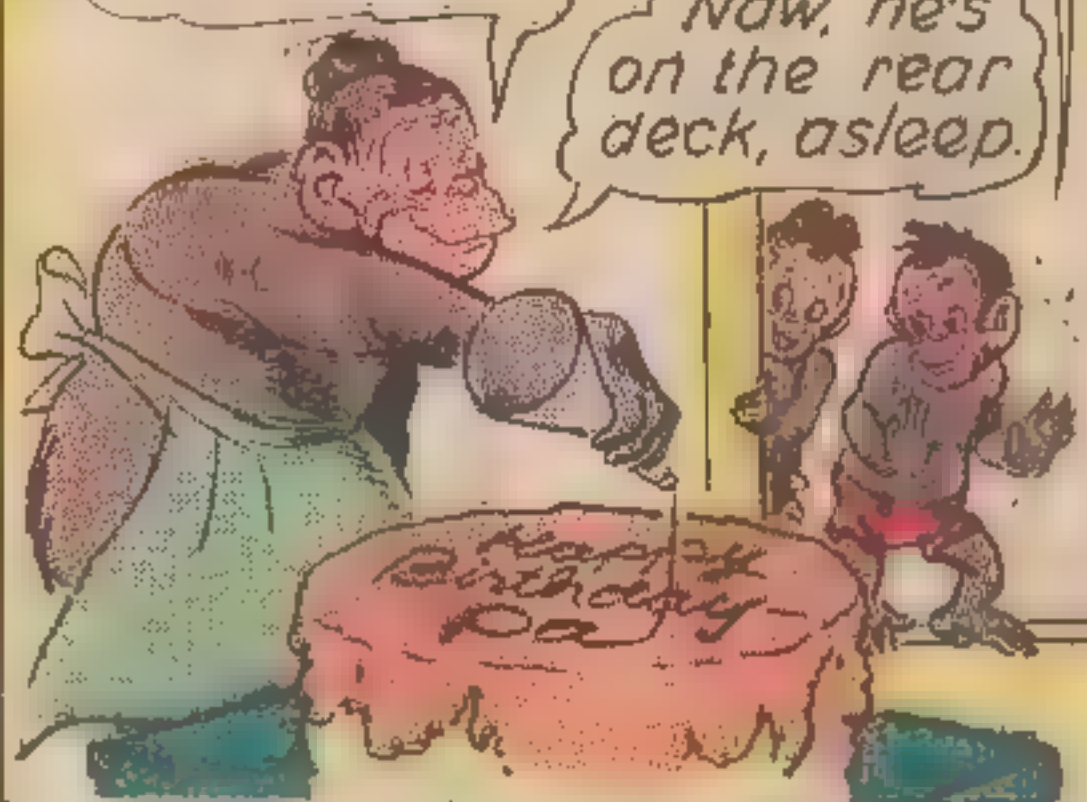
Lookit the
funny bird
we lathooed!

Don't bother me
till I've finished
this cake for your
Pa's birthday.

Ooh! Doeth
Pa know
about it?

Now, he's
on the rear
deck, asleep.

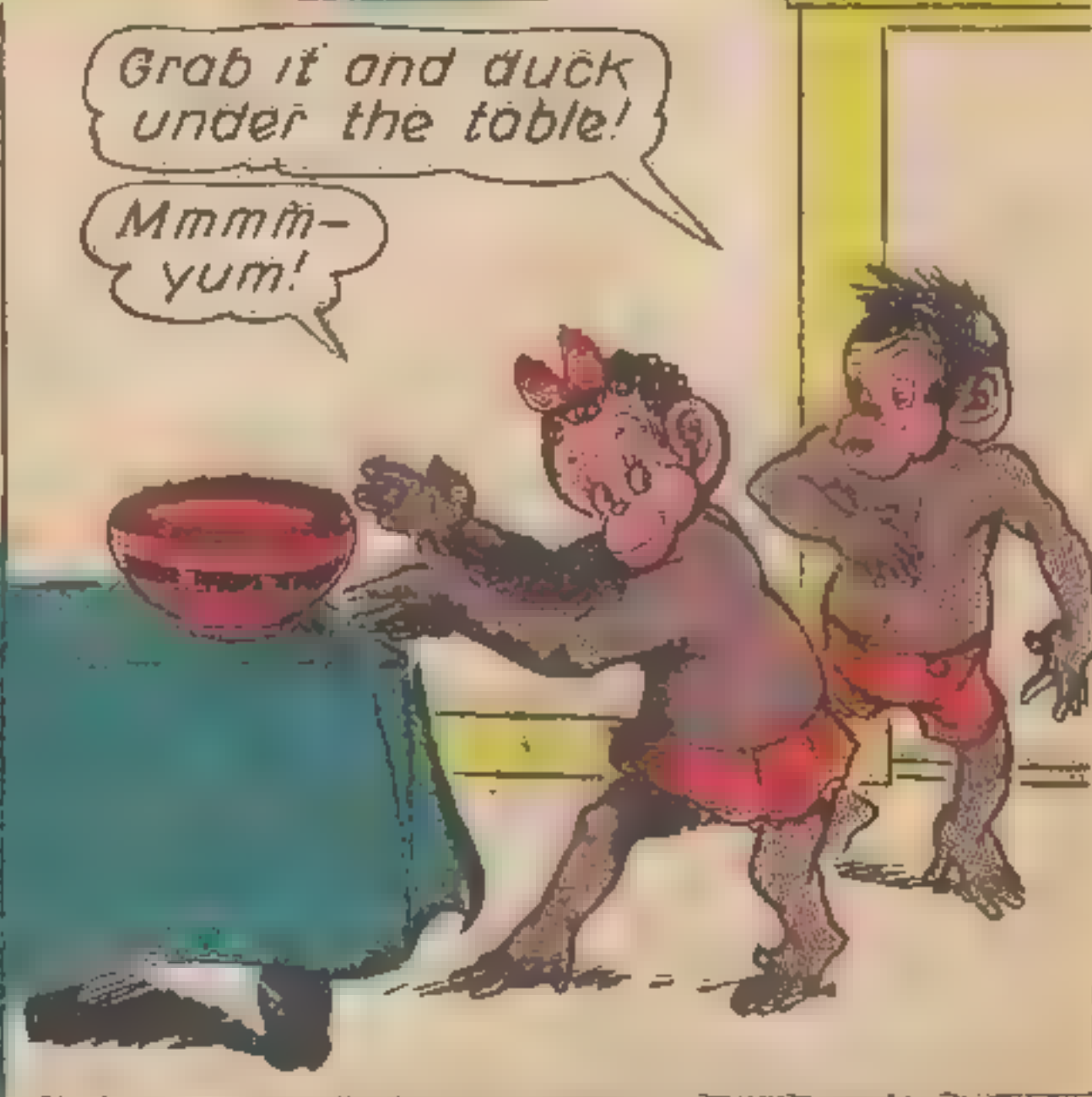
I'll lock this in
the pantry, or there
won't be any of it
left for dinner.



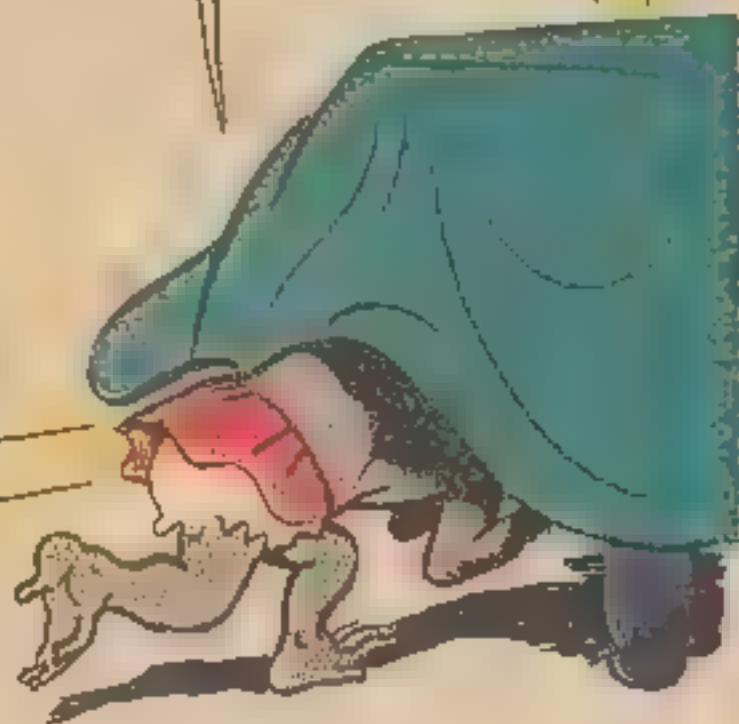
Look, Dip-
frotthting!

Grab it and duck
under the table!

Mmm-
yum!



Jutht in time-
Ma'th coming!



Where are those young
ones? They were here
half a minute ago.



Oh-oh! The bowl of
frostings missing-and
the tablecloth looks
bulgy.



Come out of
there, you
little pigs!

Pleathe, Ma-
don't thpank uth!

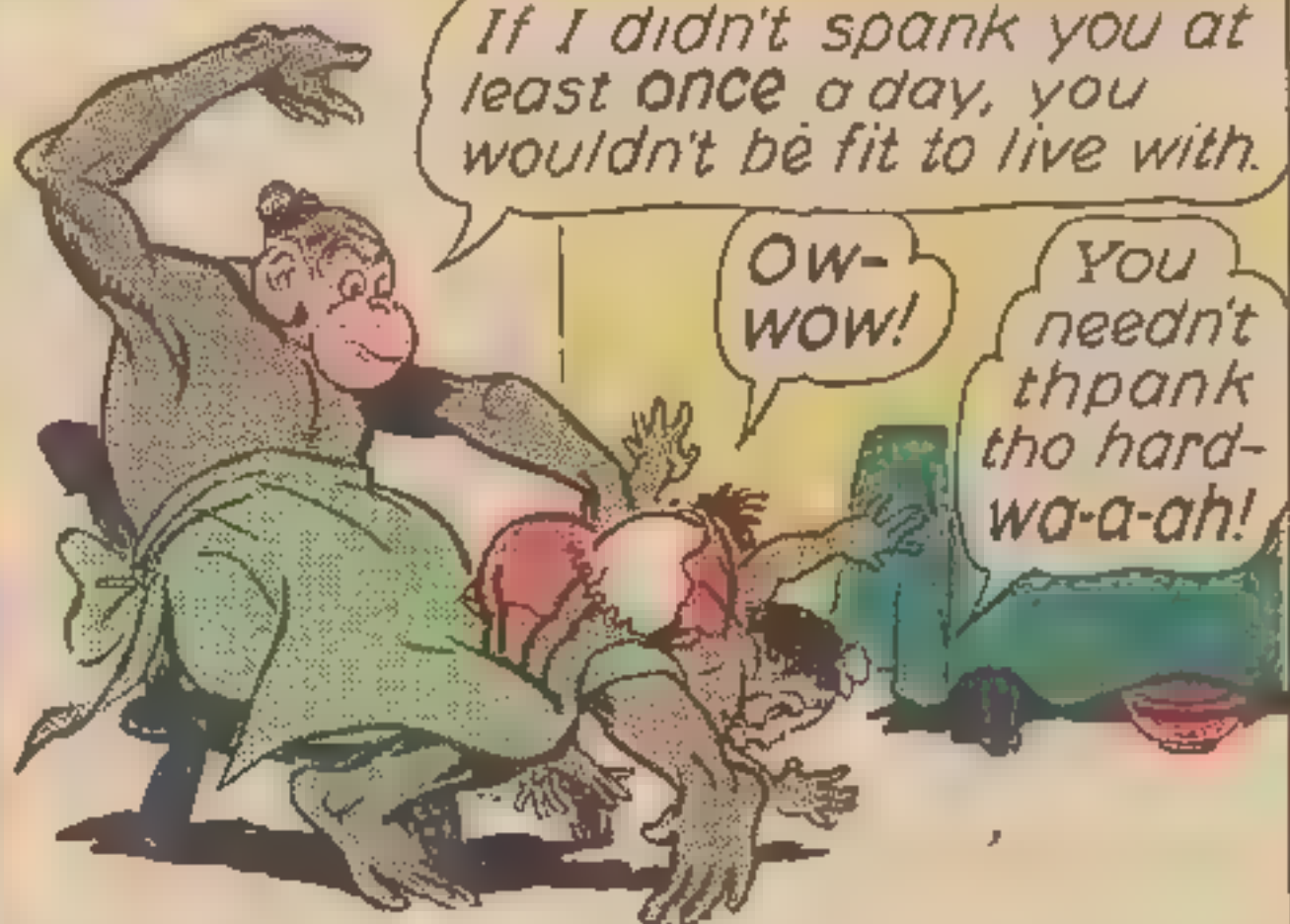
Ow!
Leggo
my foot!



If I didn't spank you at
least once a day, you
wouldn't be fit to live with.

OW-
WOW!

You
needn't
thpank
tho hard-
wa-a-ah!



Now you stay out of
this kitchen until I
call you to dinner-
and no more
shenanigans
or you'll get
another
walloping!



Pssst! Listen,
Flip-I got
an idea-

Yeah? I got
athpanking
and I don't
want another
on top of it!

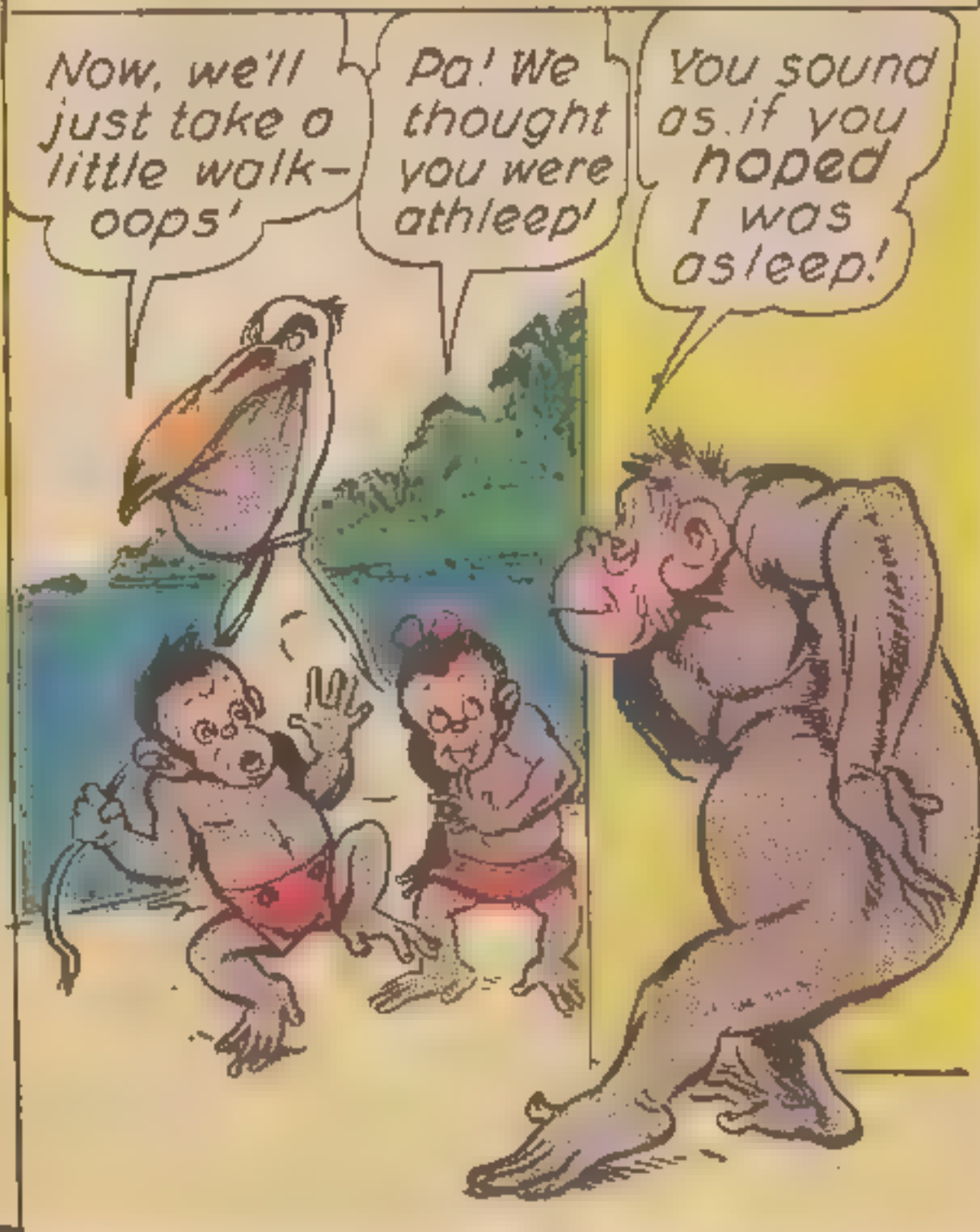
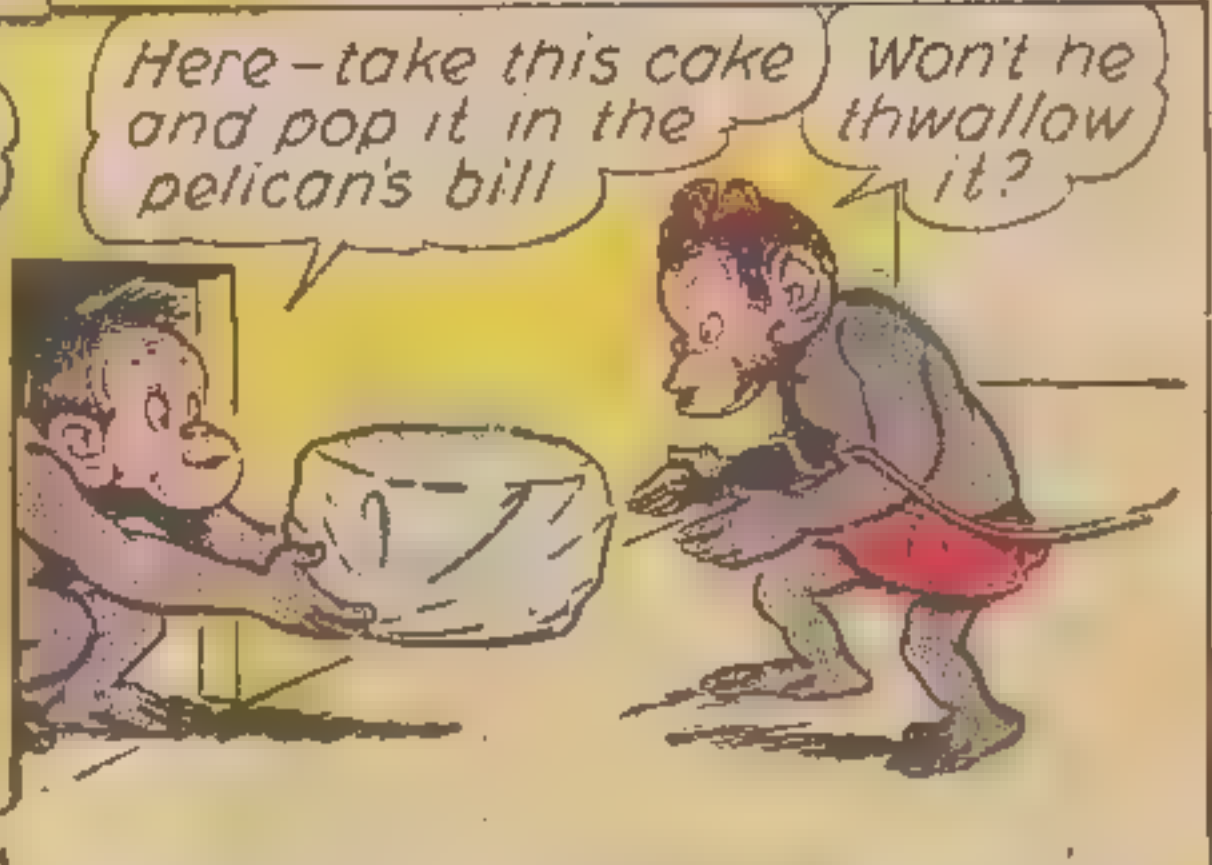
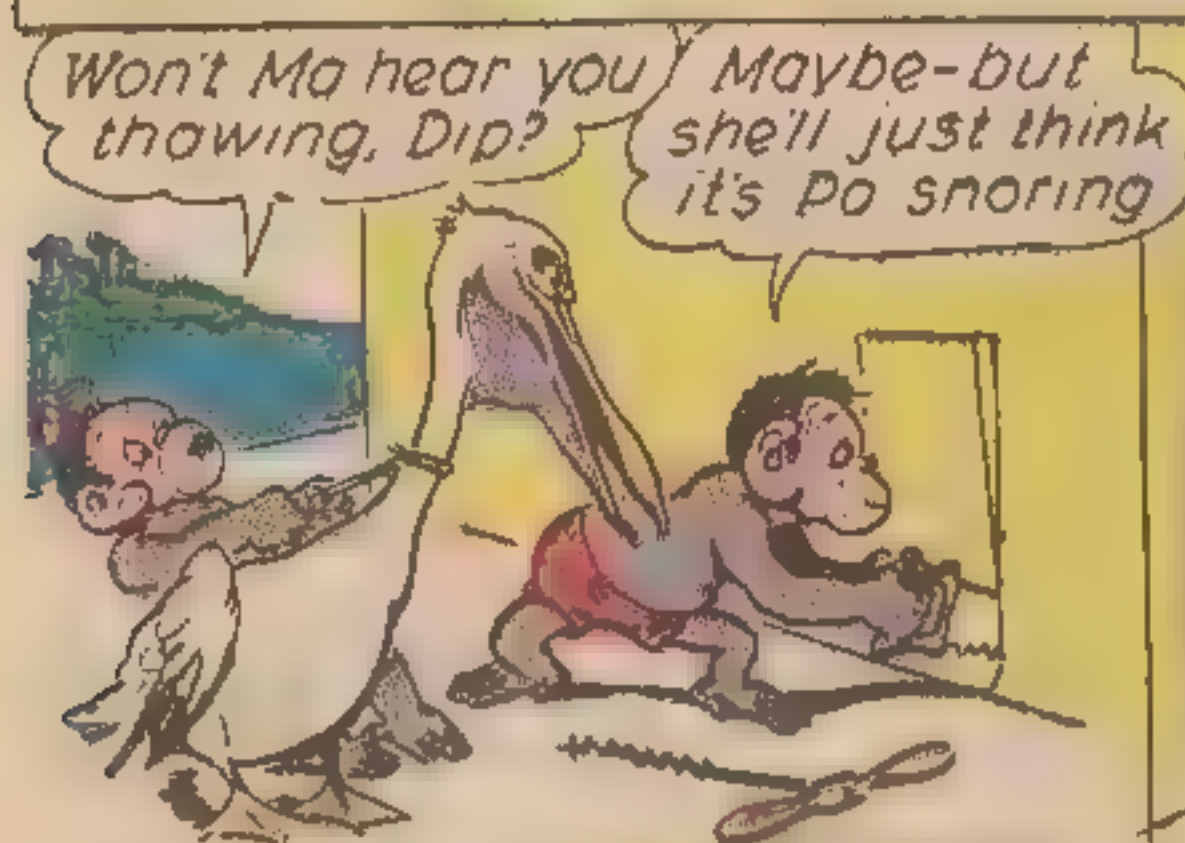
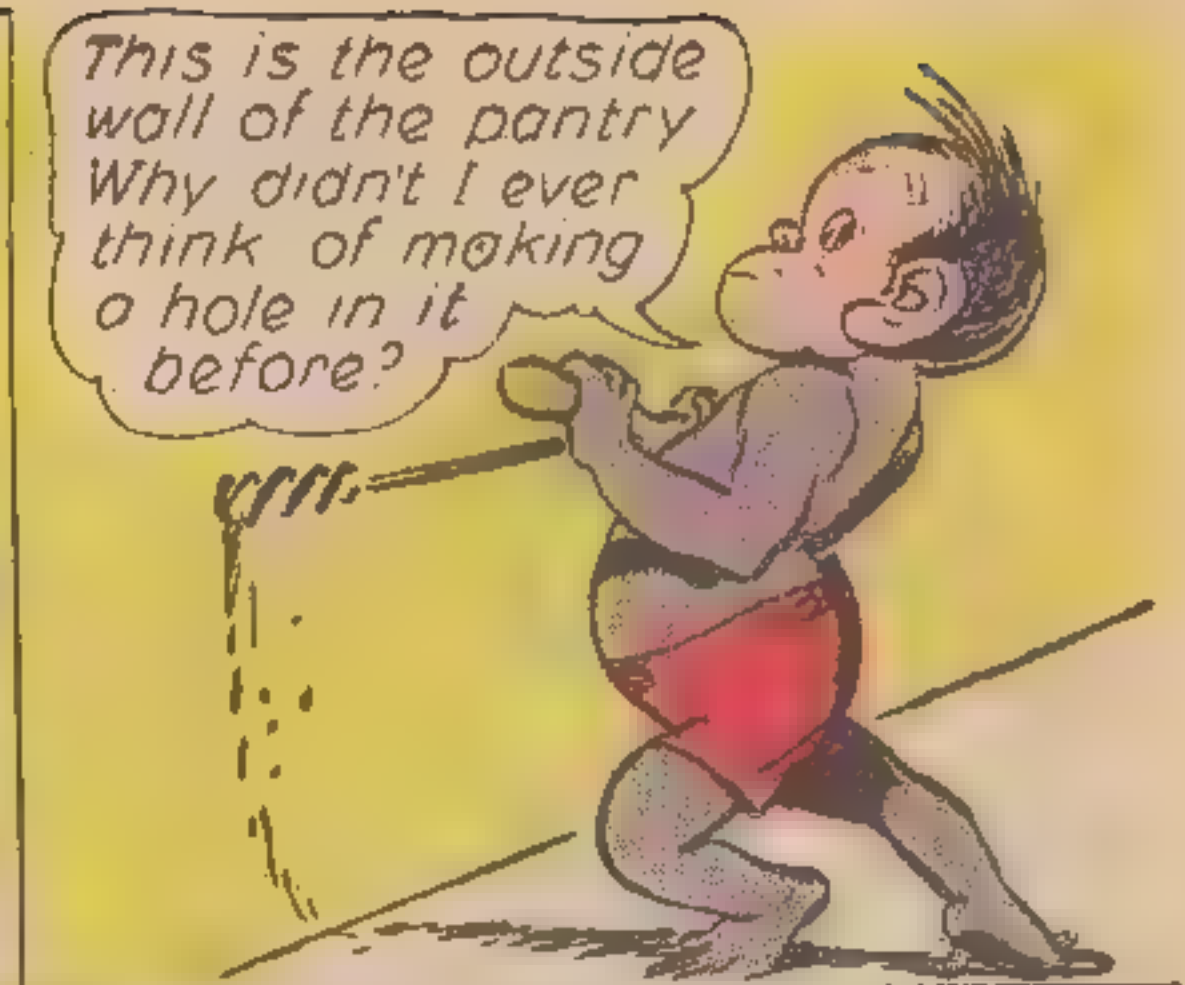
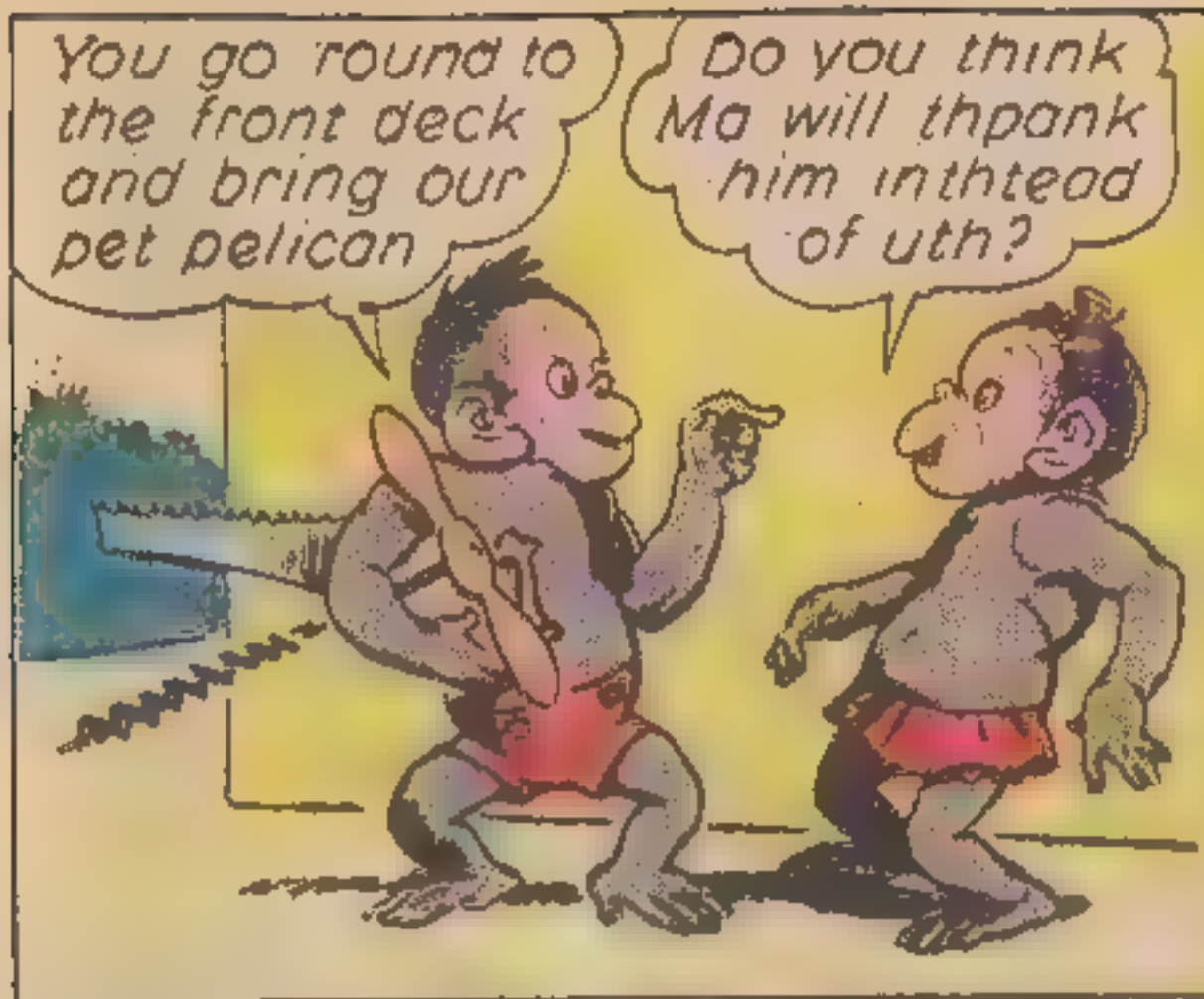


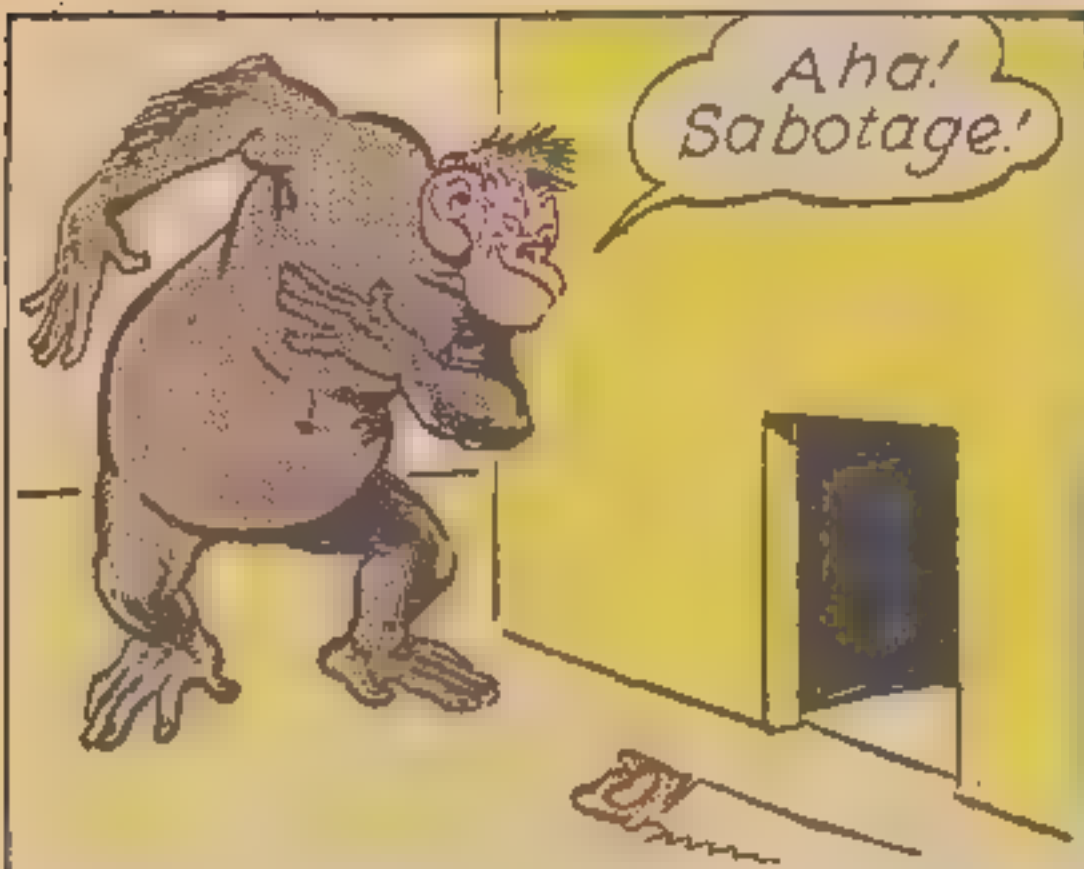
Z-z-z-z-
ho-oo-o-
onk-buz-
z-z-z-z-
zoop!



Aw, this idea is
worth a little risk.
All we need is
the auger and
the saw



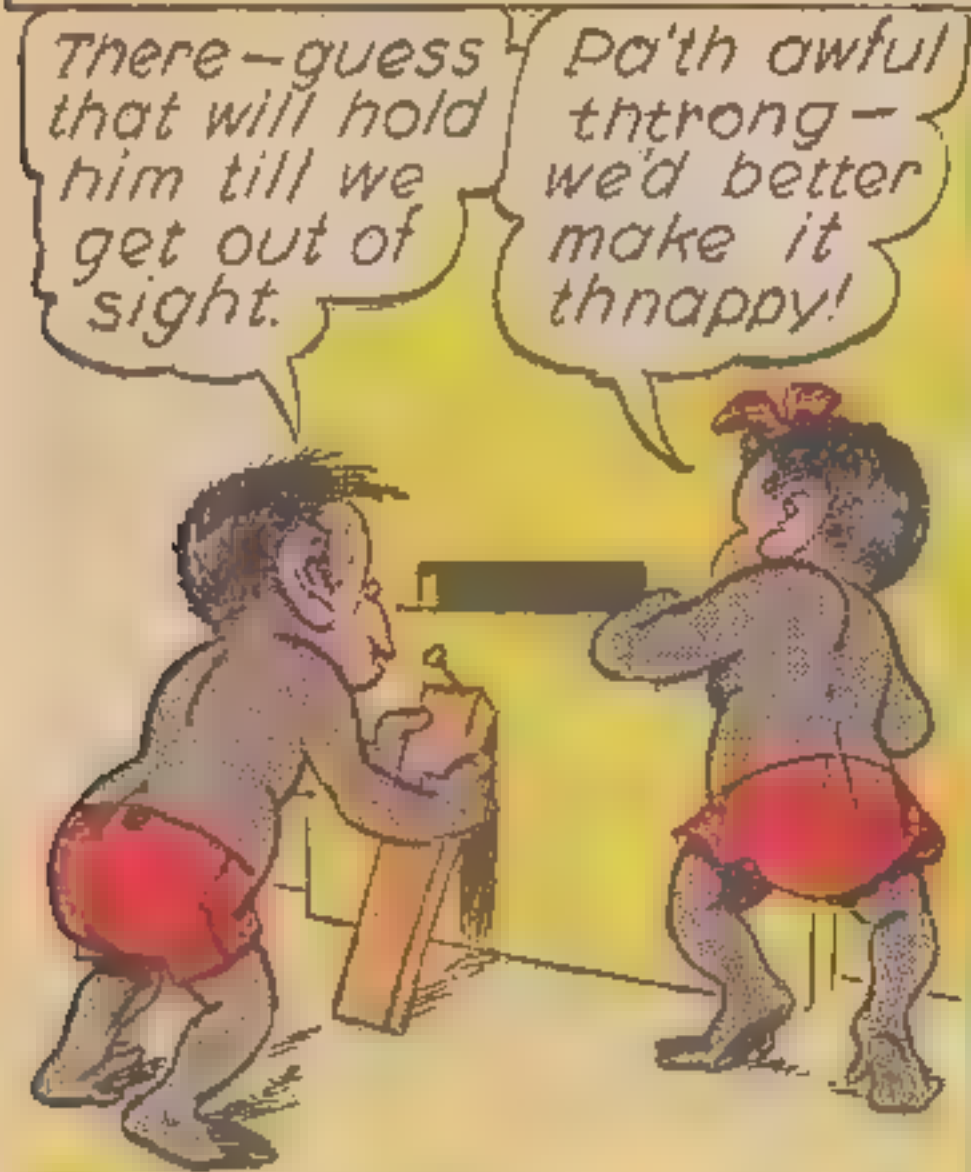




Aha! Sabotage!

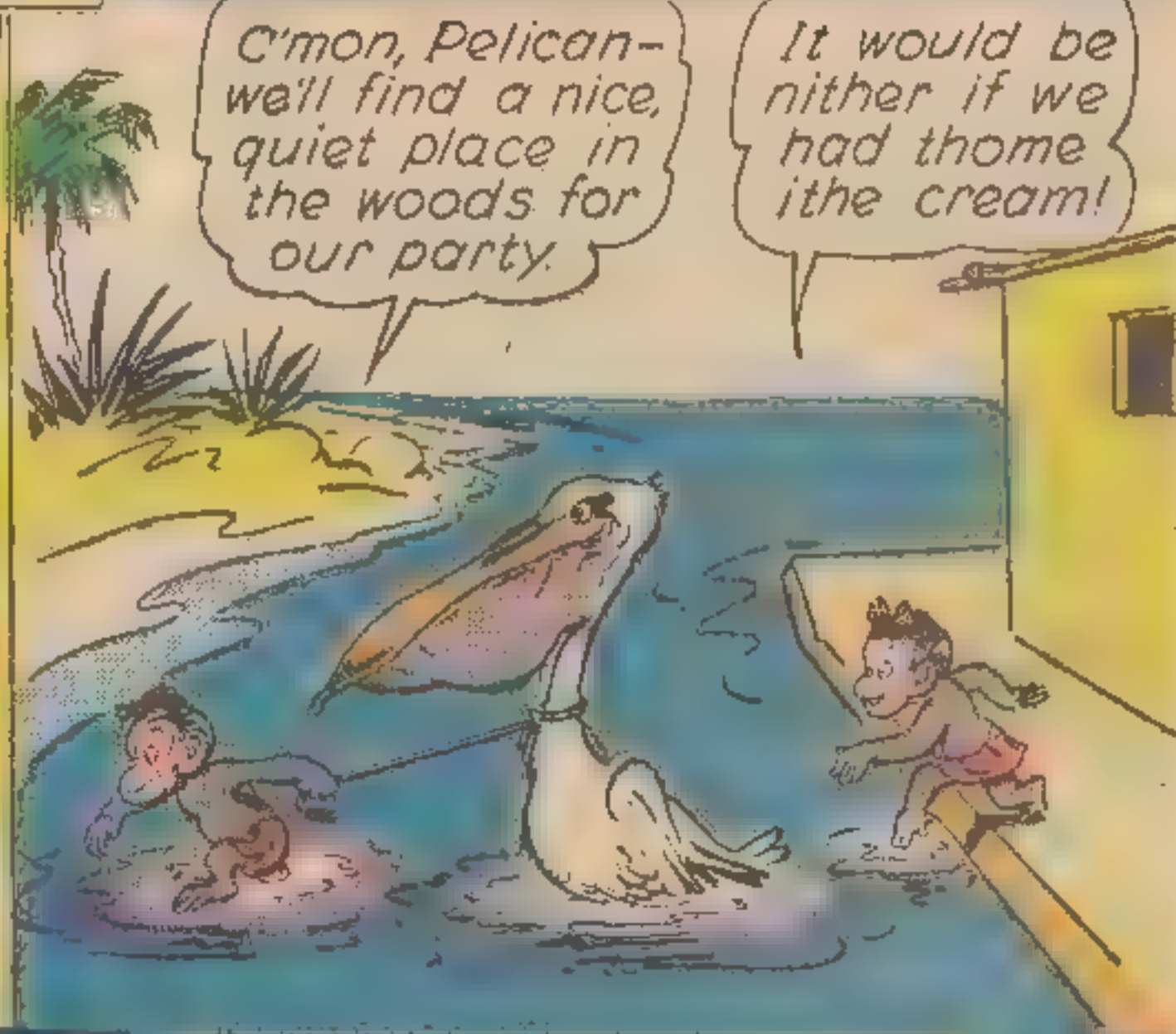


I can't see that they've touched anything-but there's no reason why I shouldn't help myself to some doughnuts.



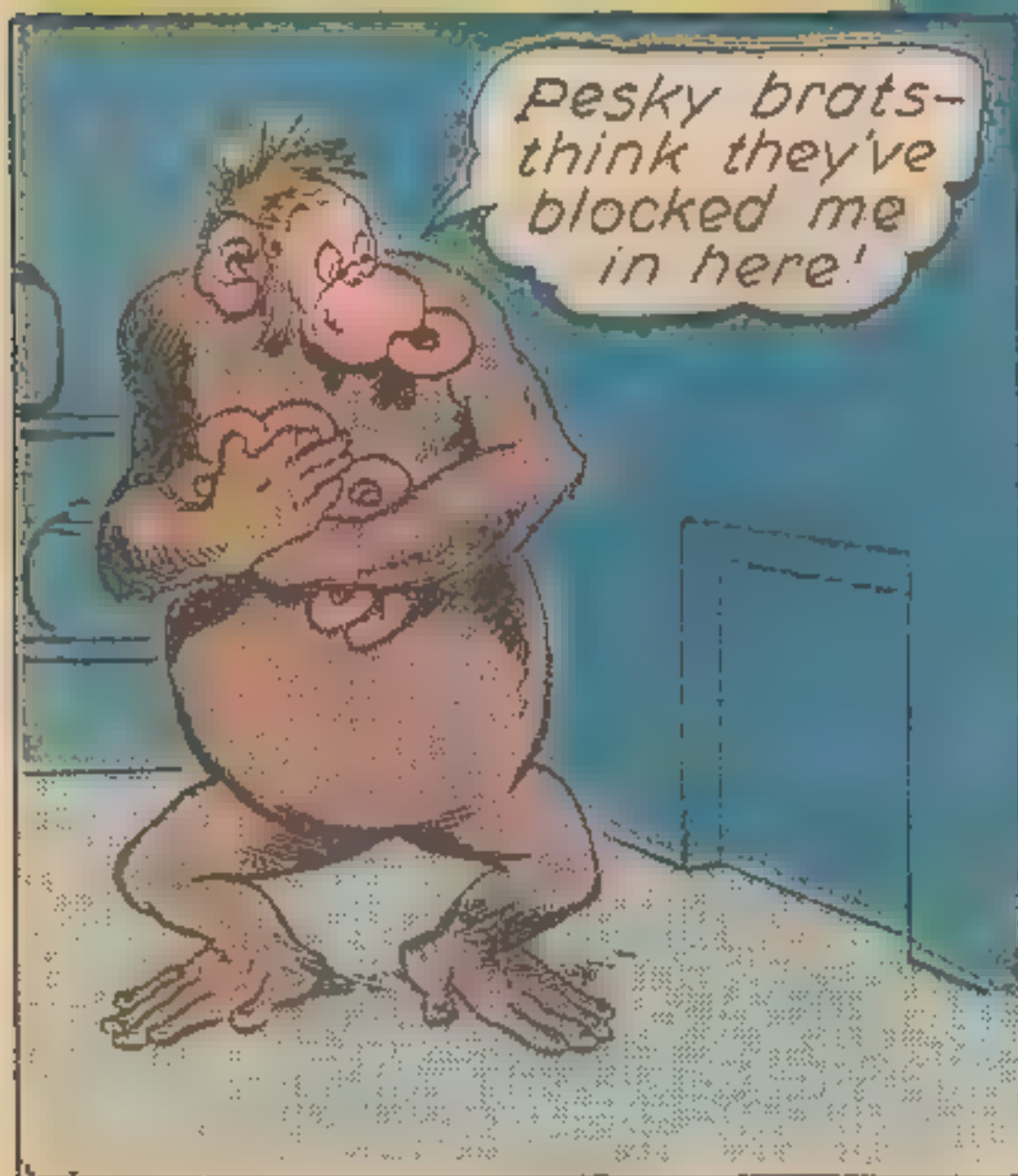
There-guess that will hold him till we get out of sight.

Pa'th awful thtrong-we'd better make it thnappy!



C'mon, Pelican-we'll find a nice, quiet place in the woods for our party.

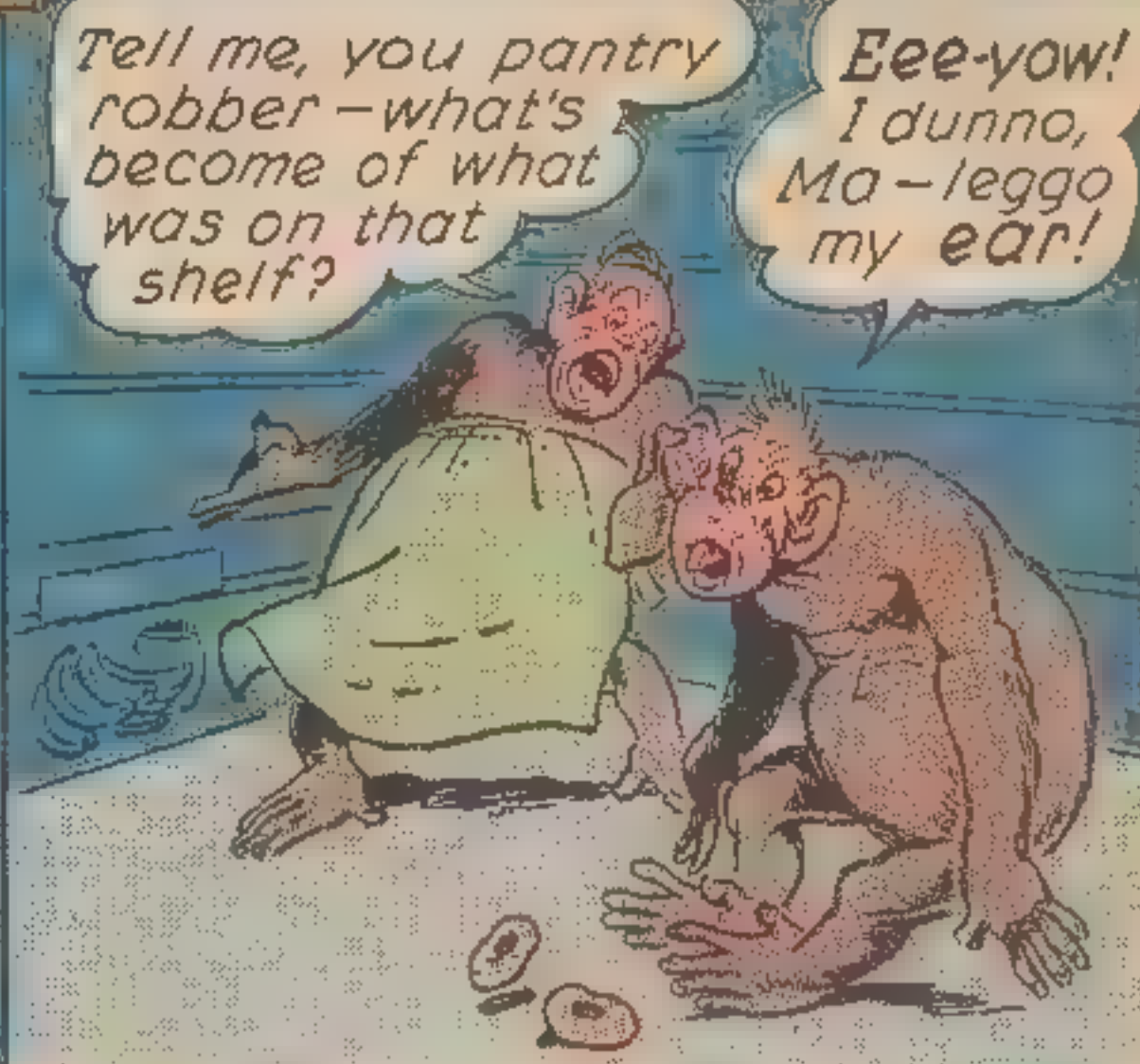
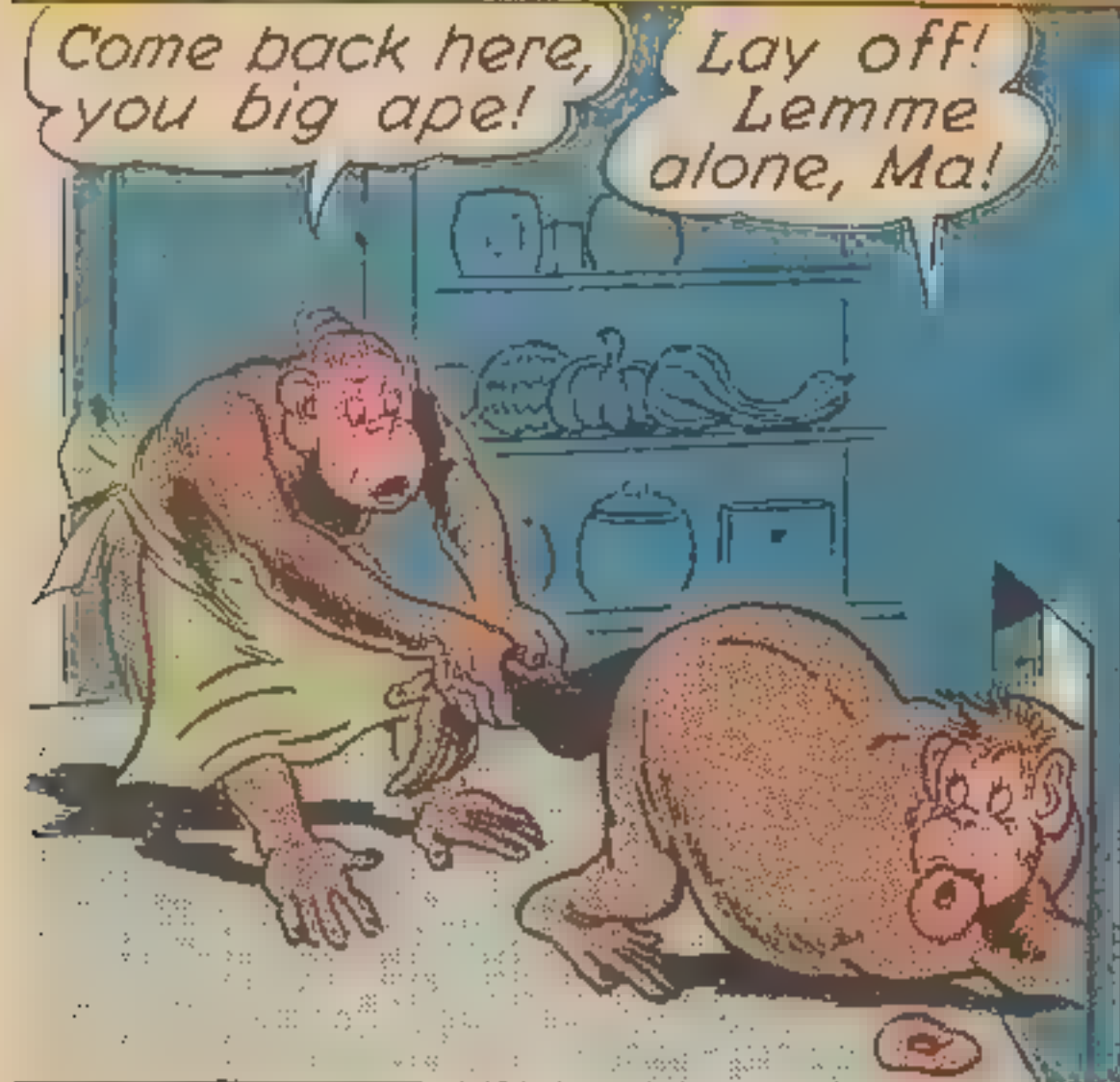
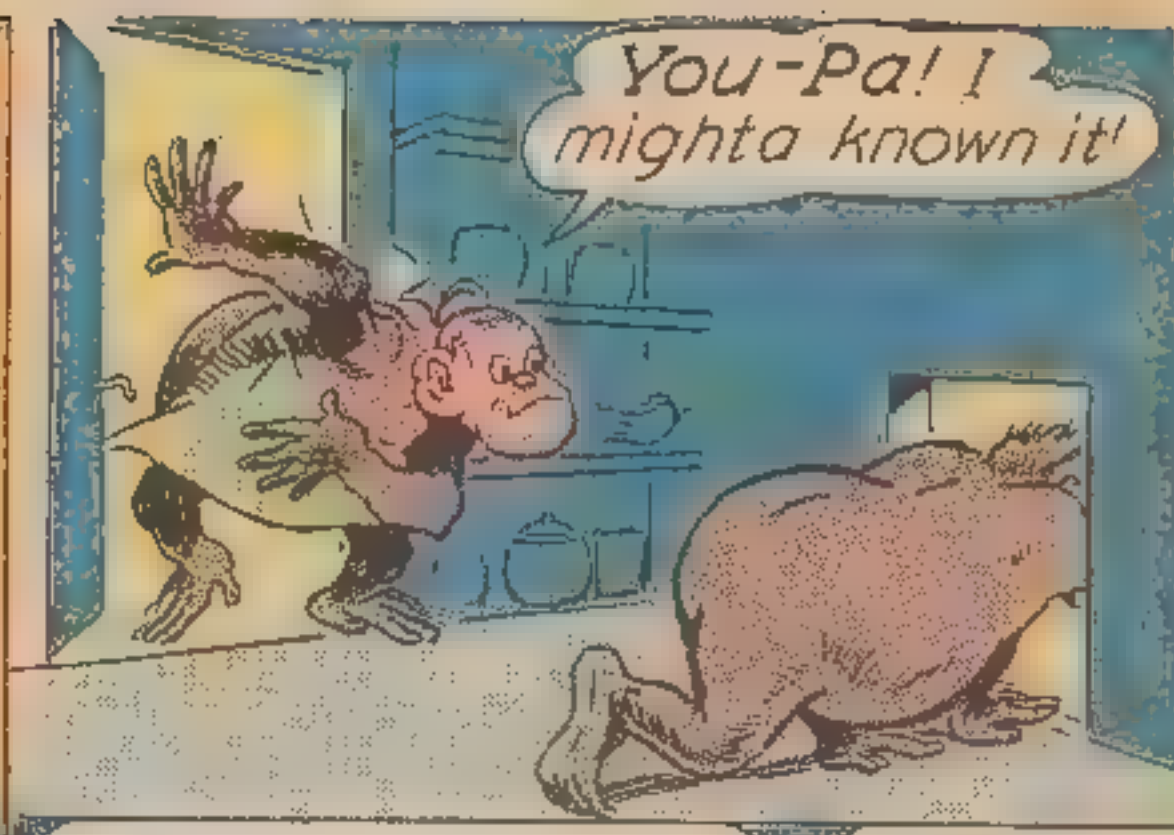
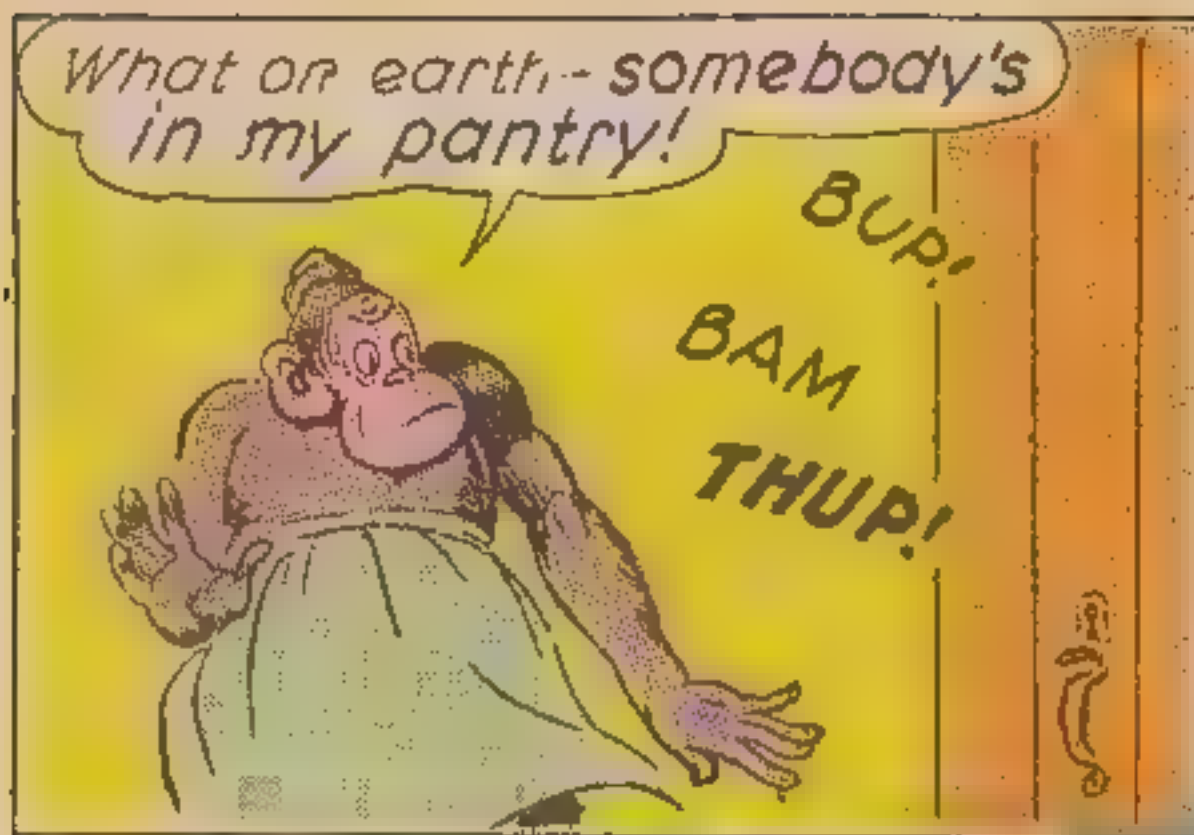
It would be nither if we had thome i the cream!



Pesky brats-think they've blocked me in here!

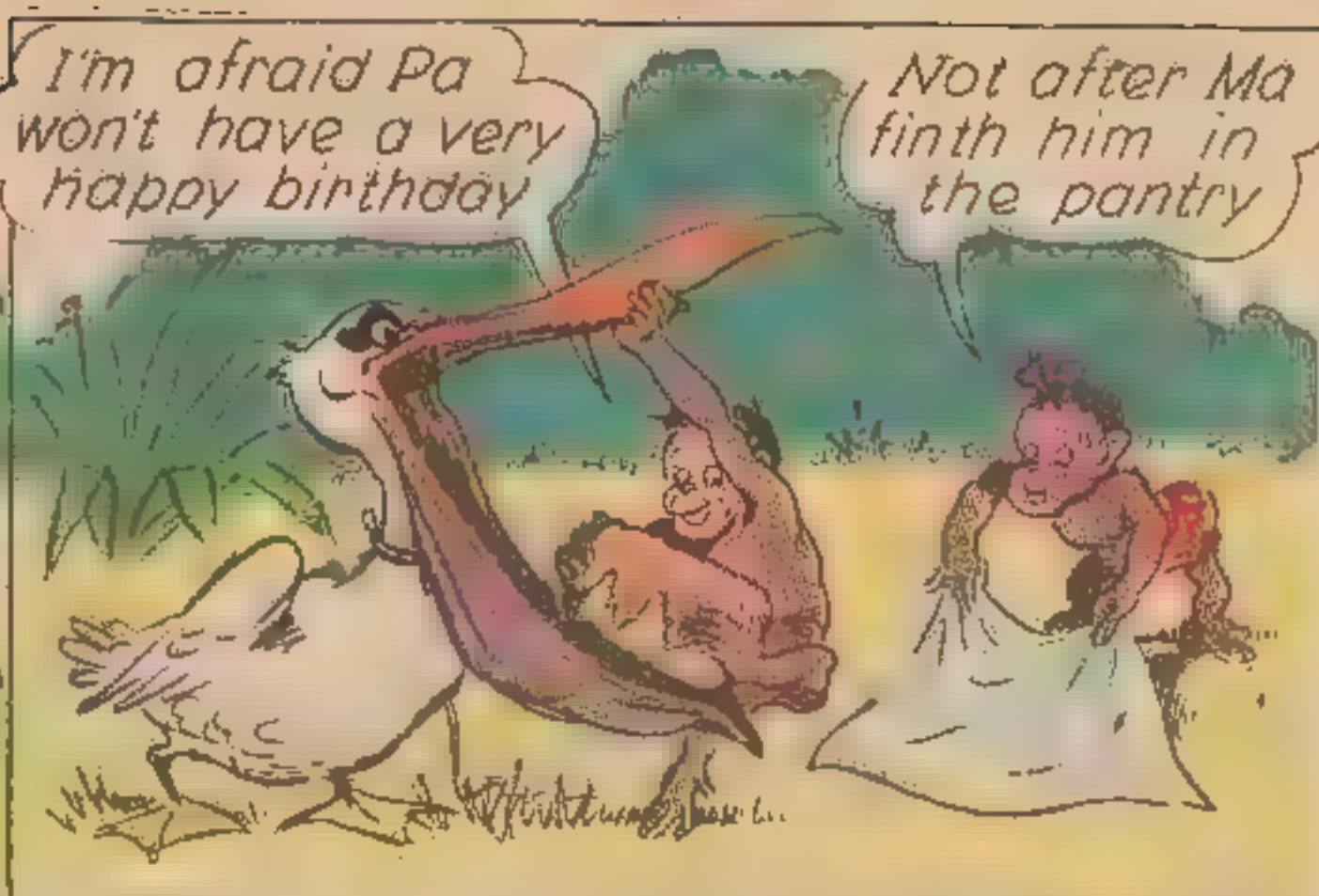


They've-ugh-got another guess coming-ugh-no kid contraption's strong enough to hold me!





Oh-oh! There they are—with the pelican.



I'm afraid Pa won't have a very happy birthday

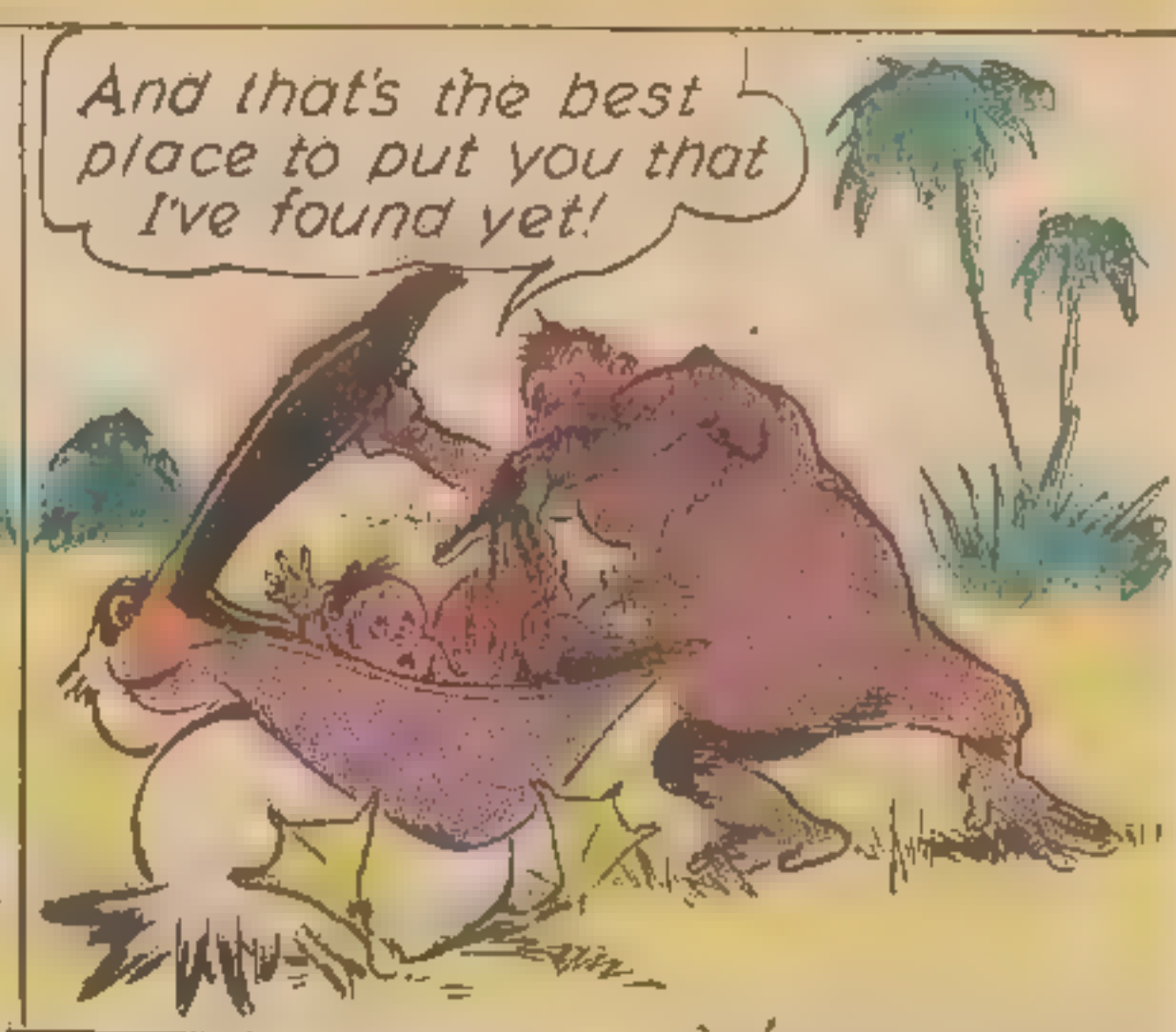
Not after Ma finth him in the pantry



You're wrong, you little monkeys—this is the happiest moment I've known in a year!

Eeek!

Yi!

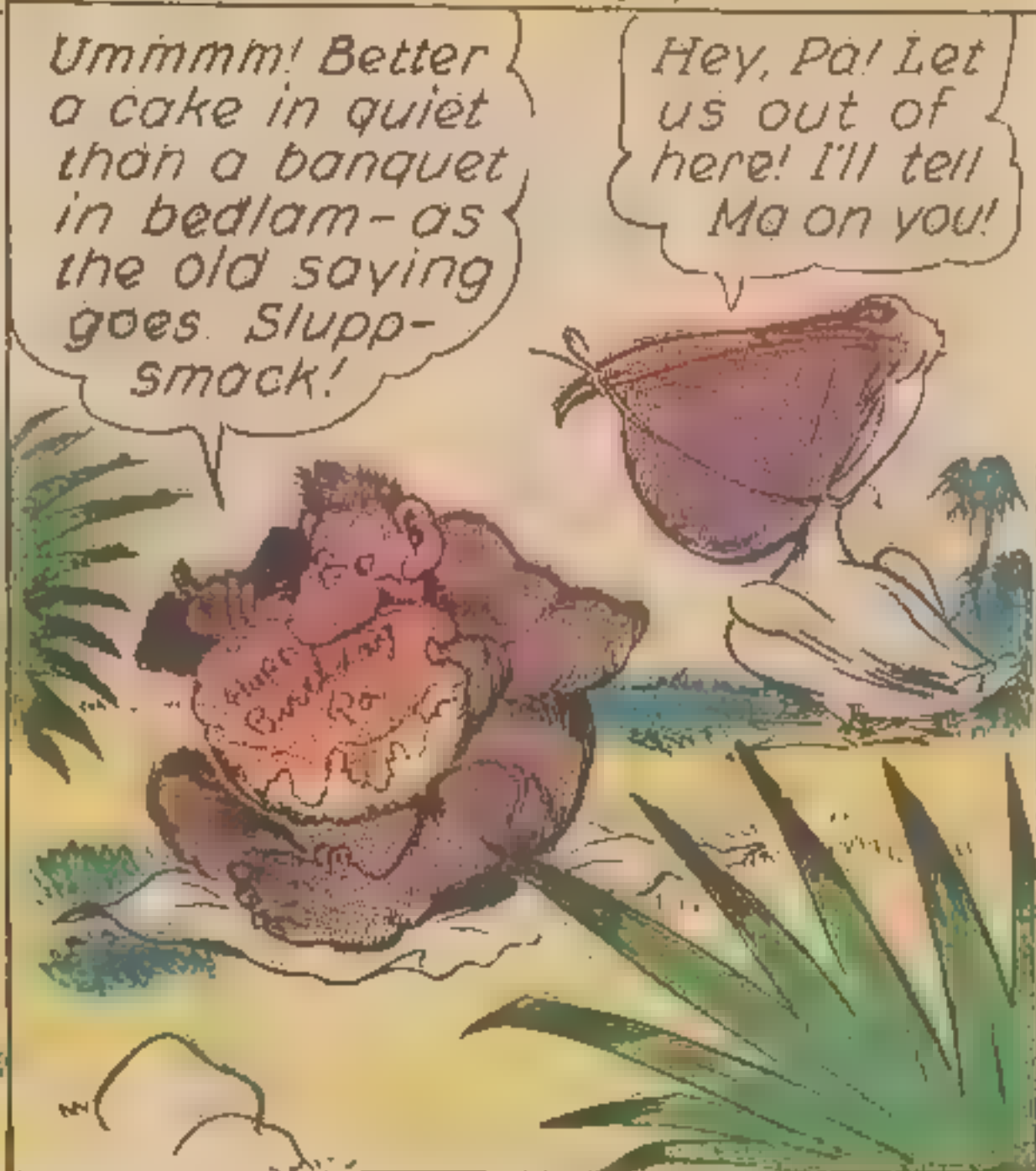


And that's the best place to put you that I've found yet!



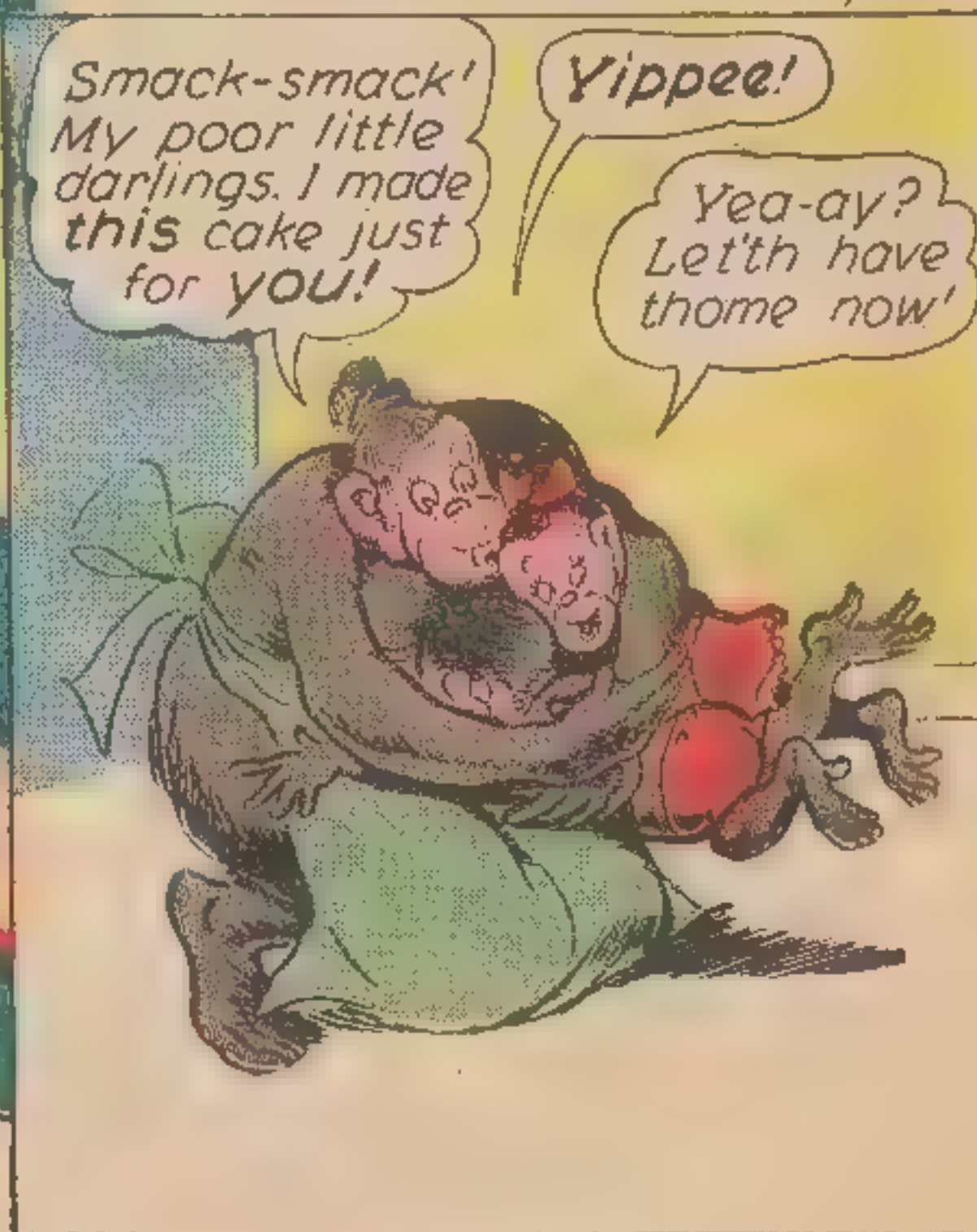
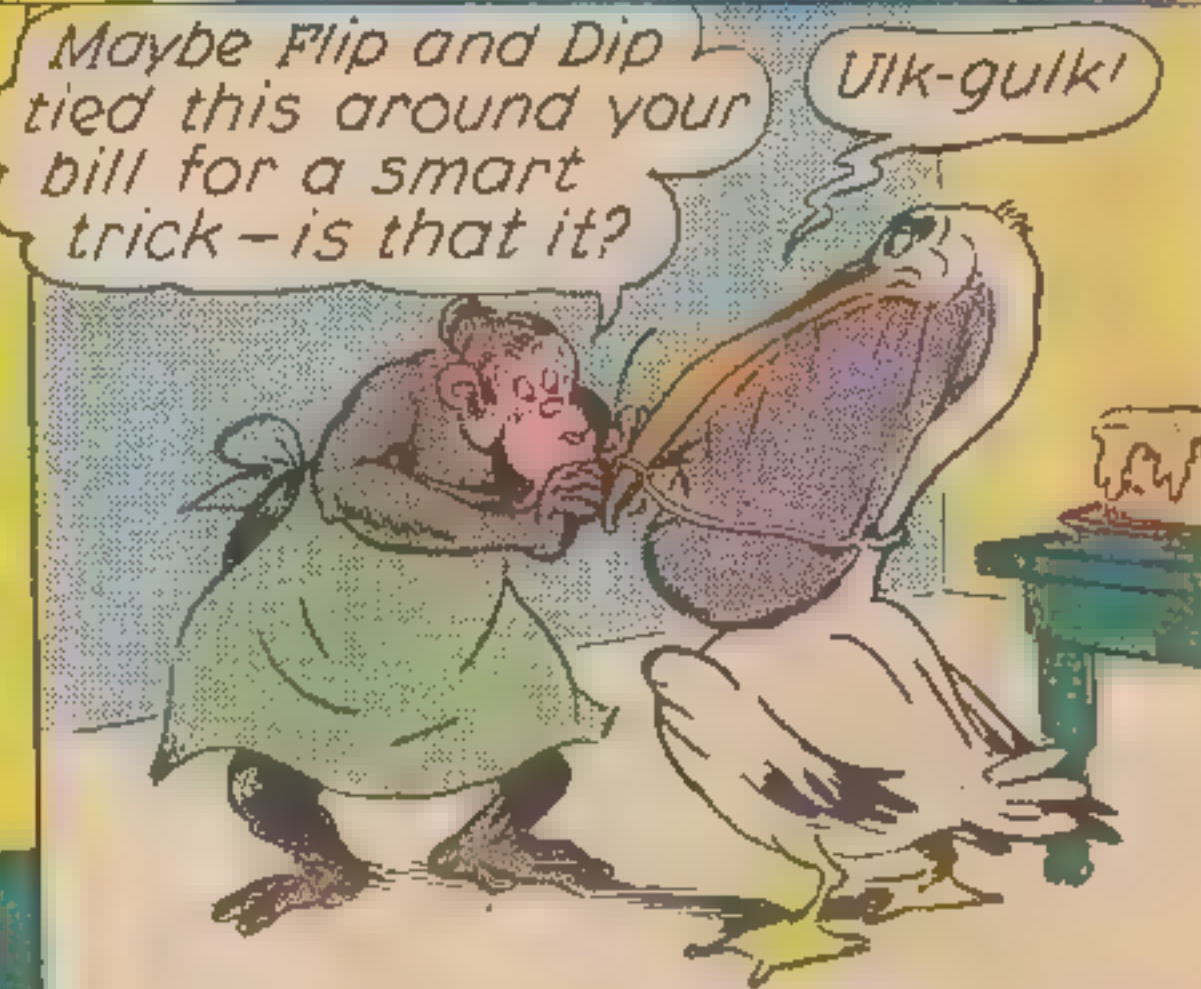
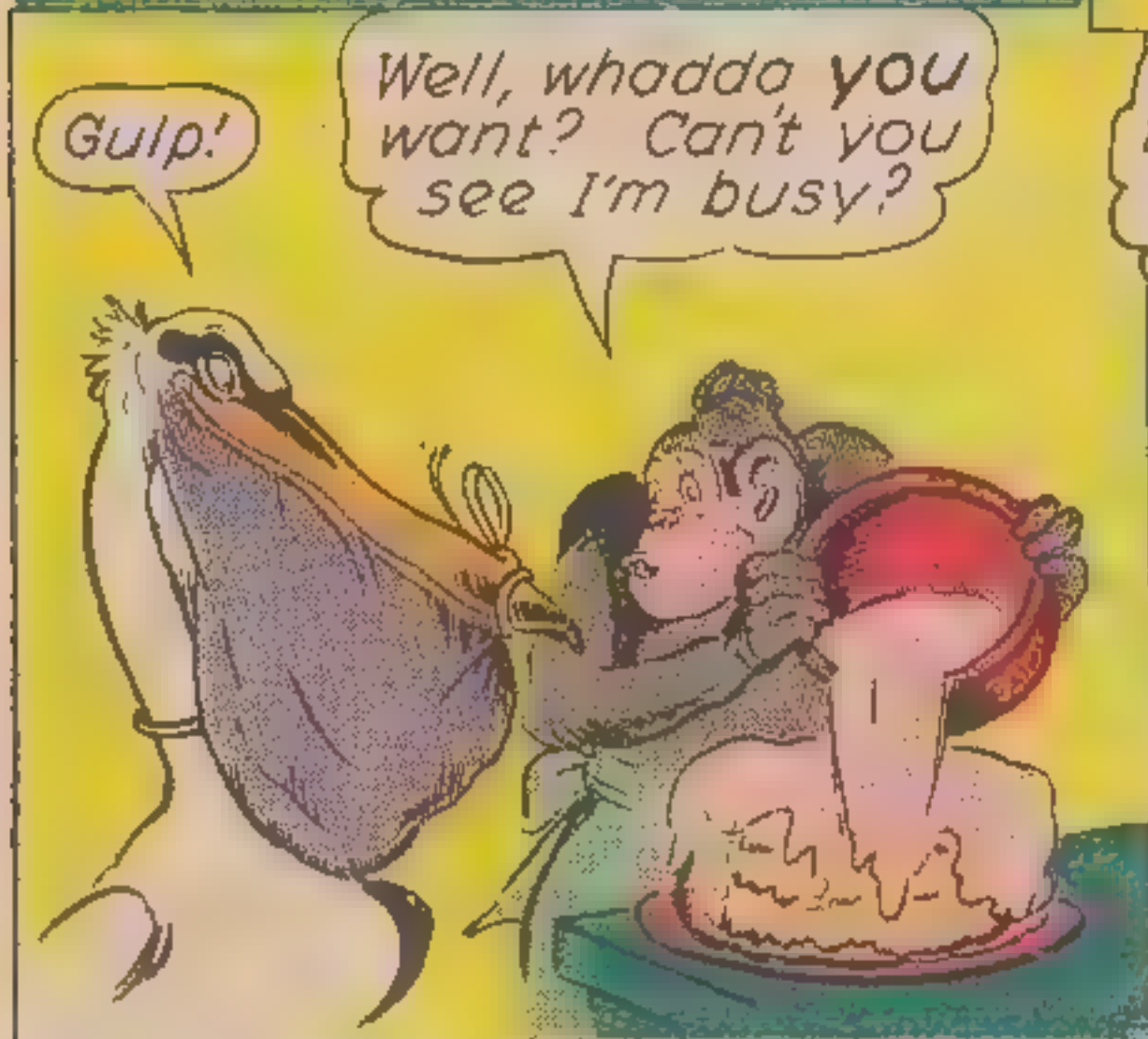
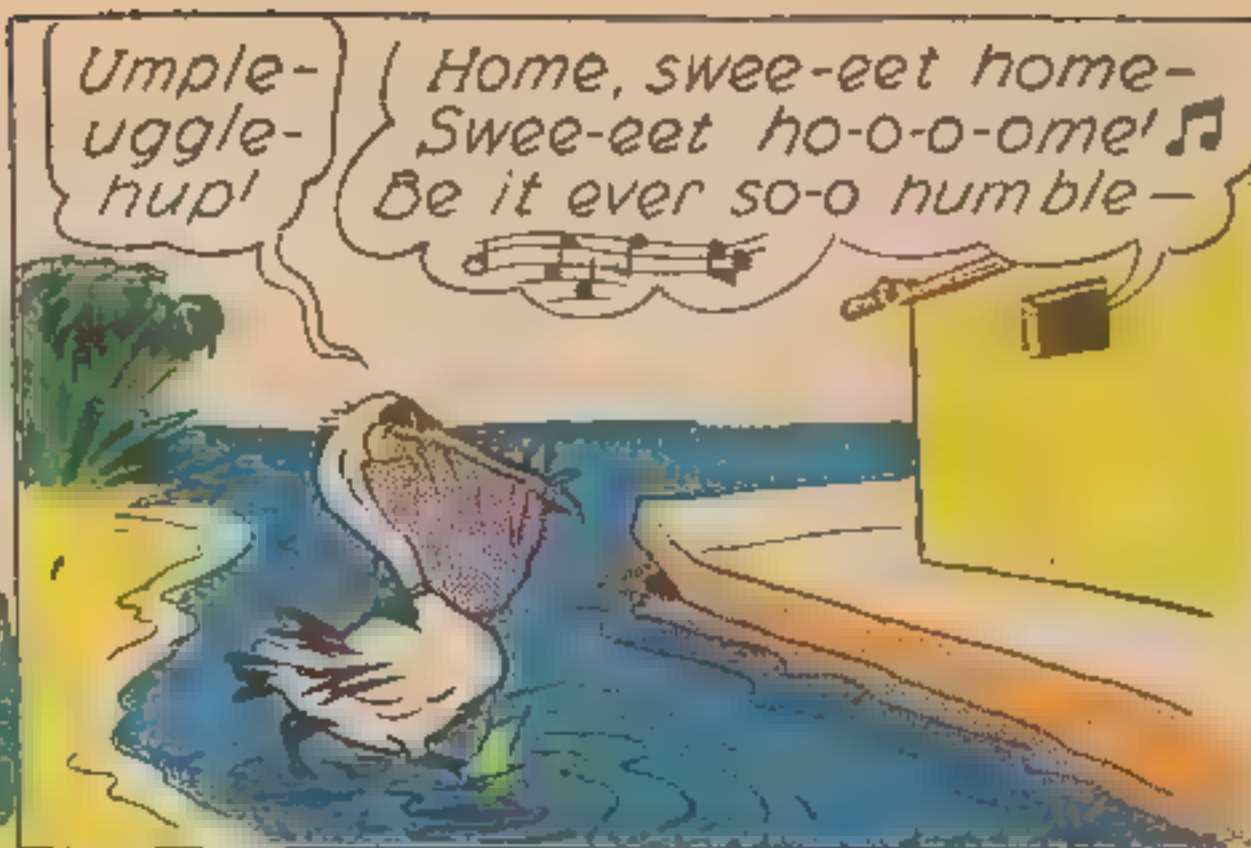
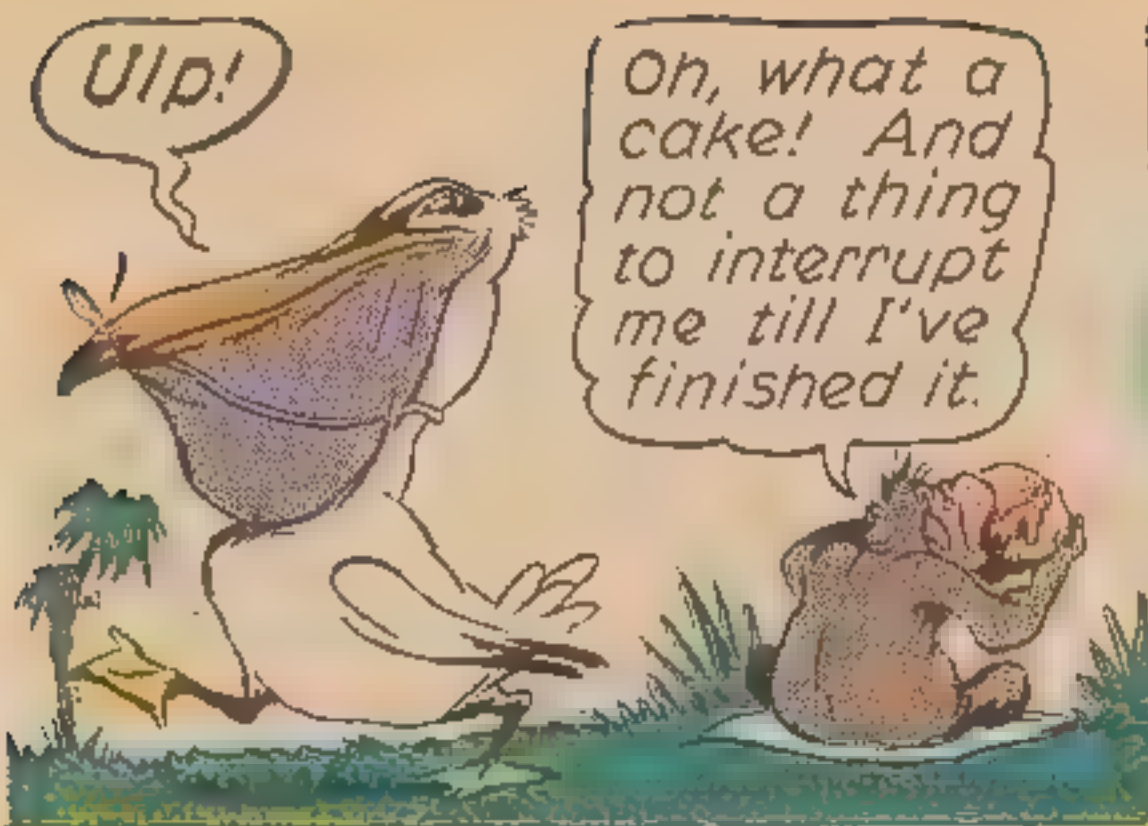
Just to make sure that you **stay** put for the next half hour, I'll tie the lid down.

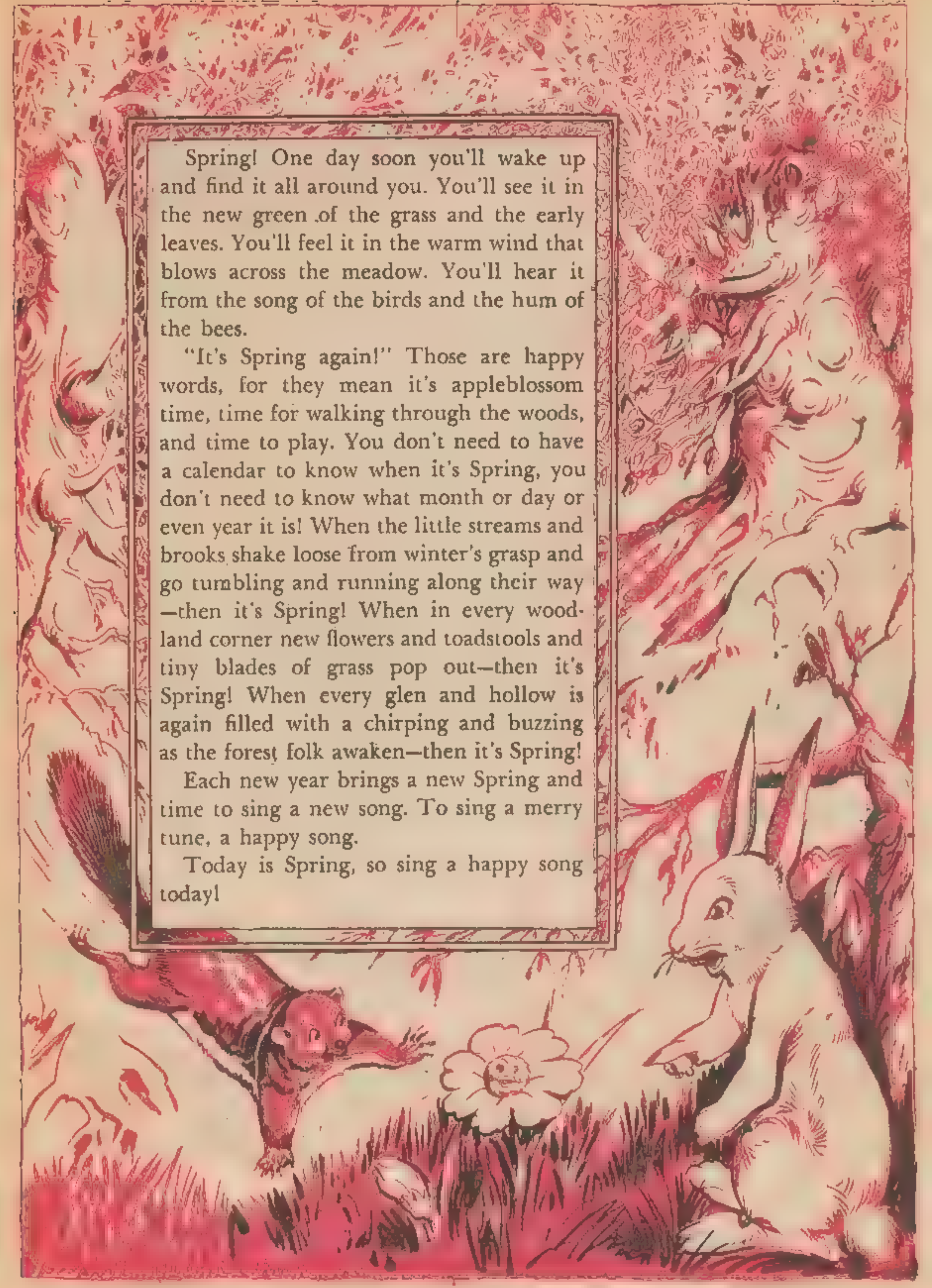
No! Pa-a-a-a!



Uminmm! Better a cake in quiet than a banquet in bedlam—as the old saying goes. Slupp-smack!

Hey, Pa! Let us out of here! I'll tell Ma on you!



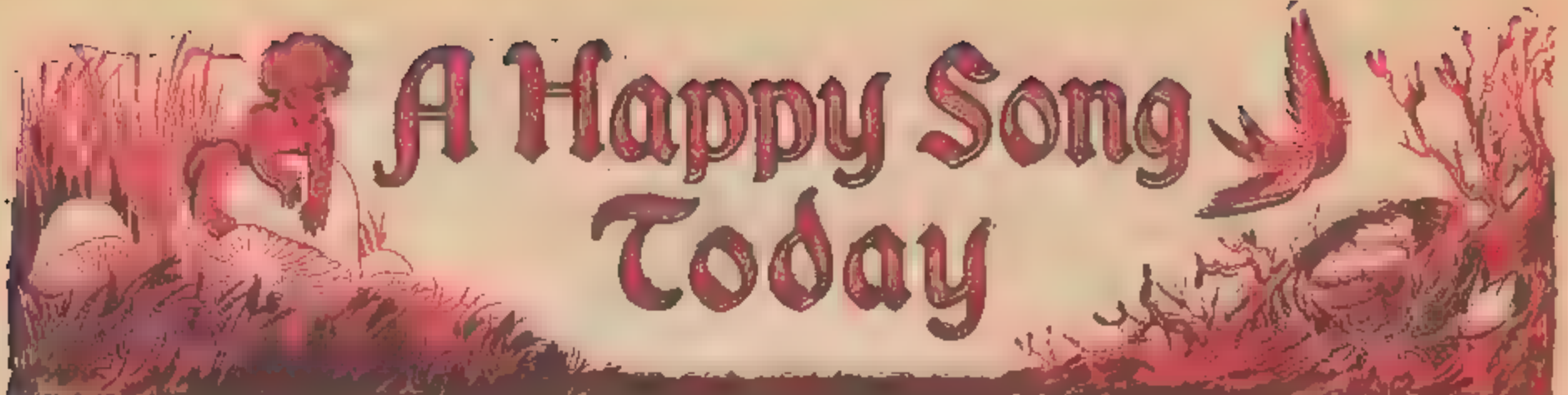


Spring! One day soon you'll wake up and find it all around you. You'll see it in the new green of the grass and the early leaves. You'll feel it in the warm wind that blows across the meadow. You'll hear it from the song of the birds and the hum of the bees.

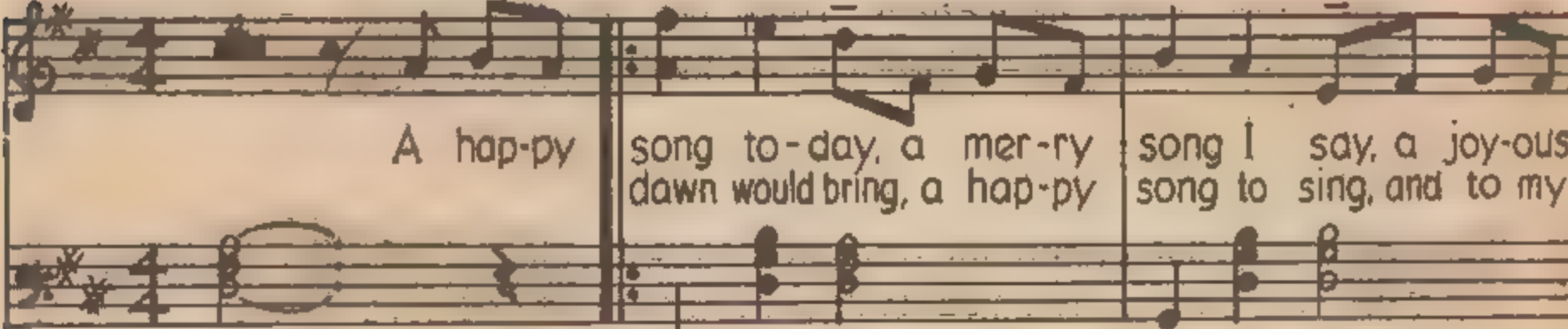
"It's Spring again!" Those are happy words, for they mean it's appleblossom time, time for walking through the woods, and time to play. You don't need to have a calendar to know when it's Spring, you don't need to know what month or day or even year it is! When the little streams and brooks shake loose from winter's grasp and go tumbling and running along their way—then it's Spring! When in every woodland corner new flowers and toadstools and tiny blades of grass pop out—then it's Spring! When every glen and hollow is again filled with a chirping and buzzing as the forest folk awaken—then it's Spring!

Each new year brings a new Spring and time to sing a new song. To sing a merry tune, a happy song.

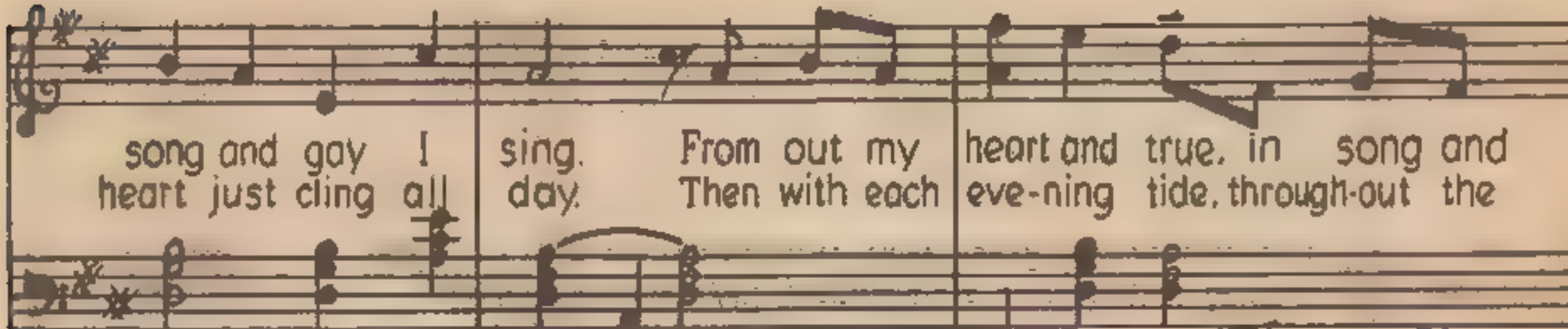
Today is Spring, so sing a happy song today!



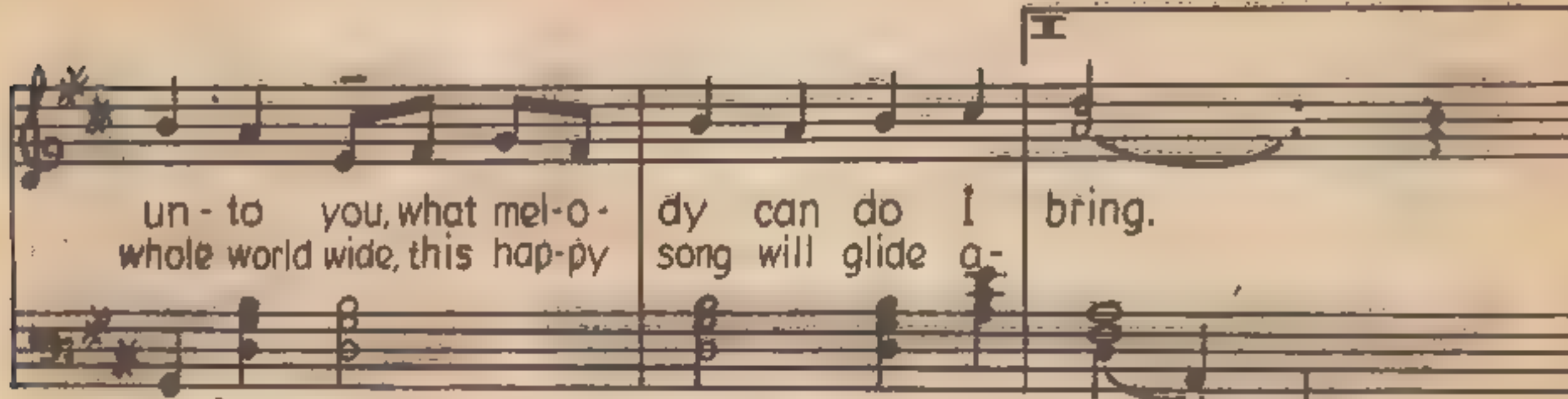
A Happy Song Today



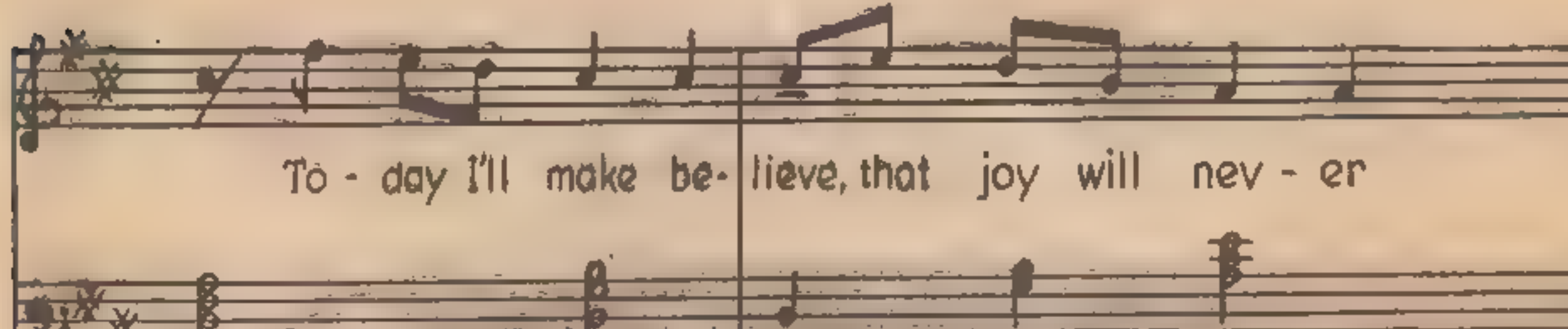
A hap-py song to-day, a mer-ry song I say, a joy-ous
dawn would bring, a hap-py song to sing, and to my



song and gay I sing. From out my heart and true, in song and
heart just cling all day. Then with each eve-ning tide, through-out the



un - to you, what mel-o - dy can do I bring.
whole world wide, this hap-py song will glide a -



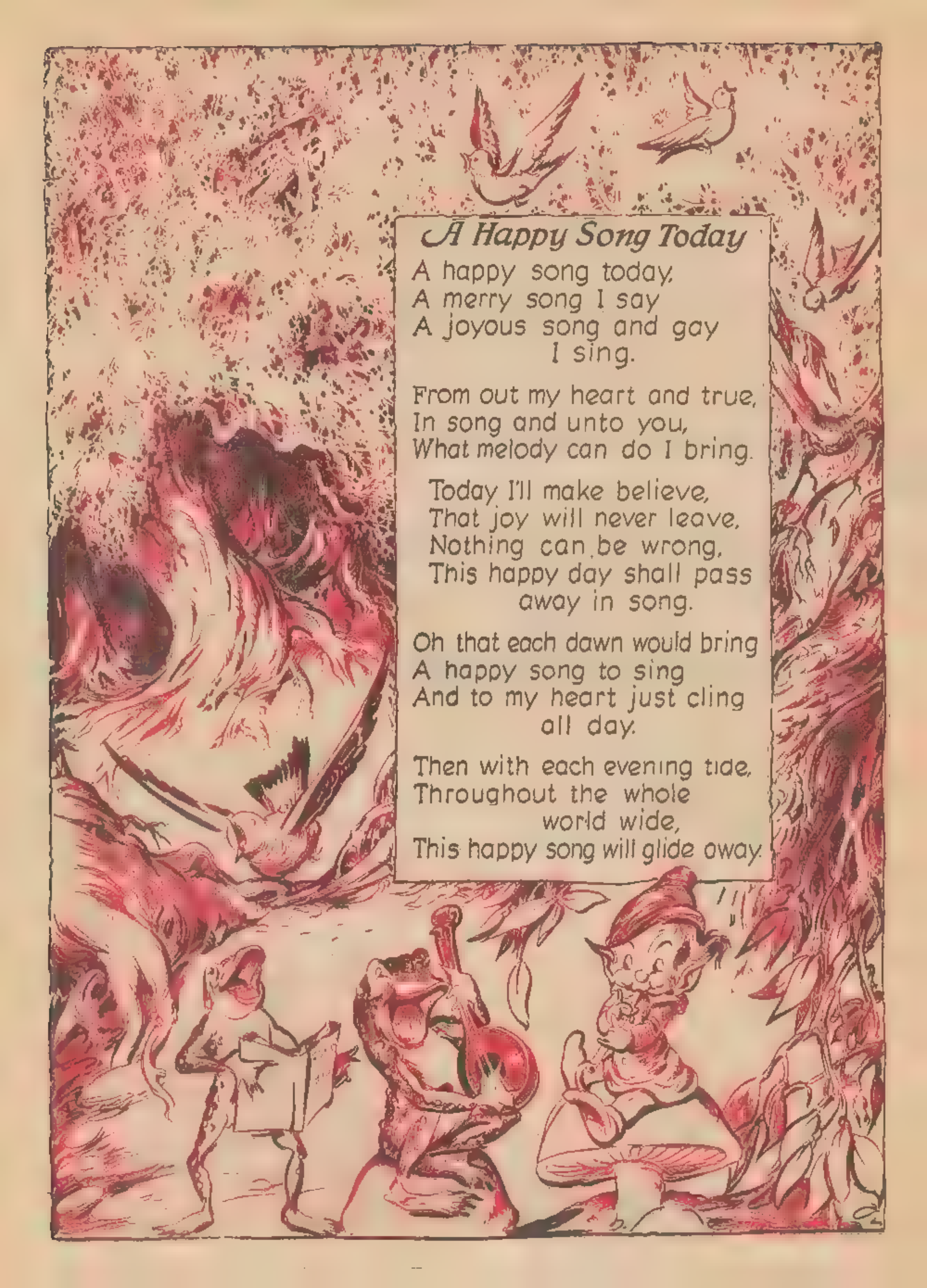
To - day I'll make be-lieve, that joy will nev - er



leave, noth - ing can be wrong, this hap - py day shall pass a -

way in song. Oh that each - way.





A Happy Song Today

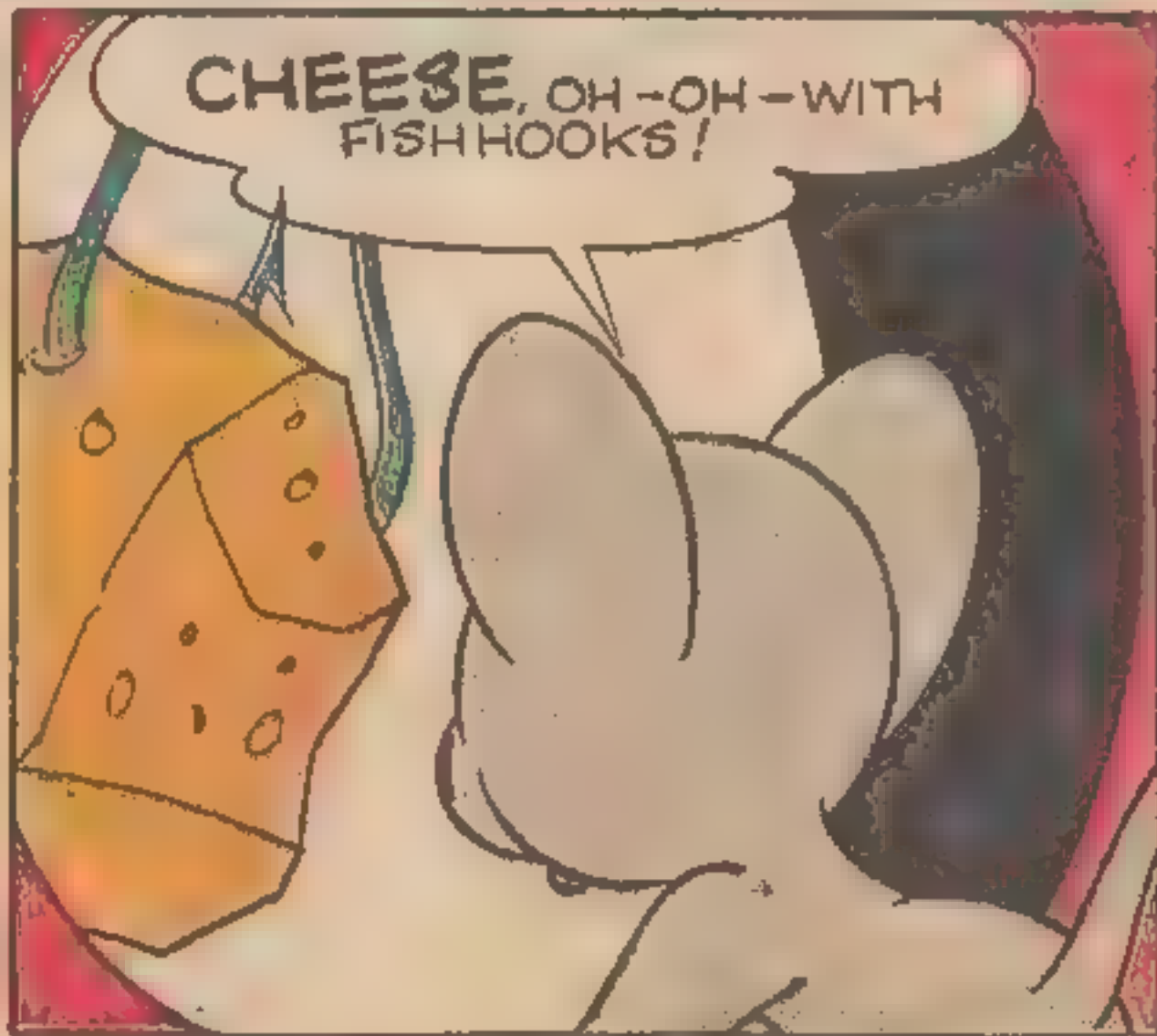
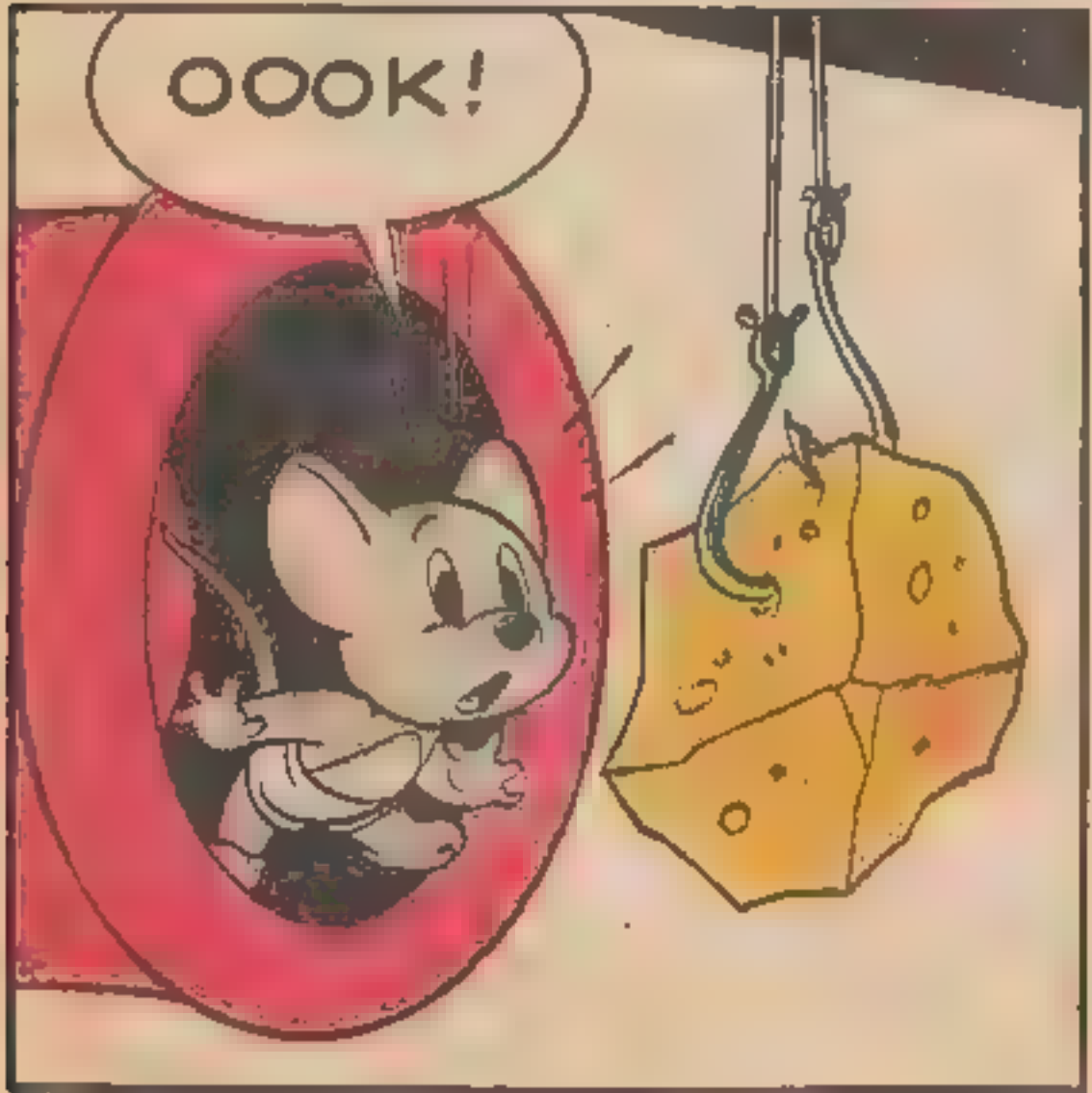
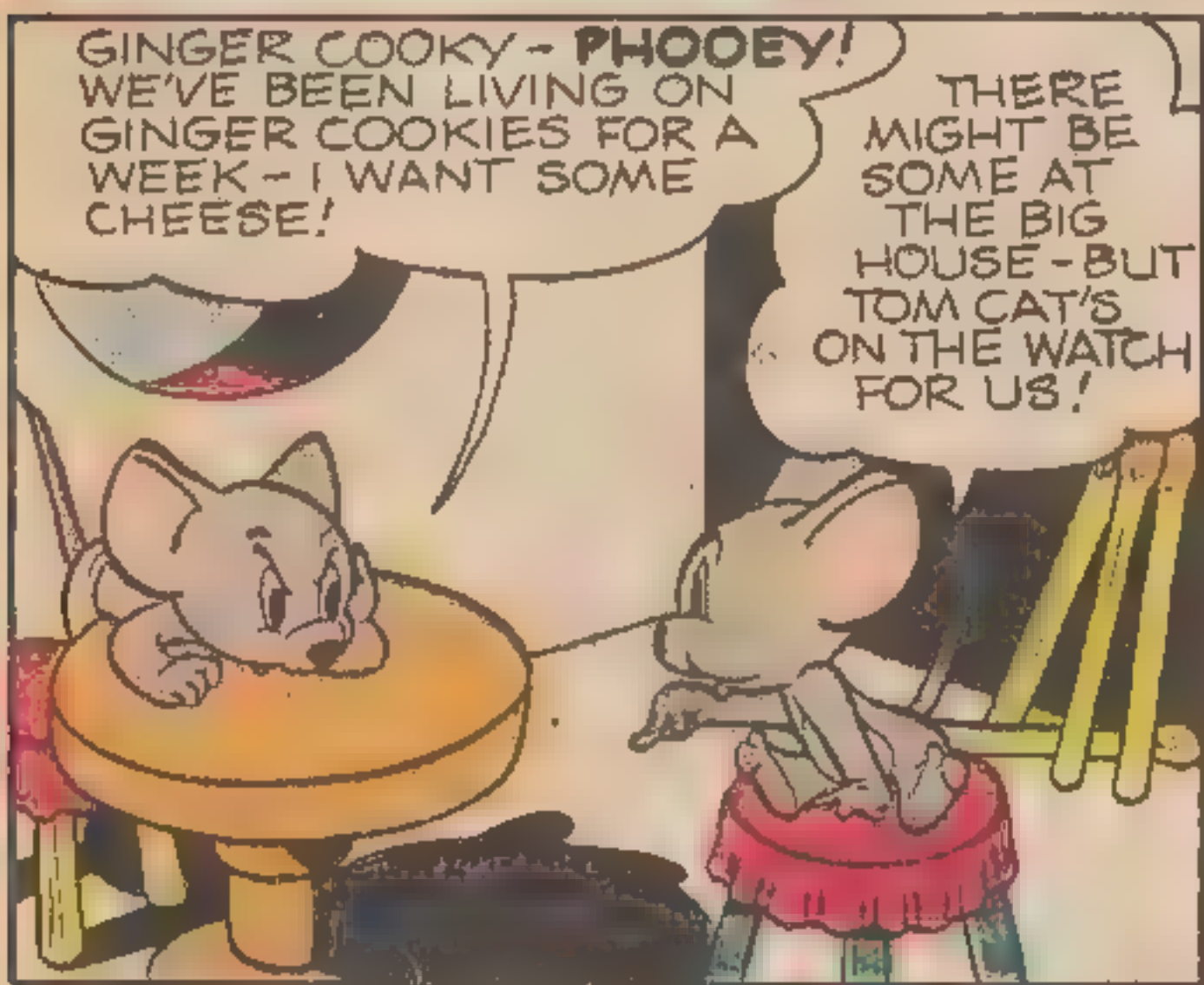
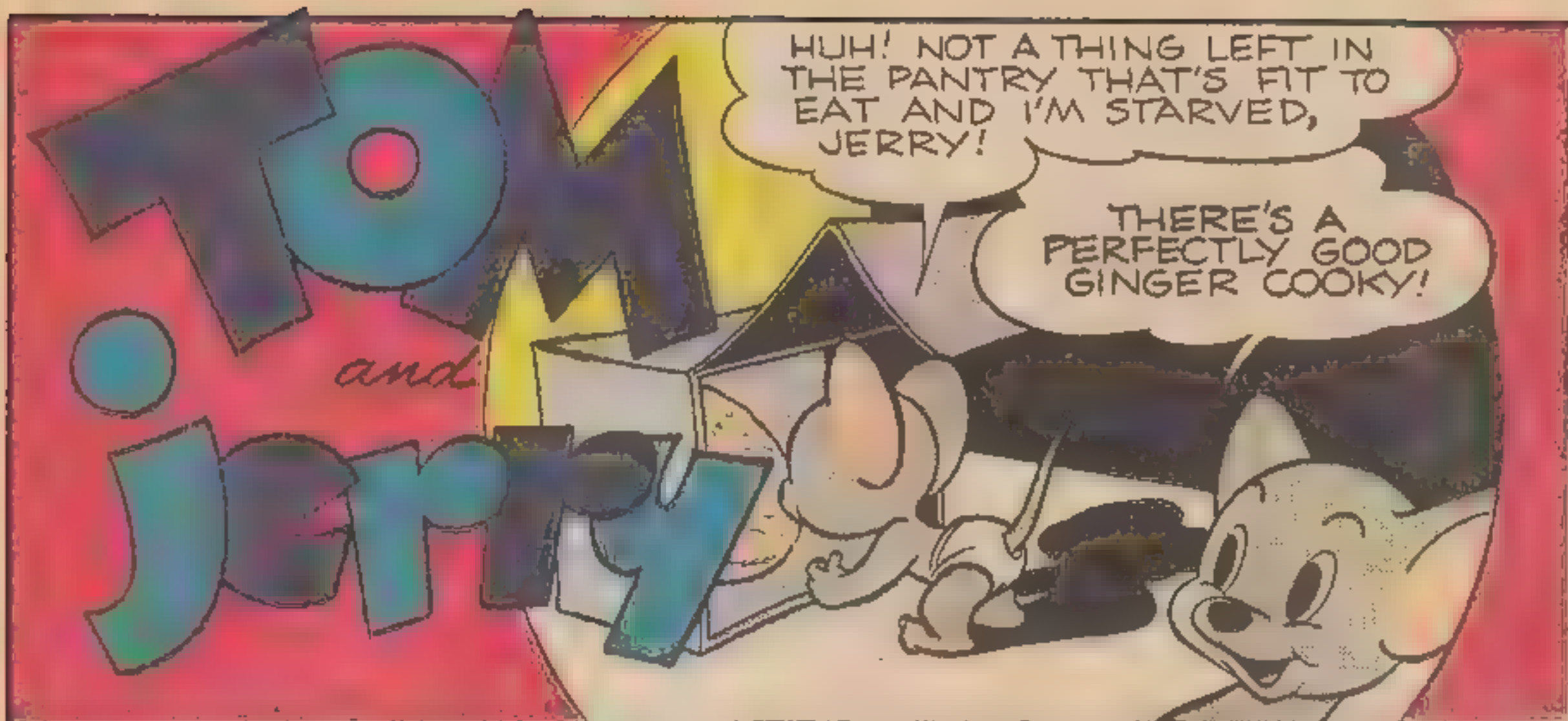
A happy song today,
A merry song I say
A joyous song and gay
I sing.

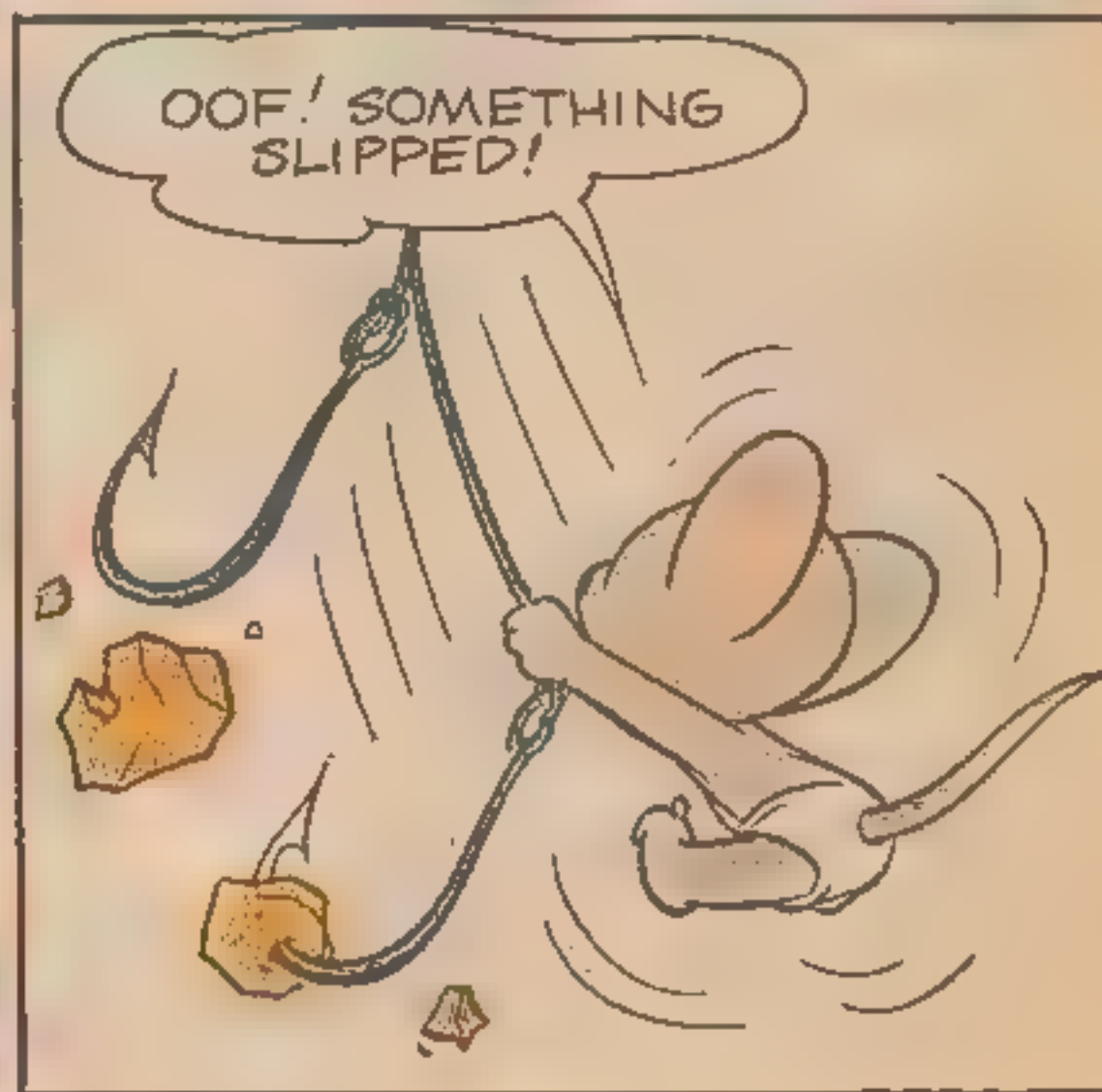
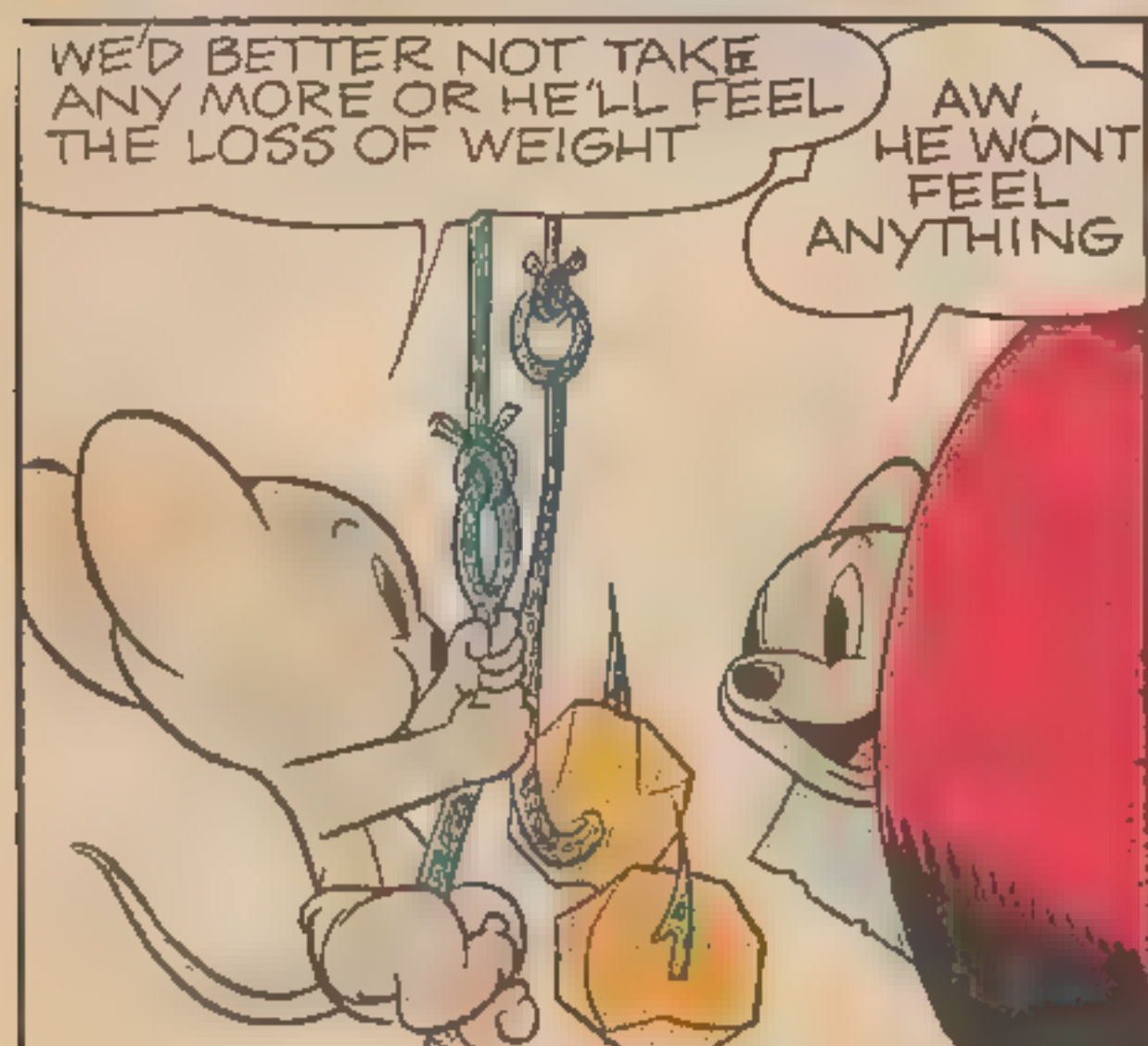
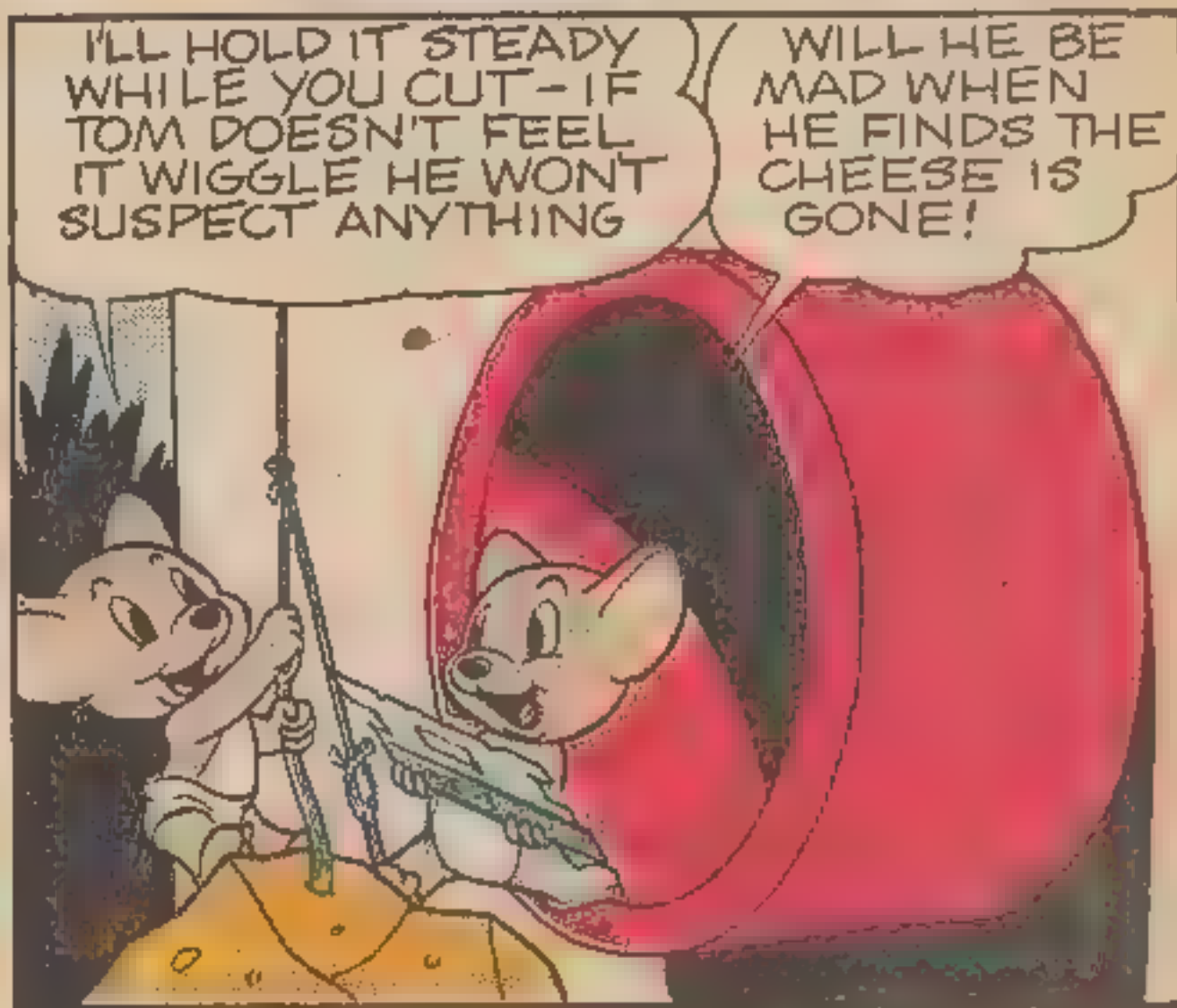
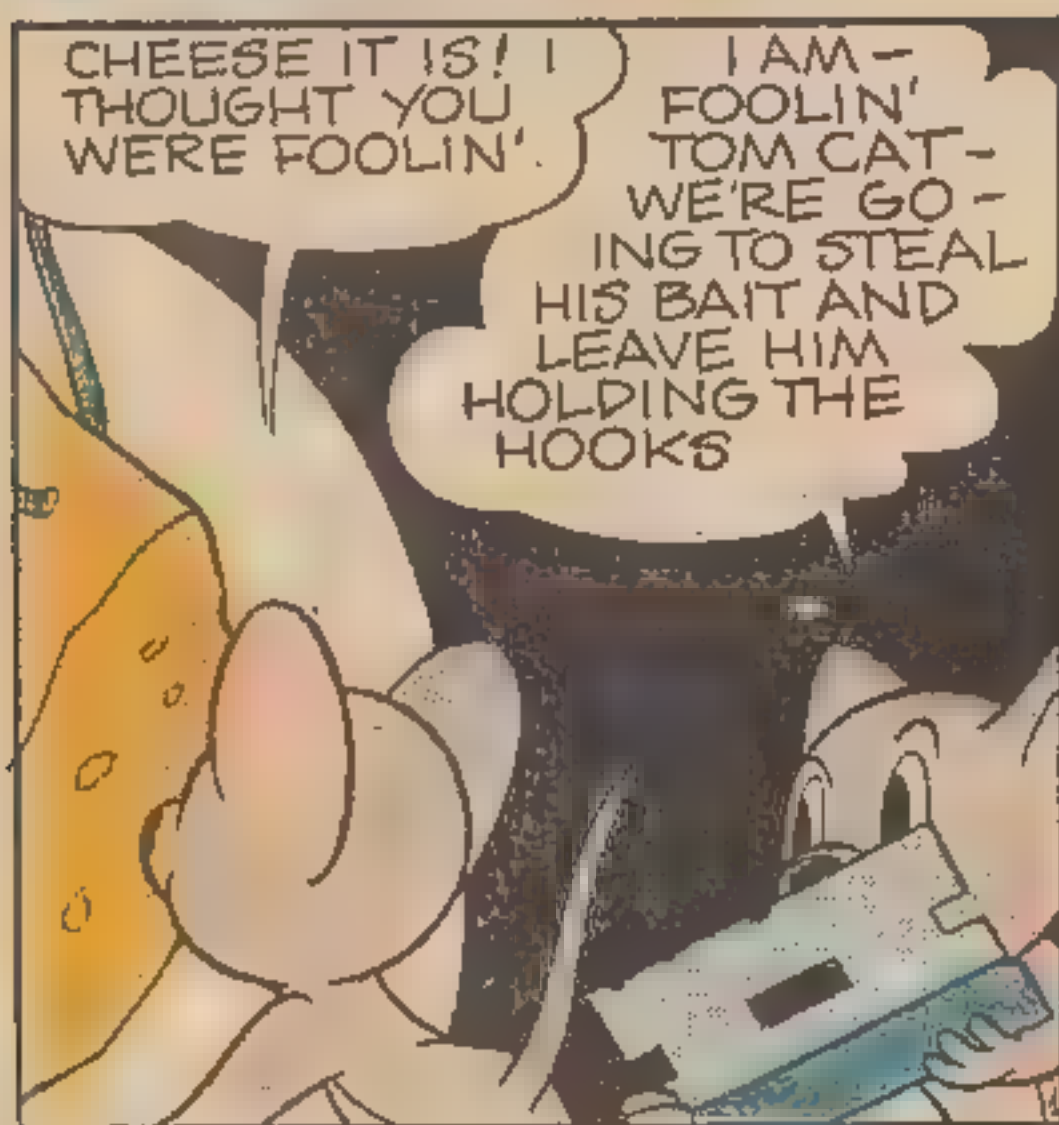
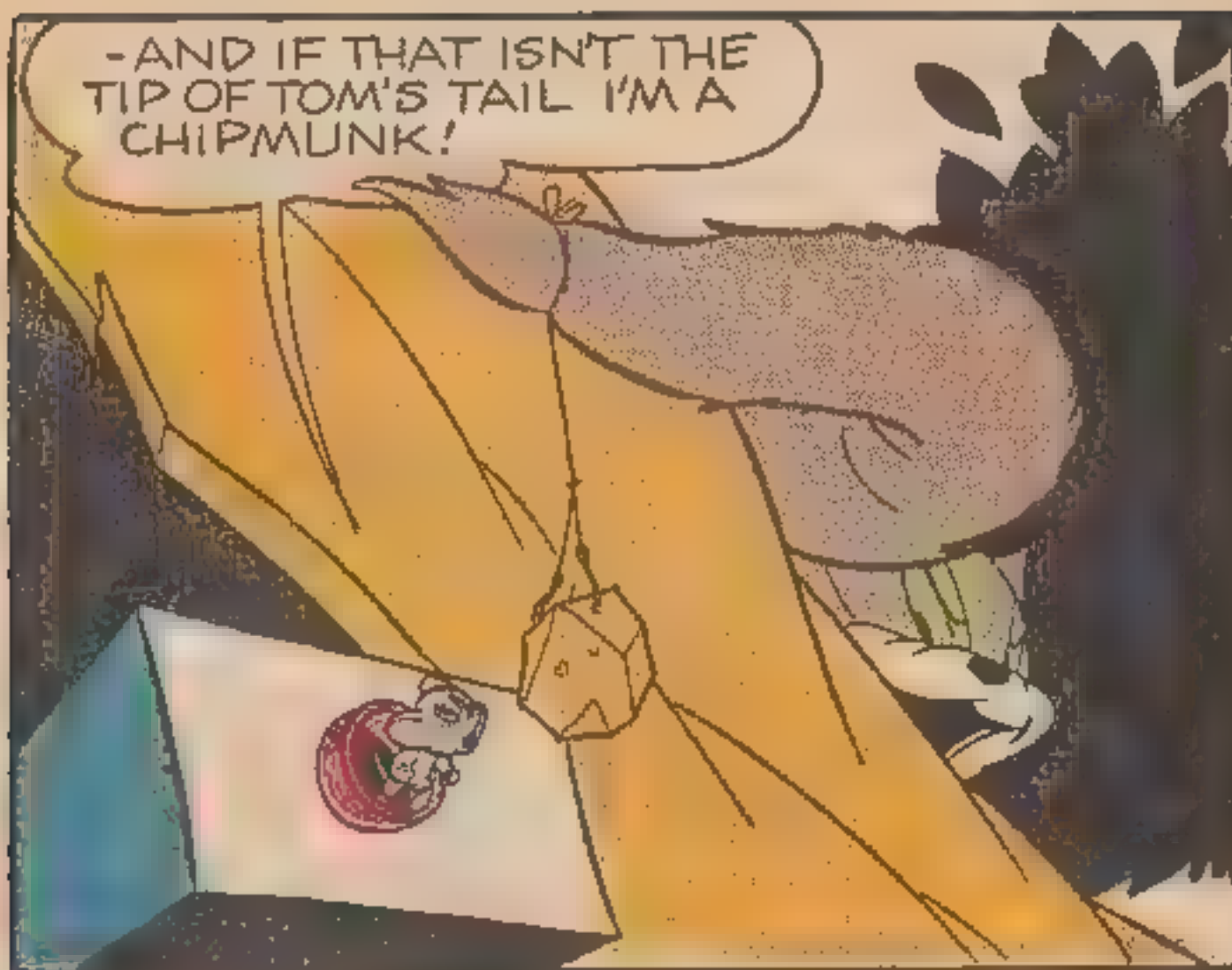
From out my heart and true,
In song and unto you,
What melody can do I bring.

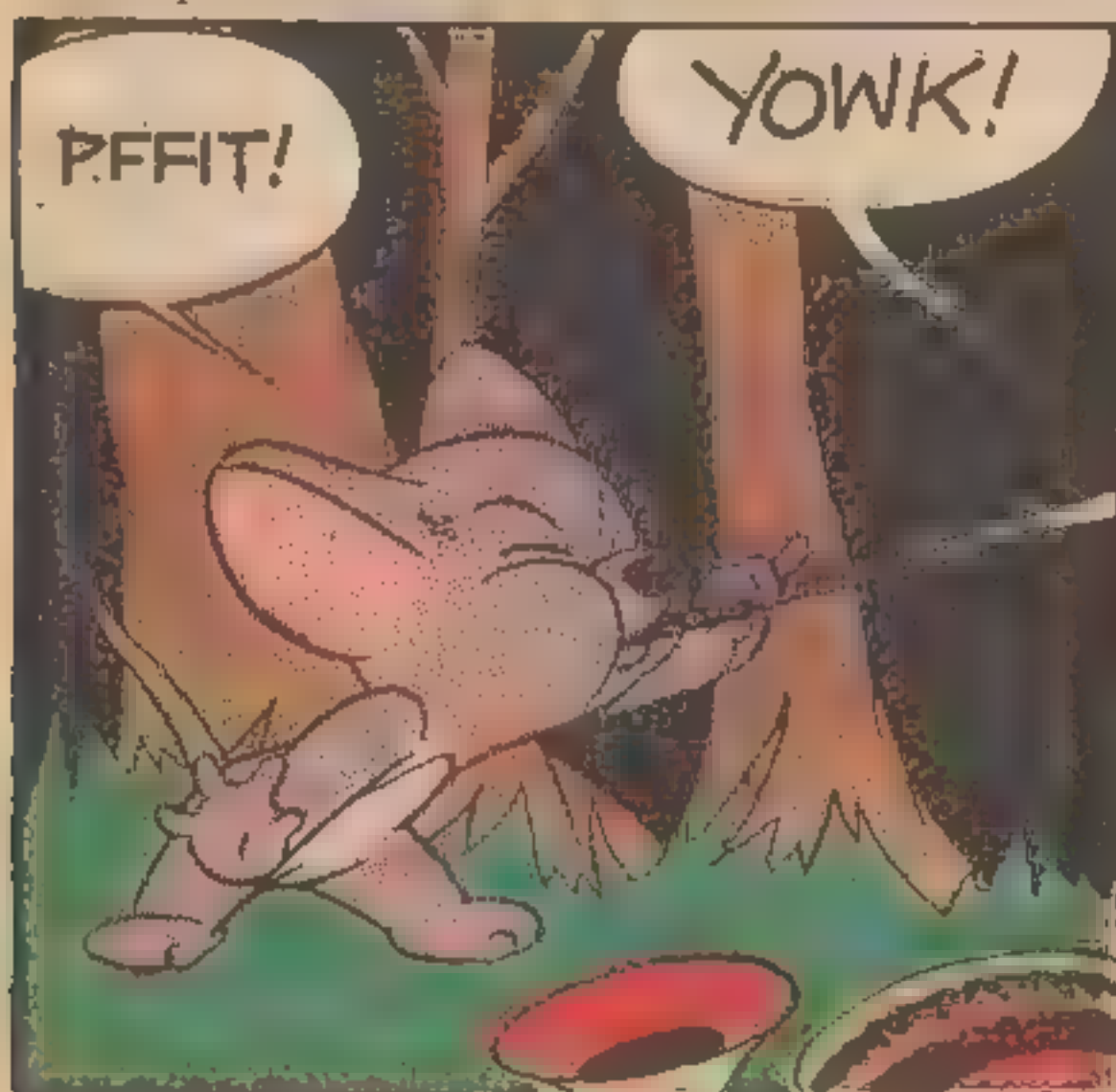
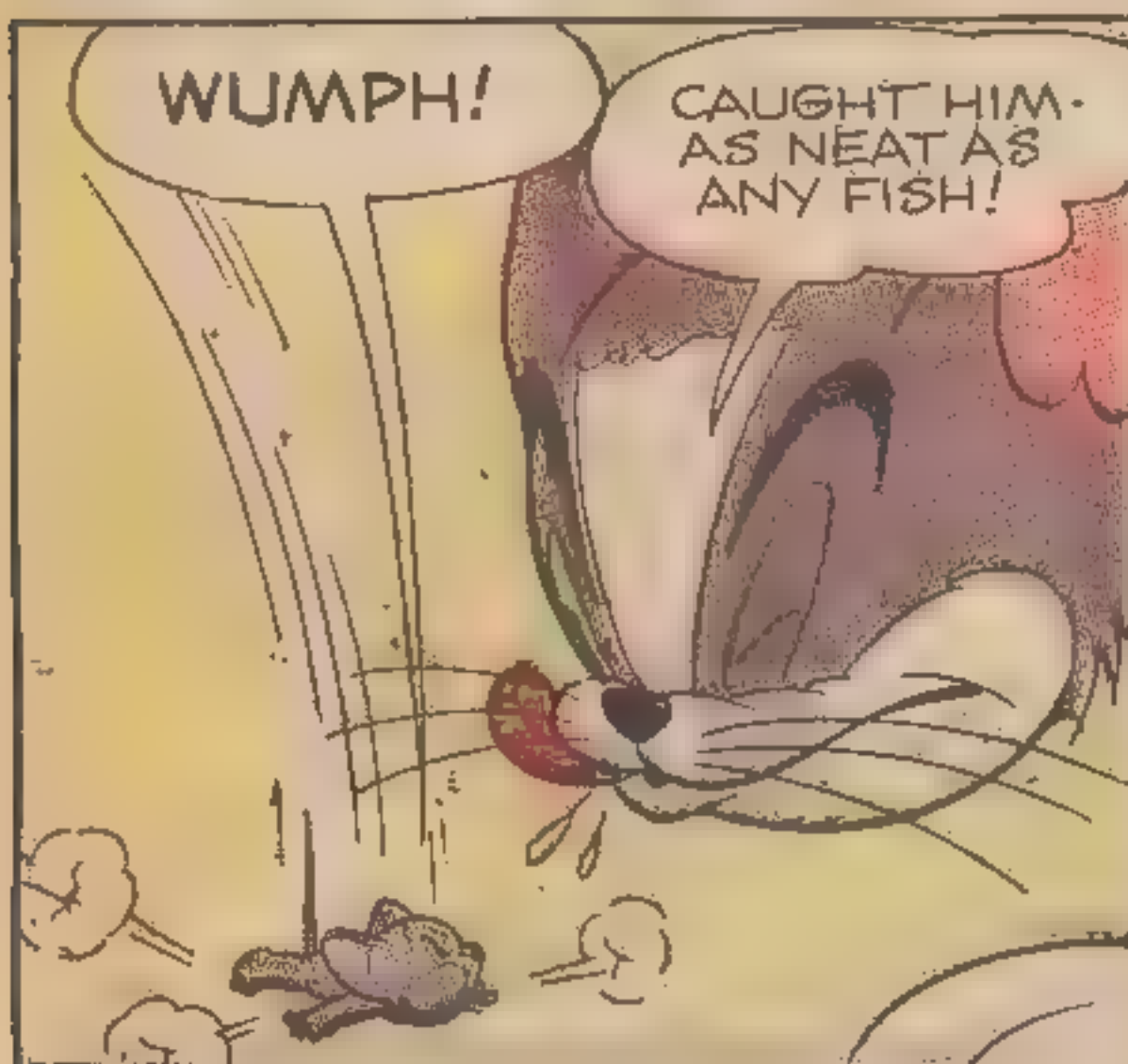
Today I'll make believe,
That joy will never leave,
Nothing can be wrong,
This happy day shall pass
away in song.

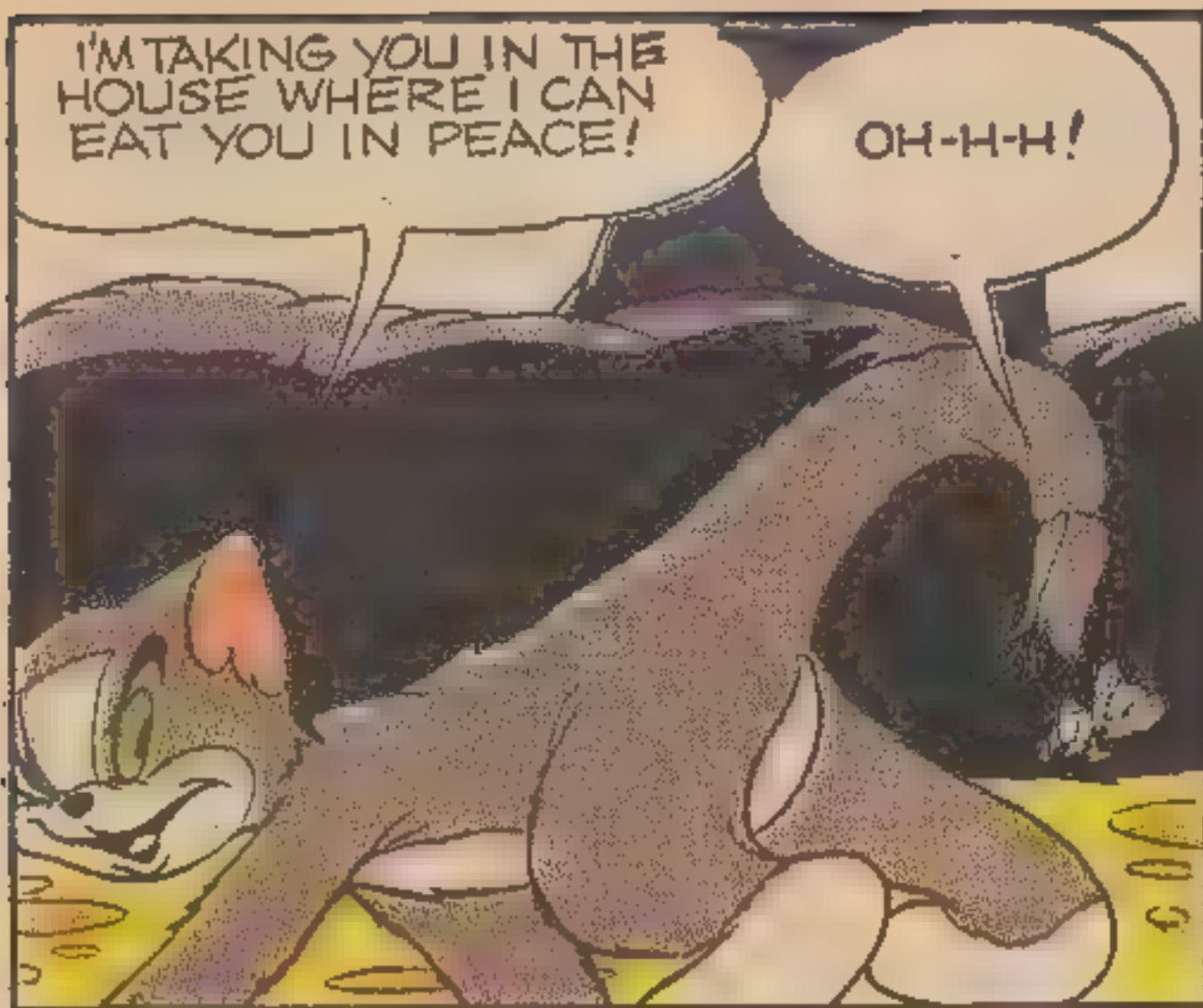
Oh that each dawn would bring
A happy song to sing
And to my heart just cling
all day.

Then with each evening tide,
Throughout the whole
world wide,
This happy song will glide away.







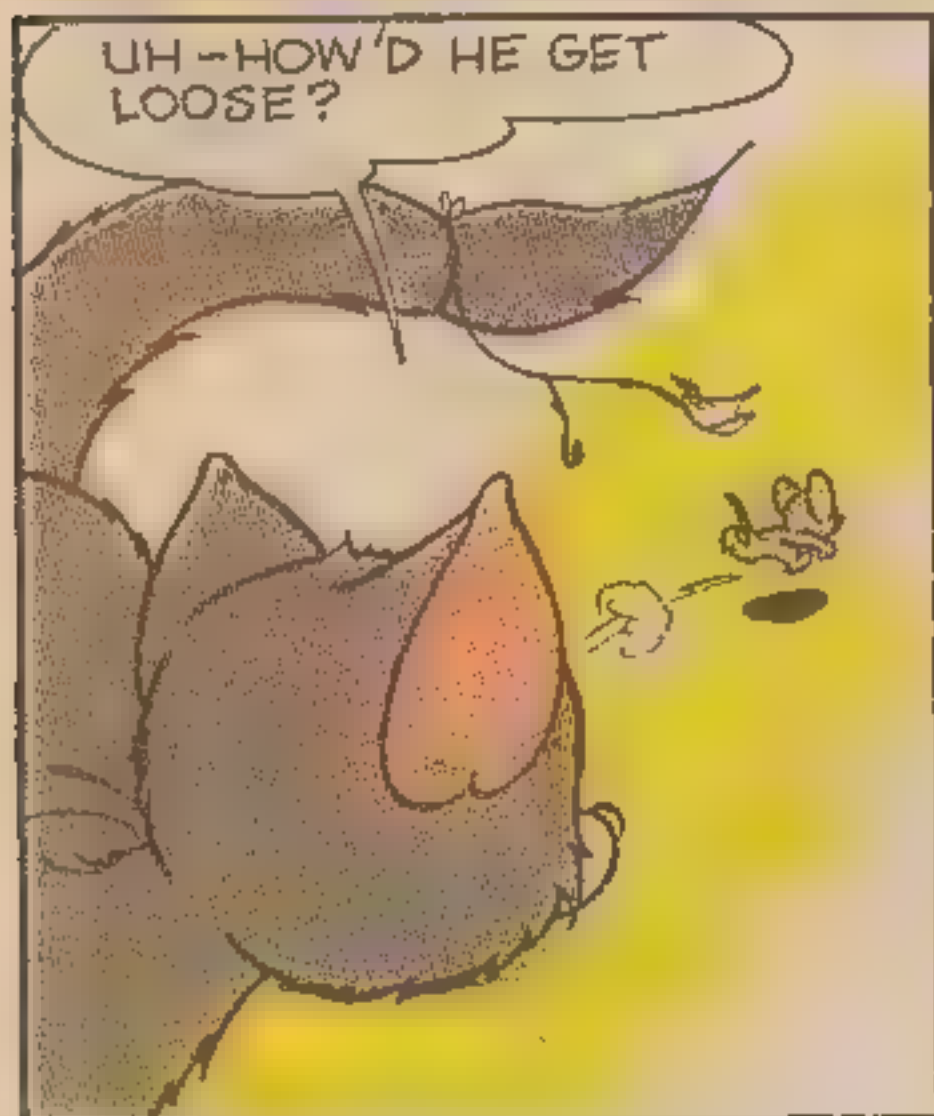


I'M TAKING YOU IN THE HOUSE WHERE I CAN EAT YOU IN PEACE!

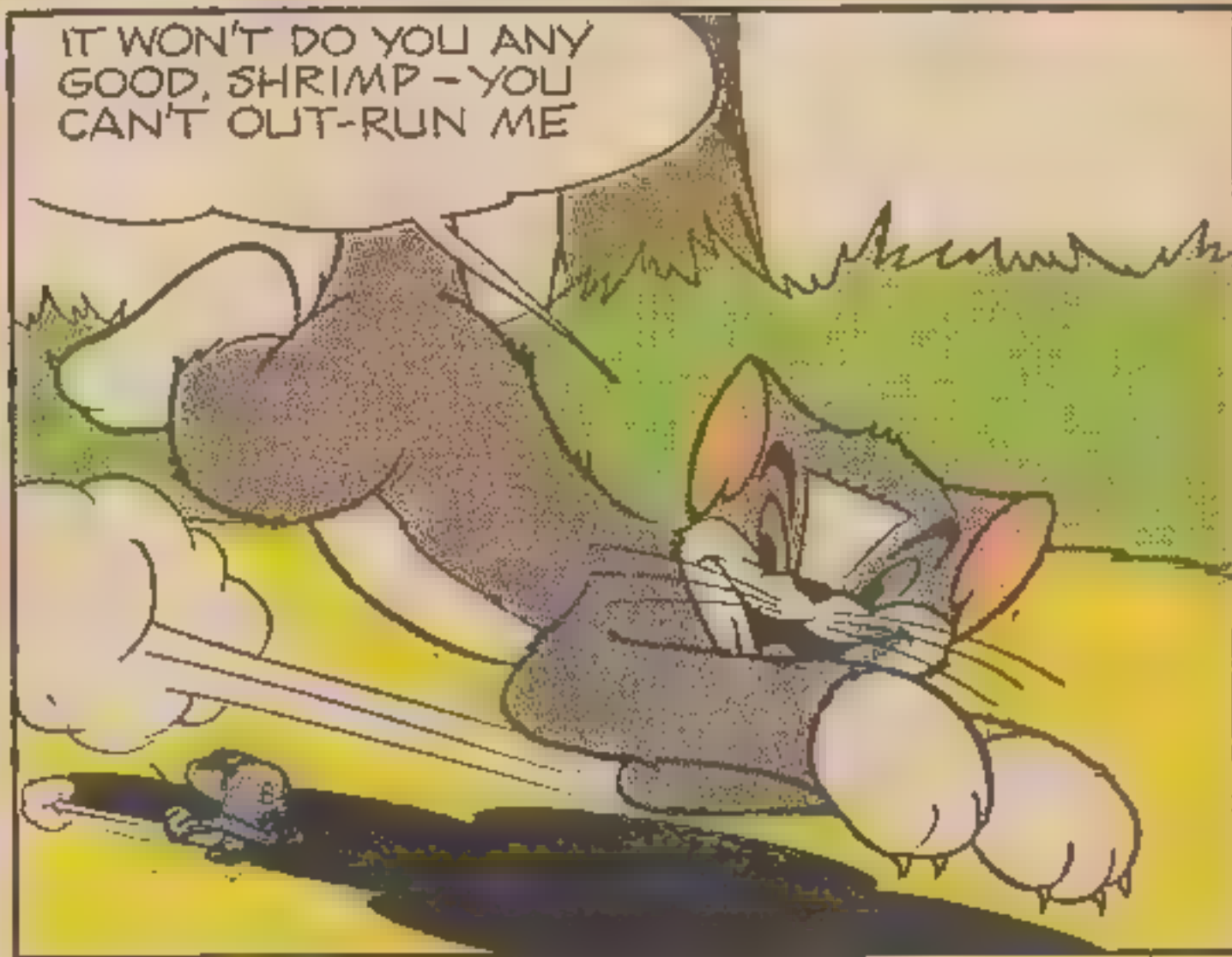
OH-H-H!



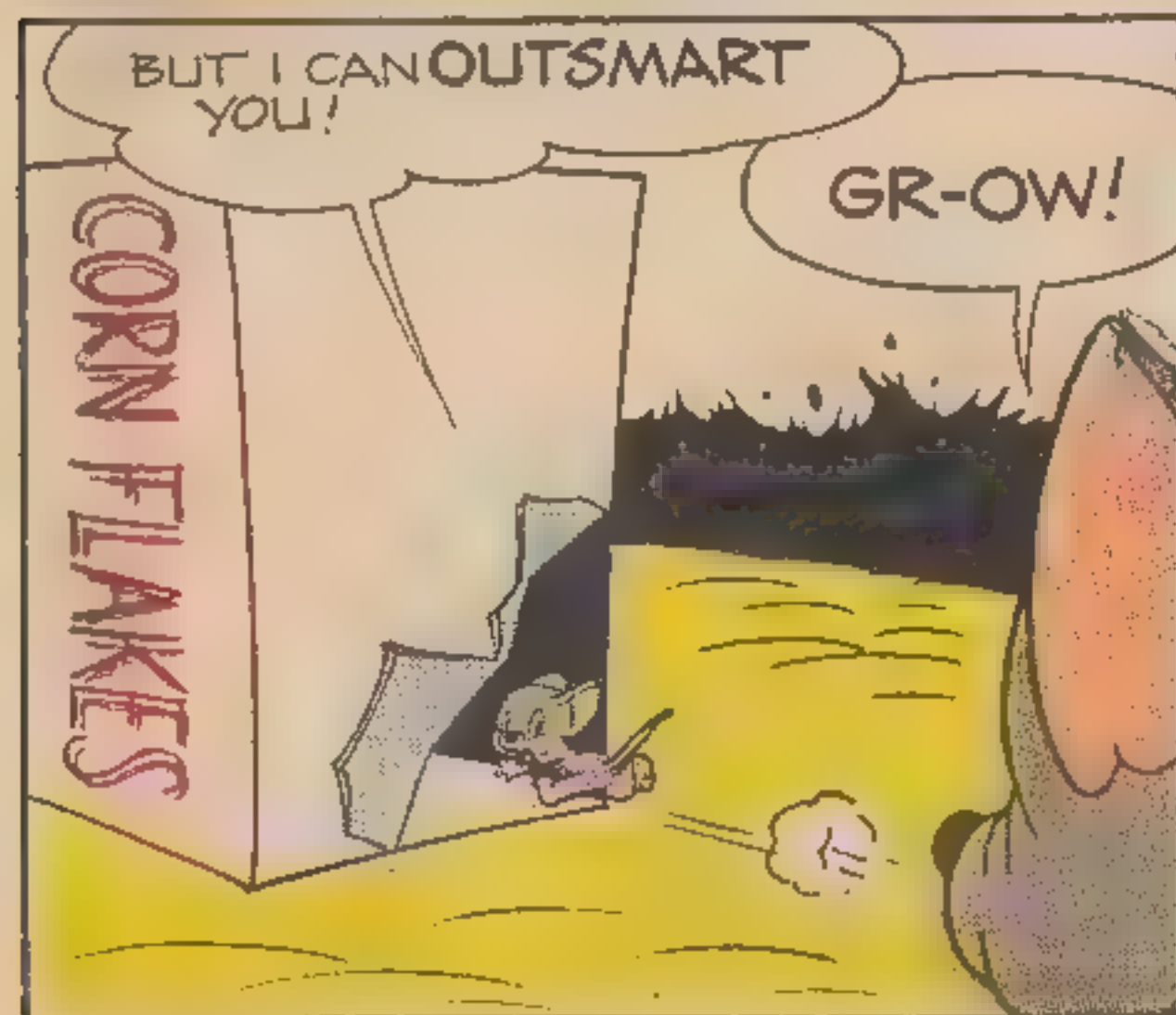
I GOTTA WORK FAST OR HE'LL DO IT!



UH-HOW'D HE GET LOOSE?

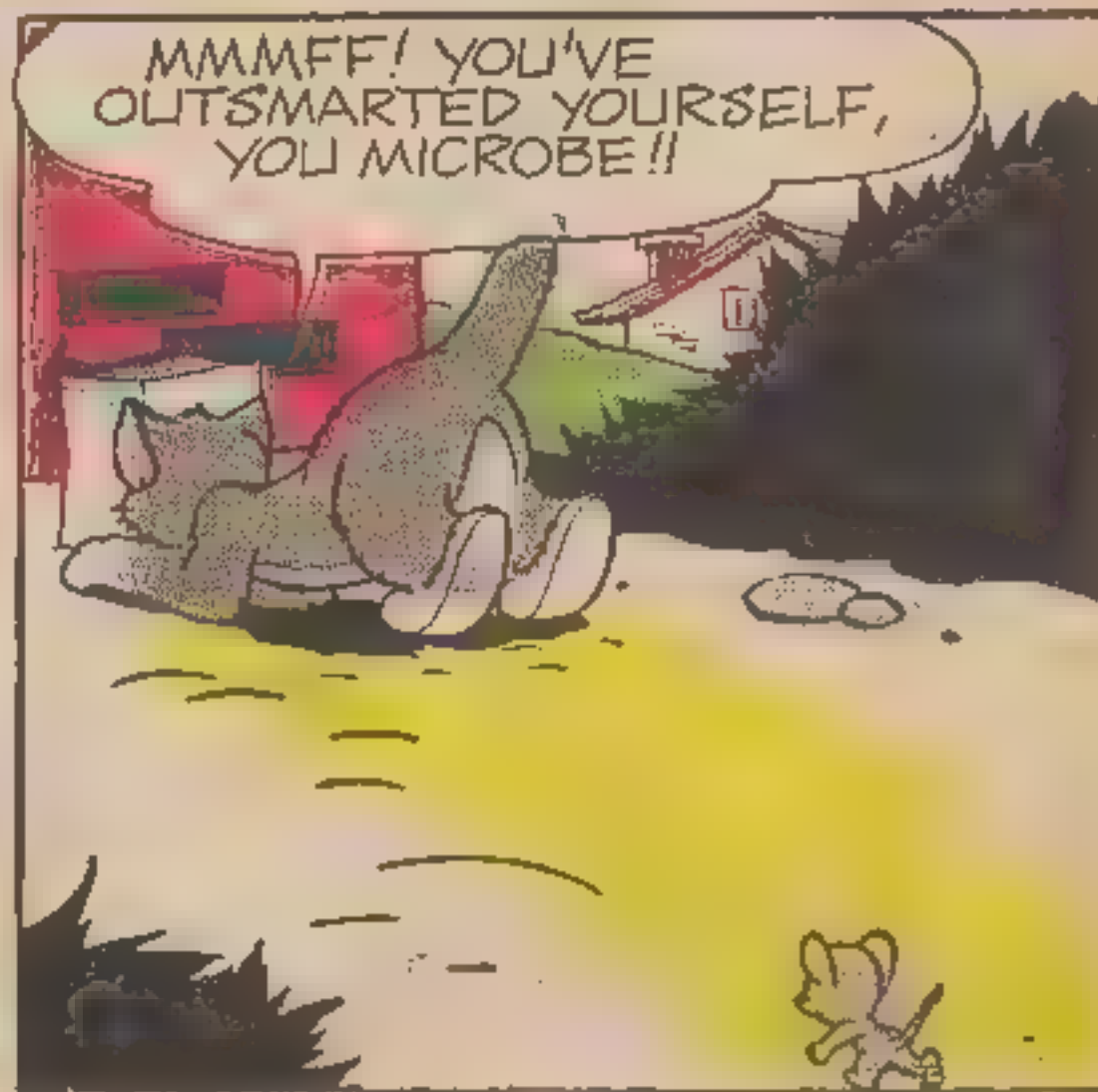


IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, SHRIMP-YOU CAN'T OUT-RUN ME

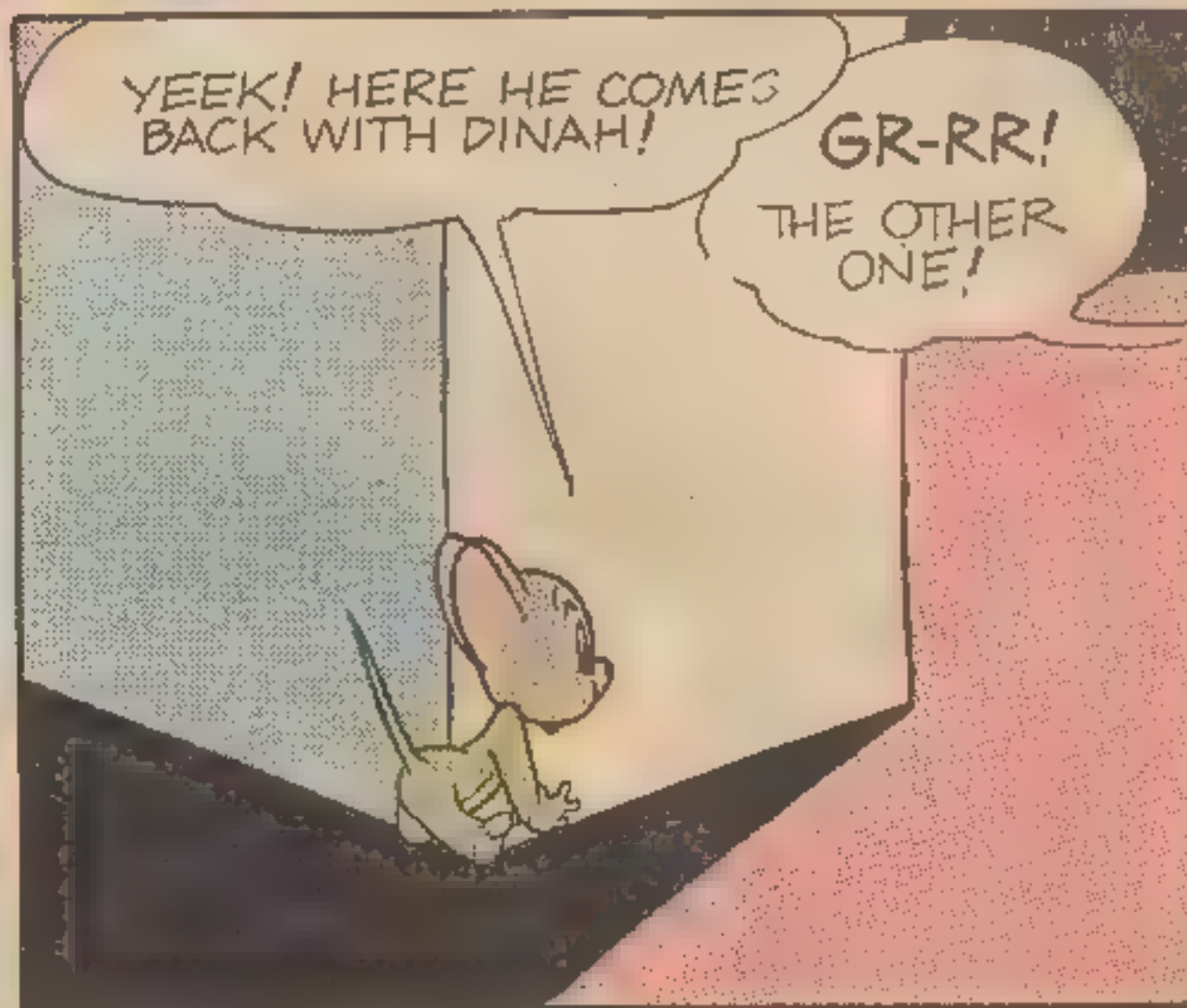
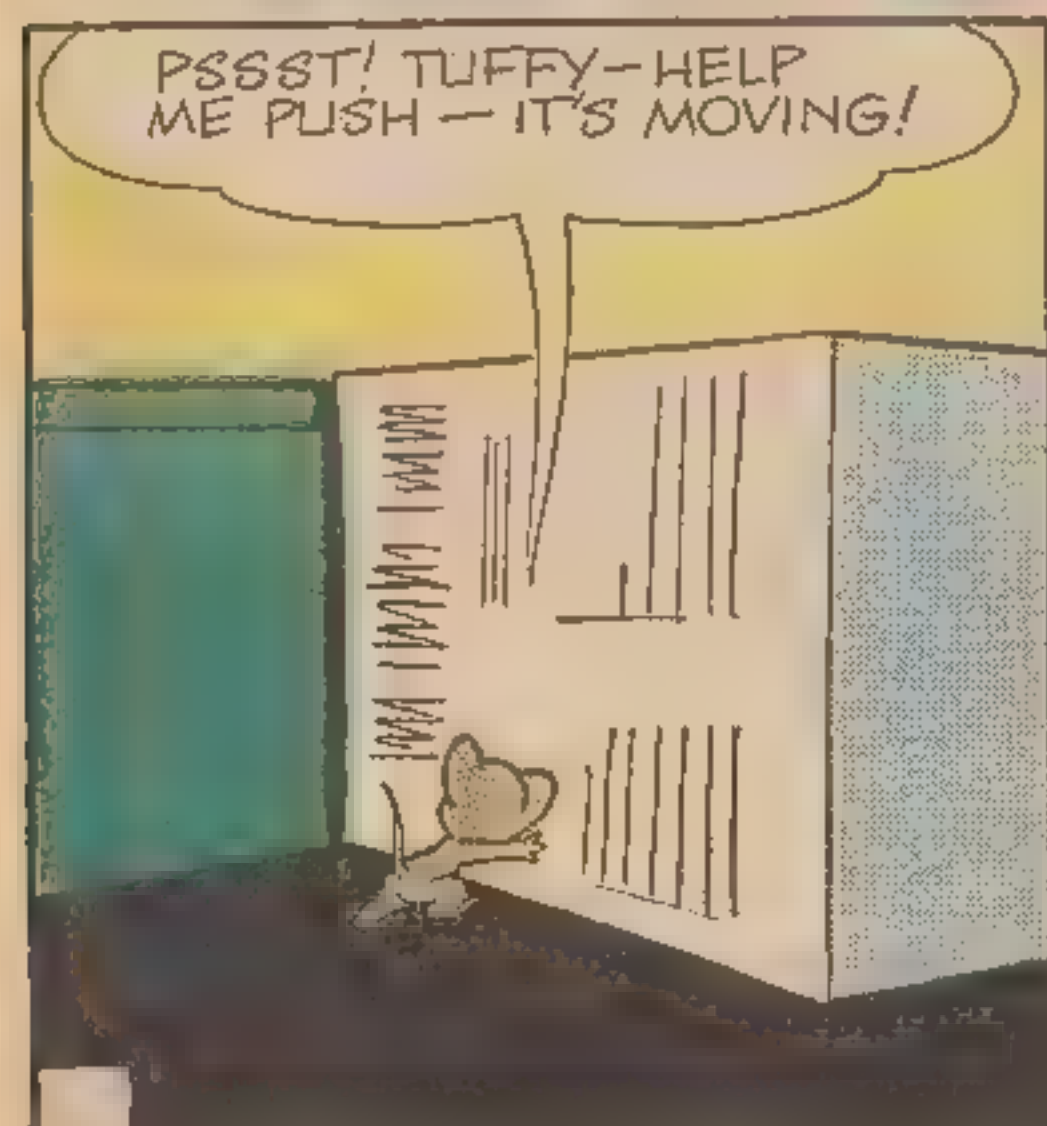
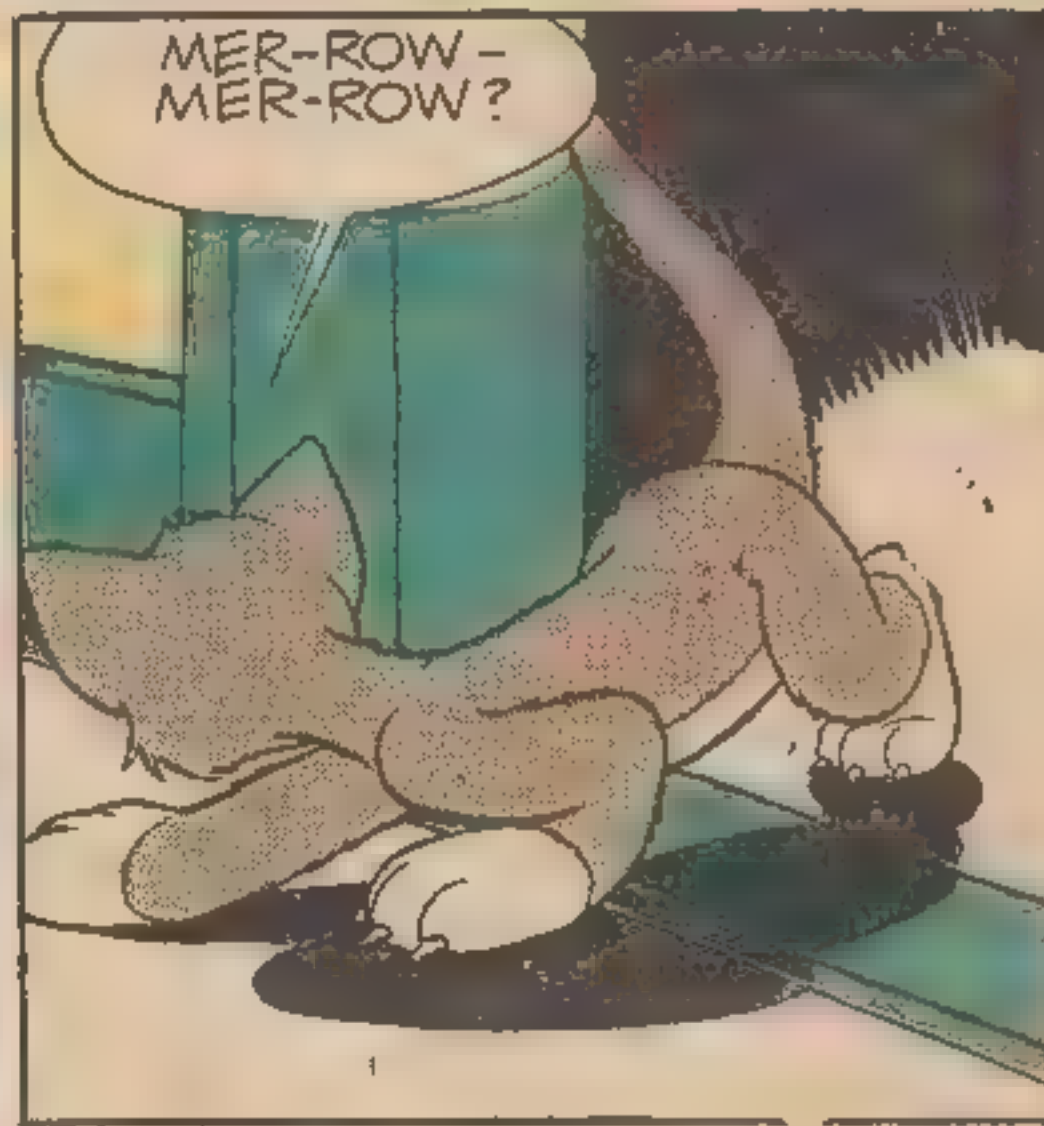
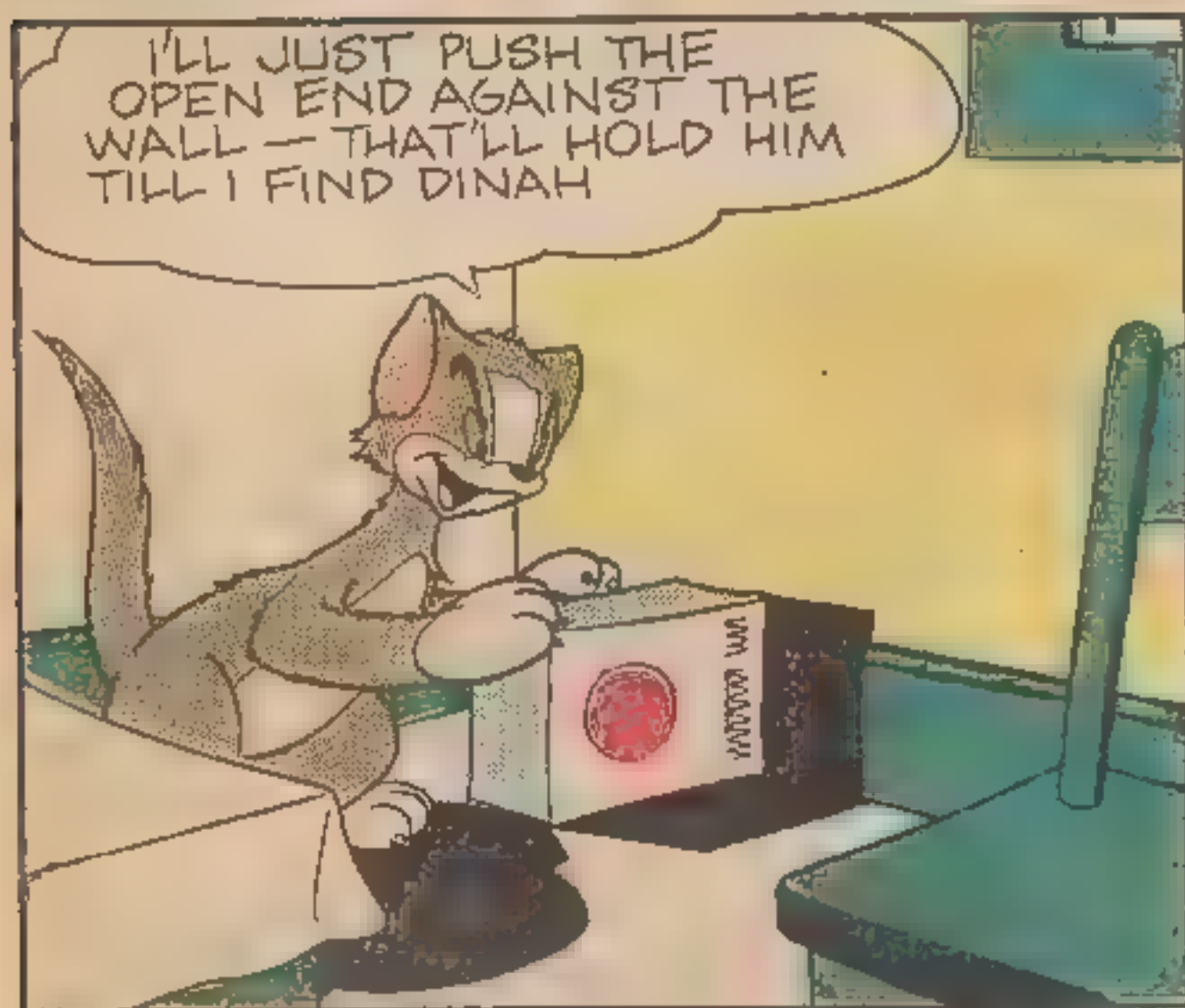
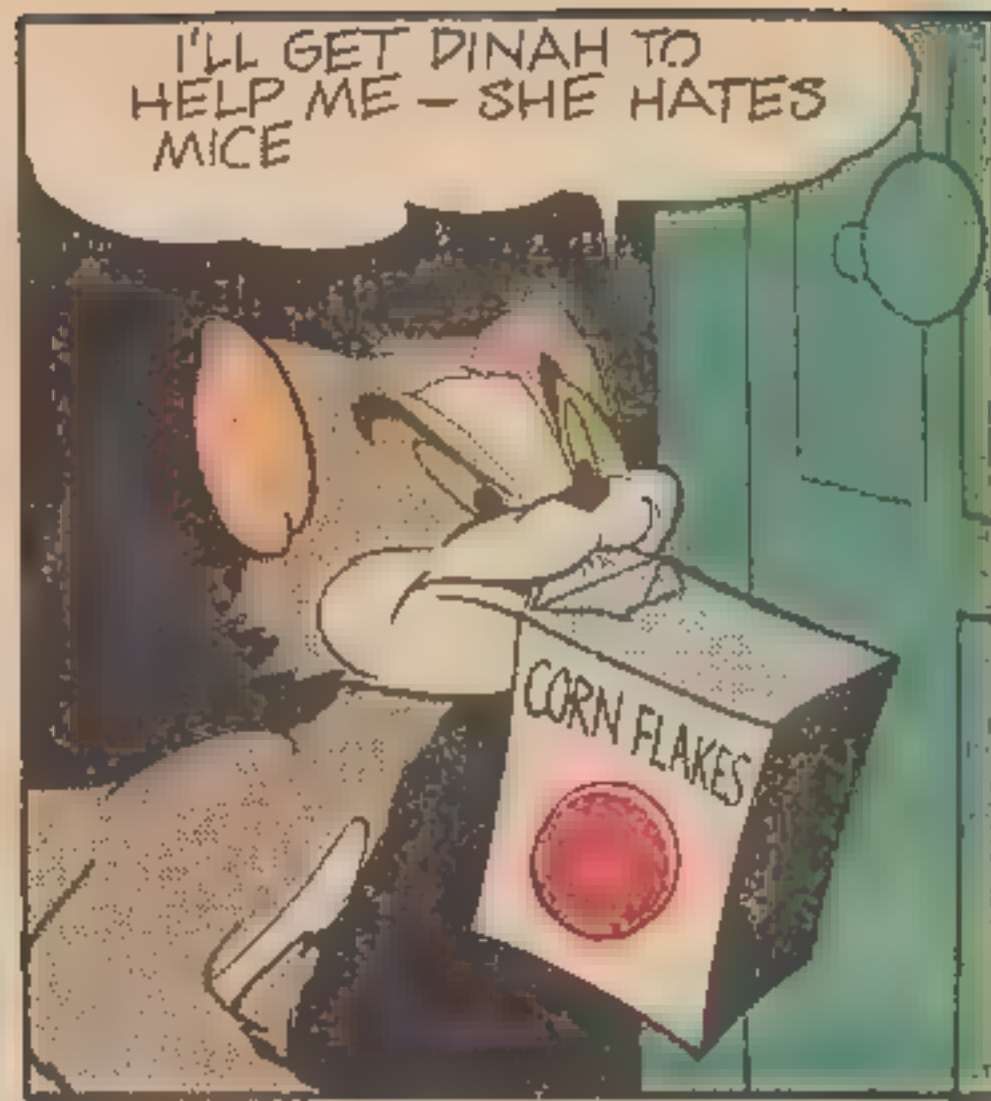
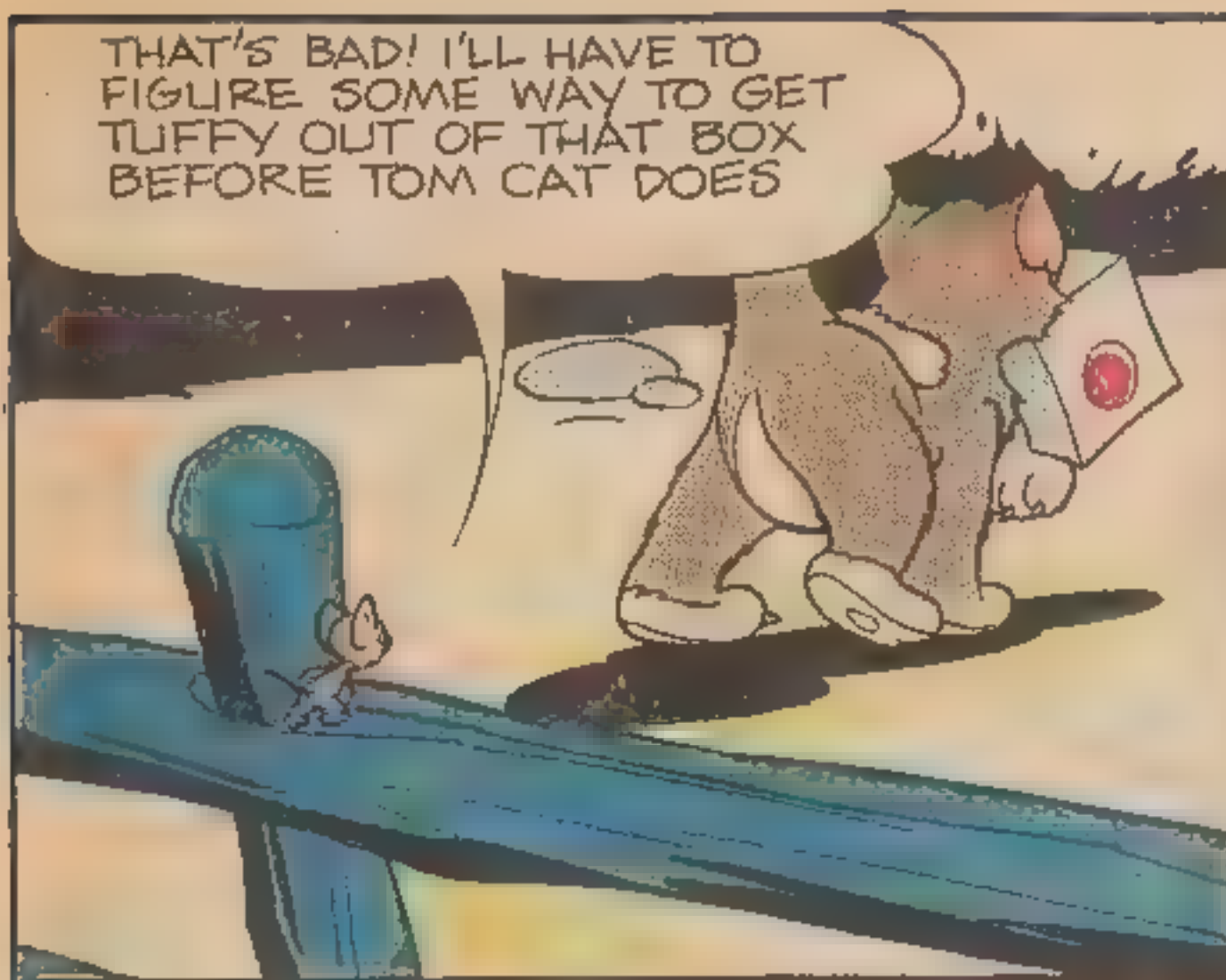


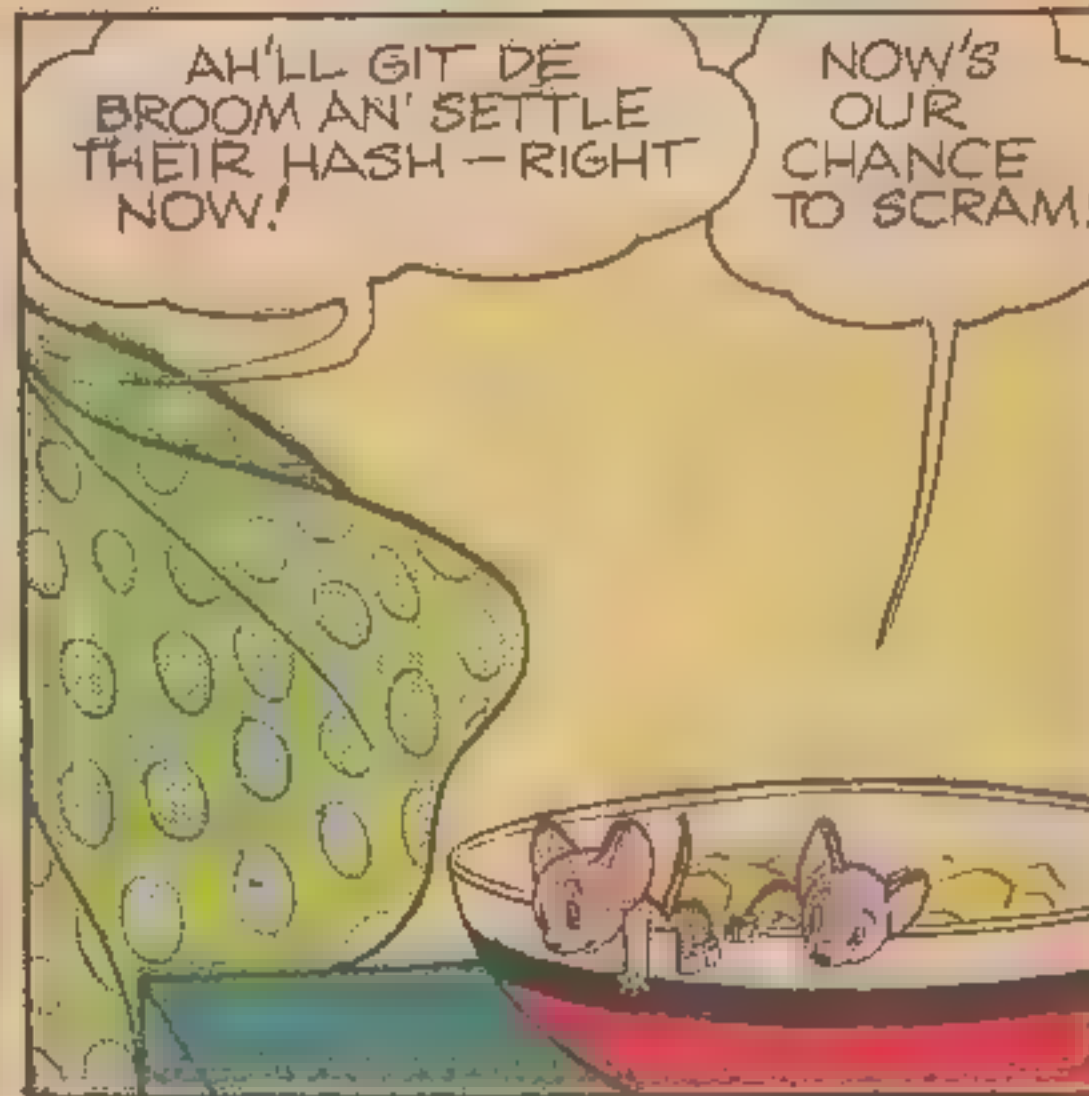
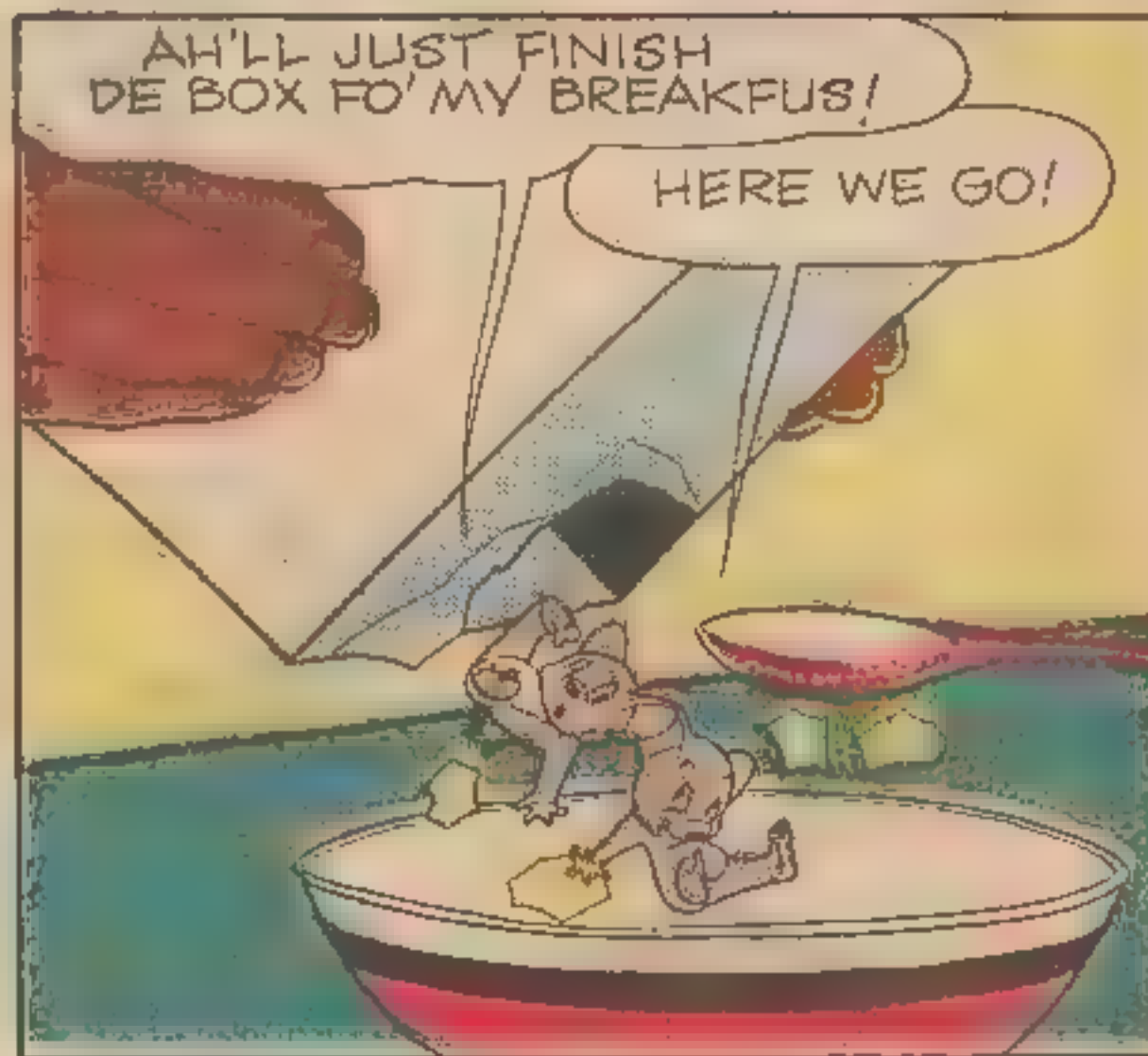
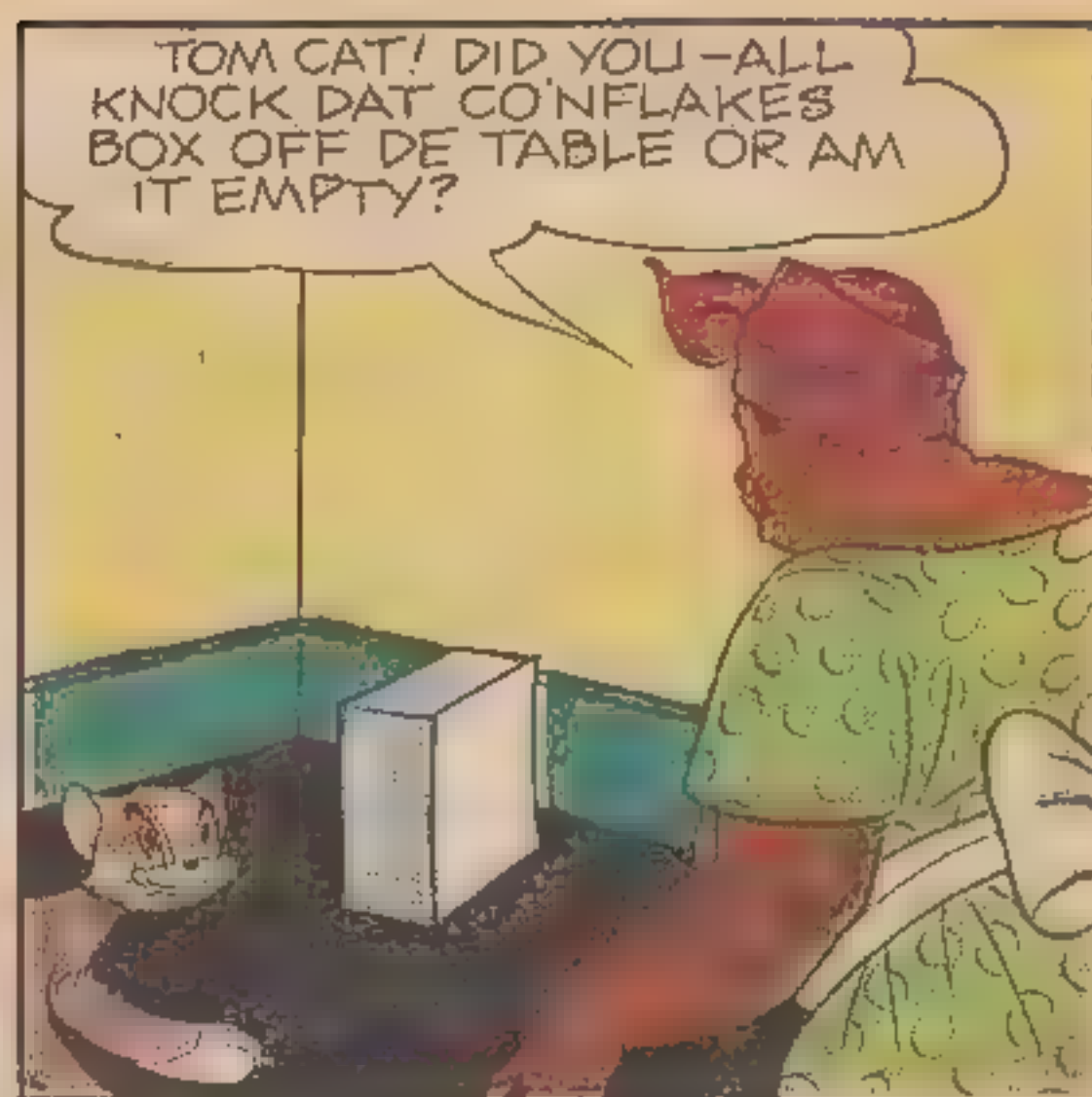
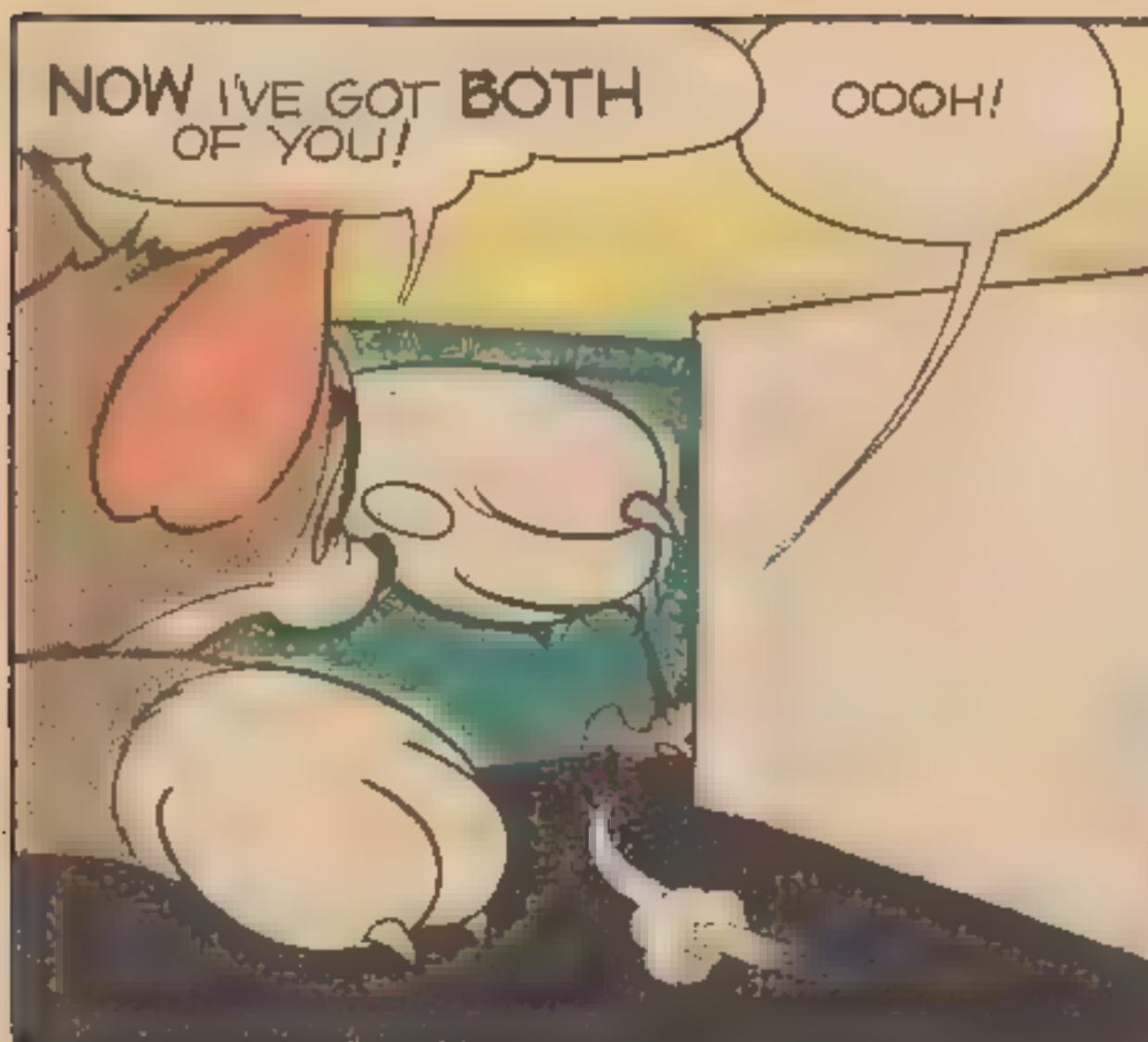
BUT I CAN OUTSMART YOU!

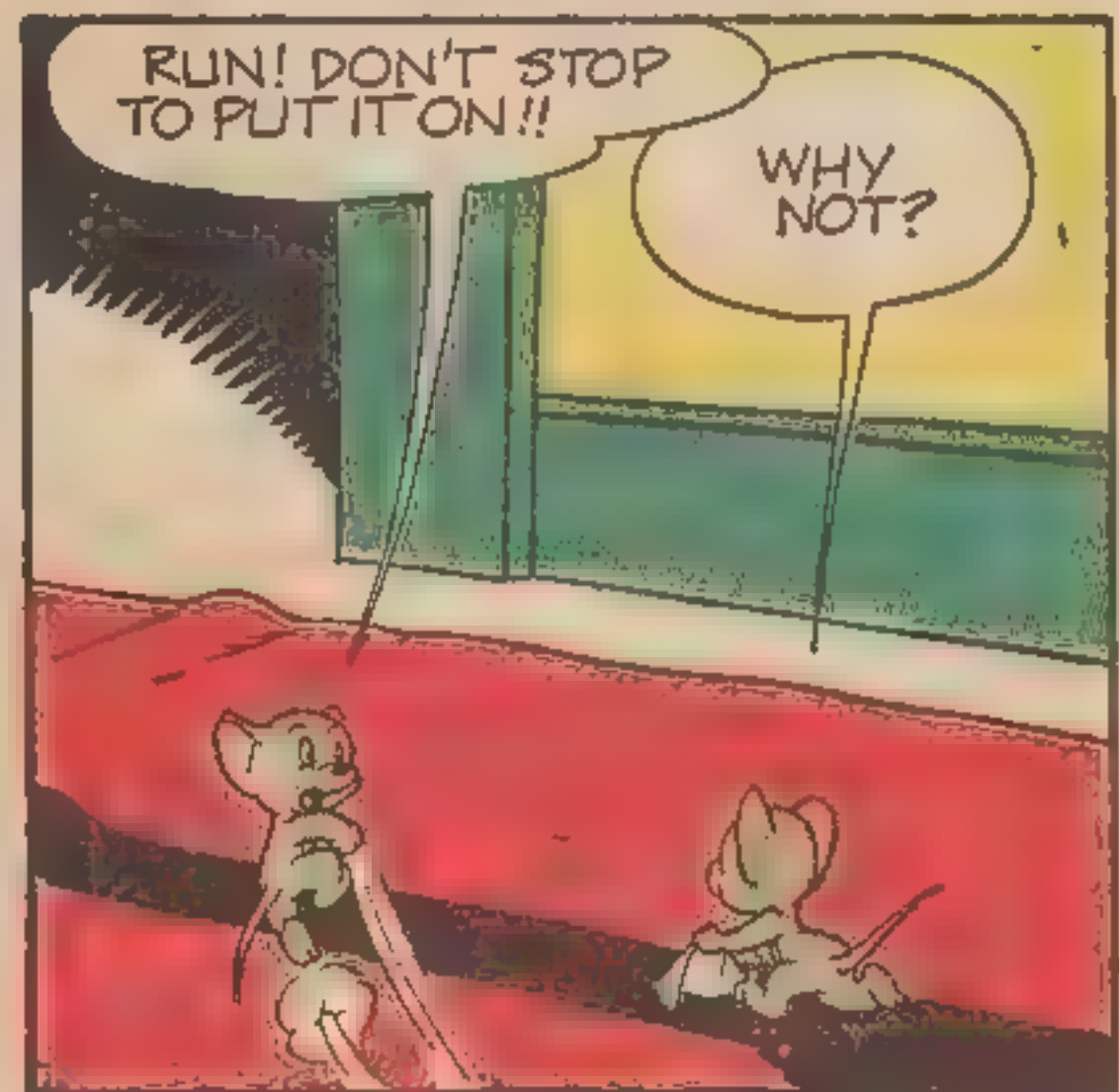
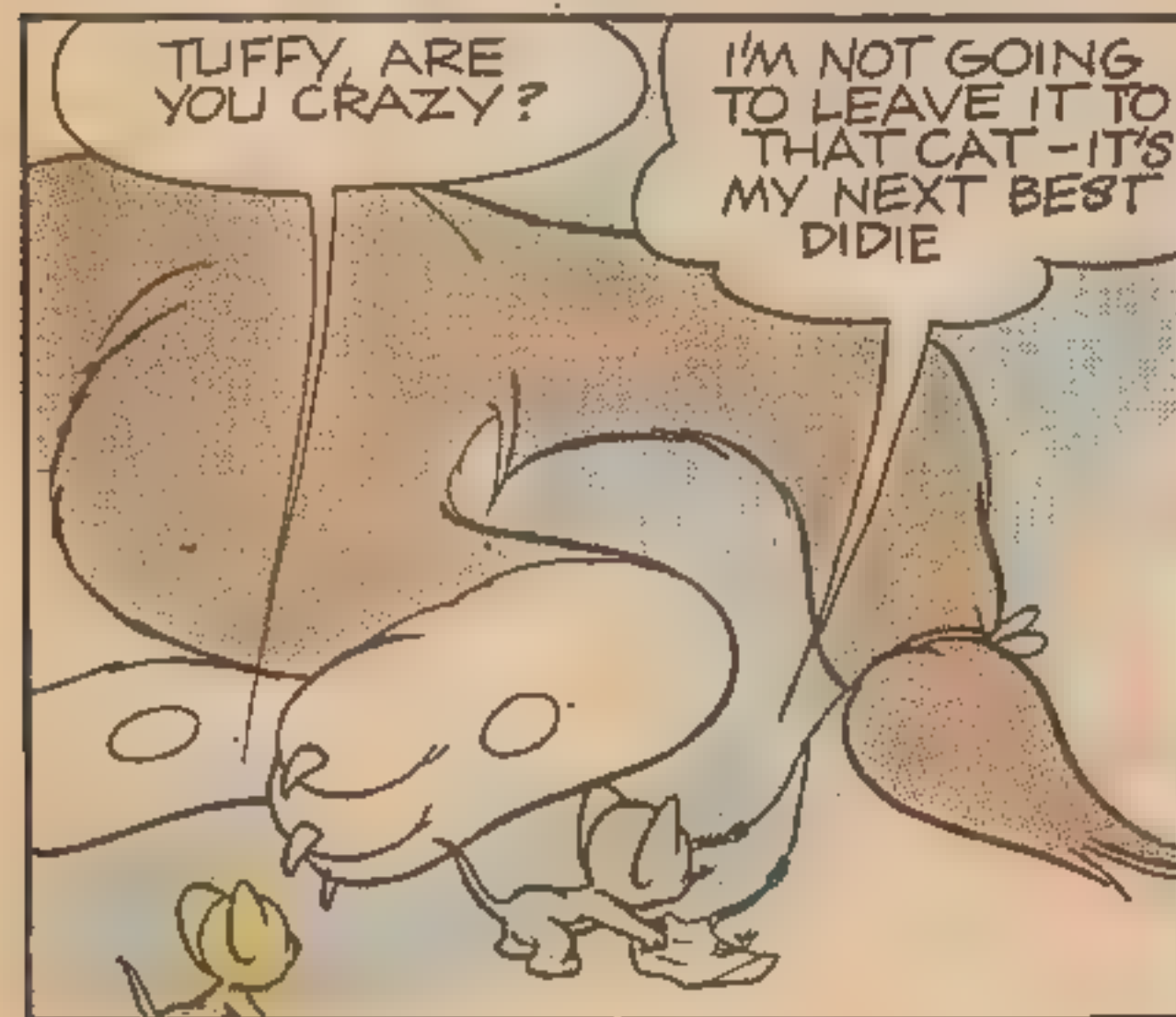
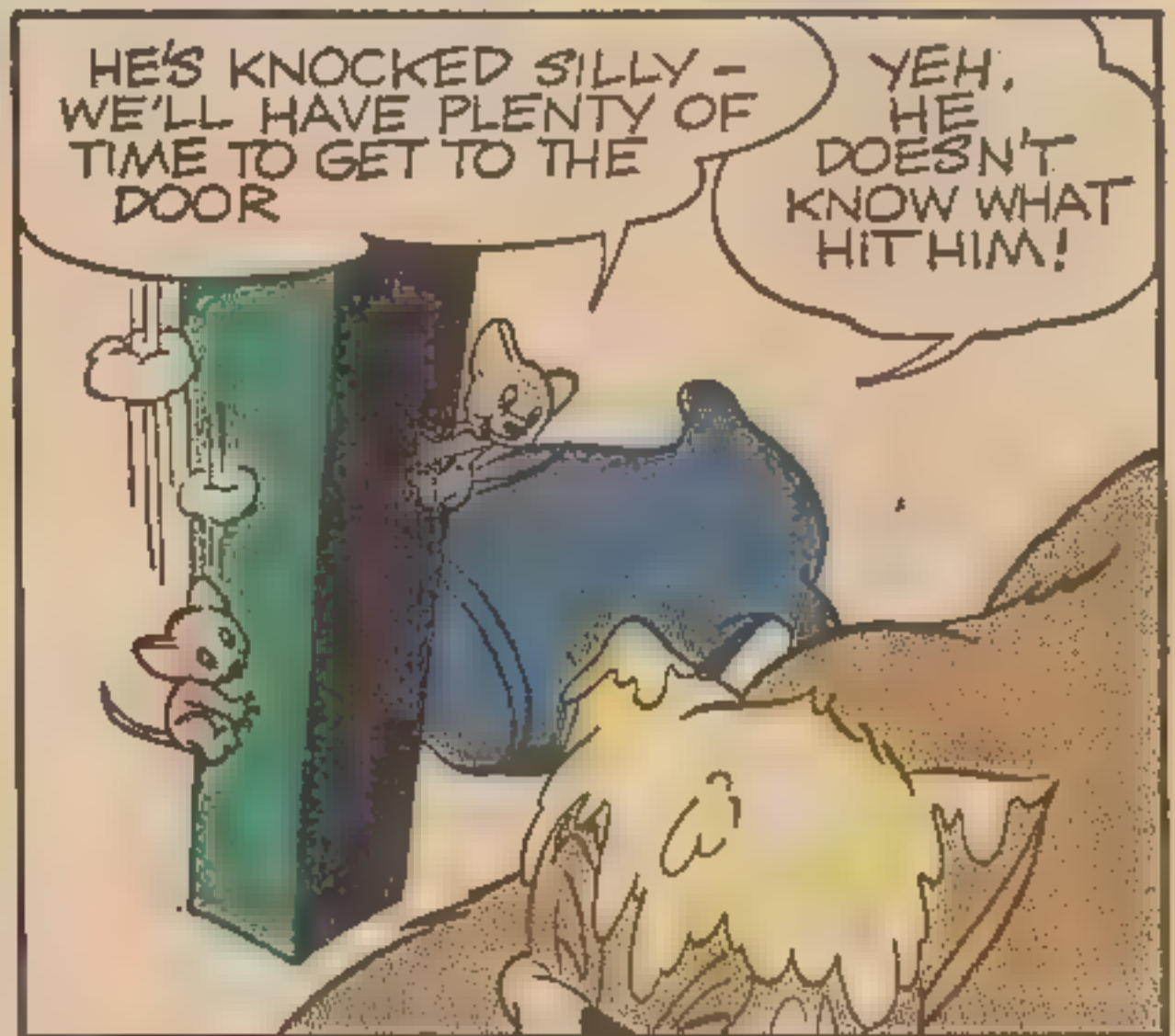
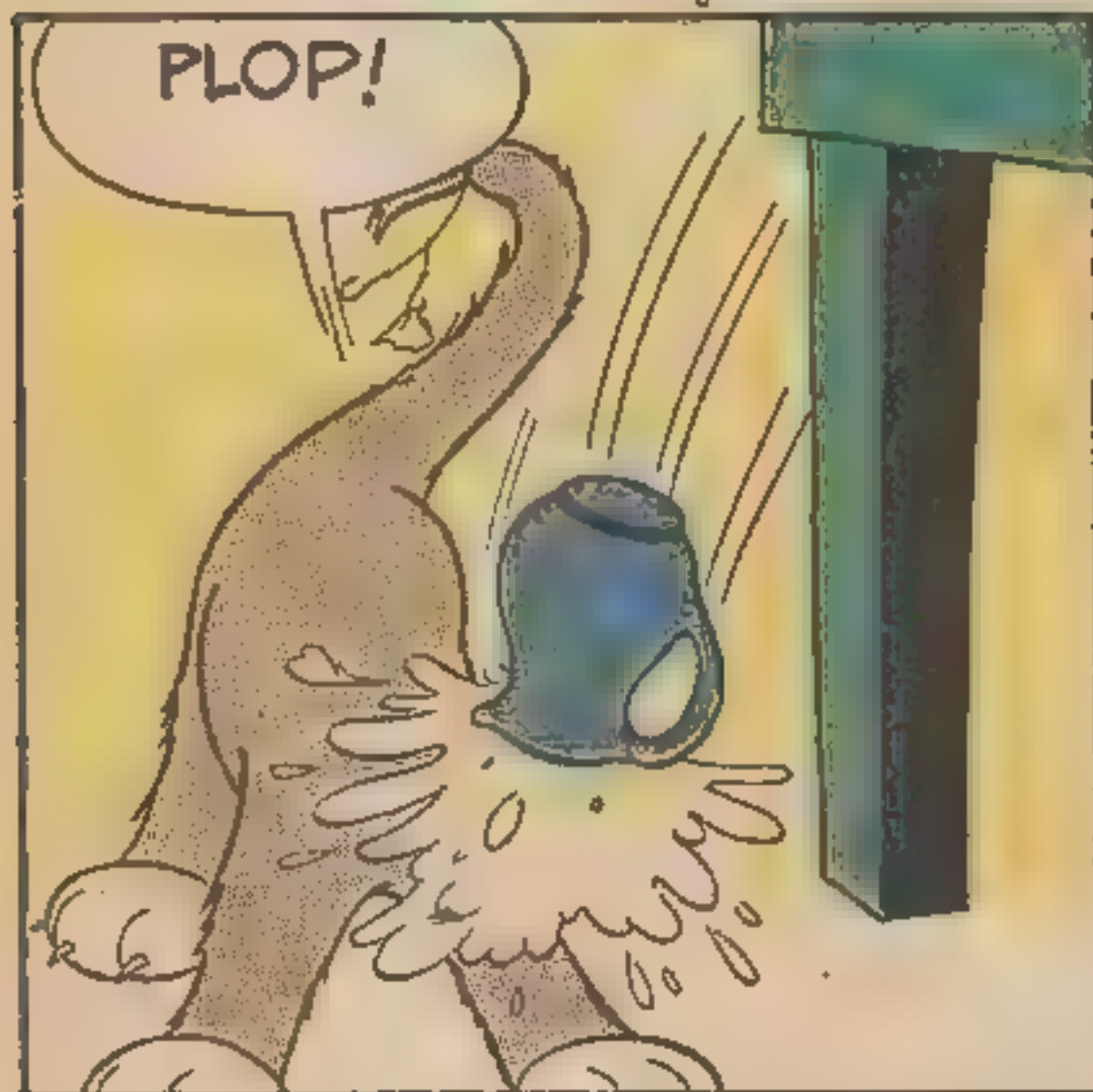
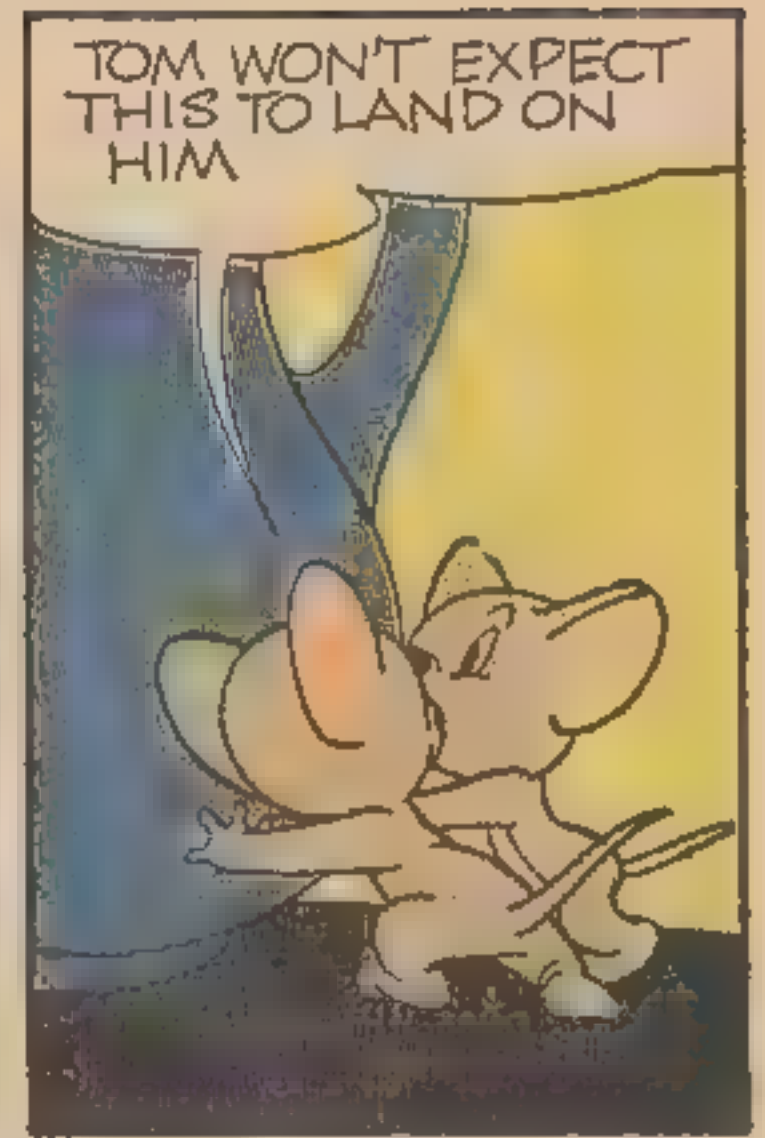
GR-OW!

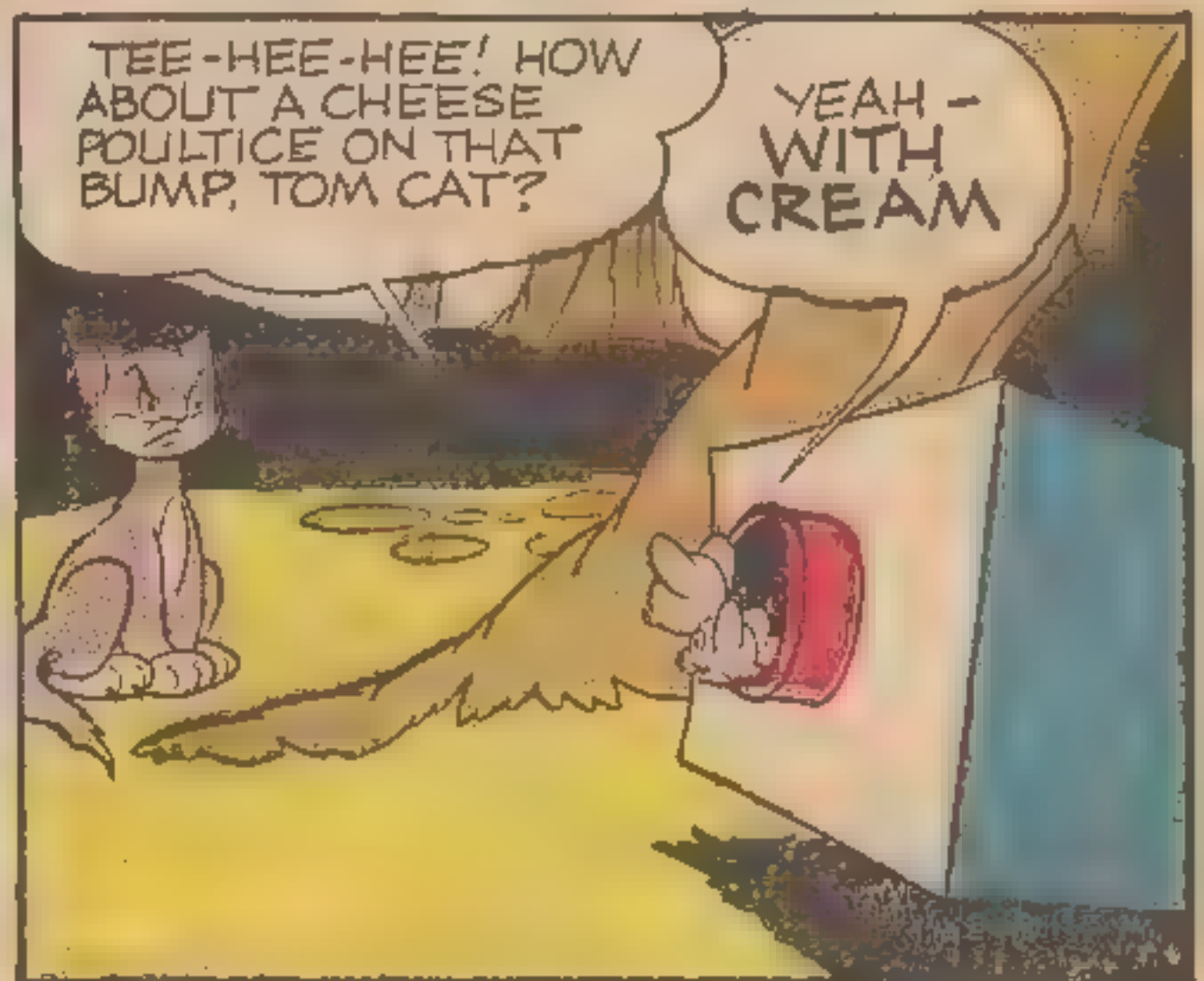
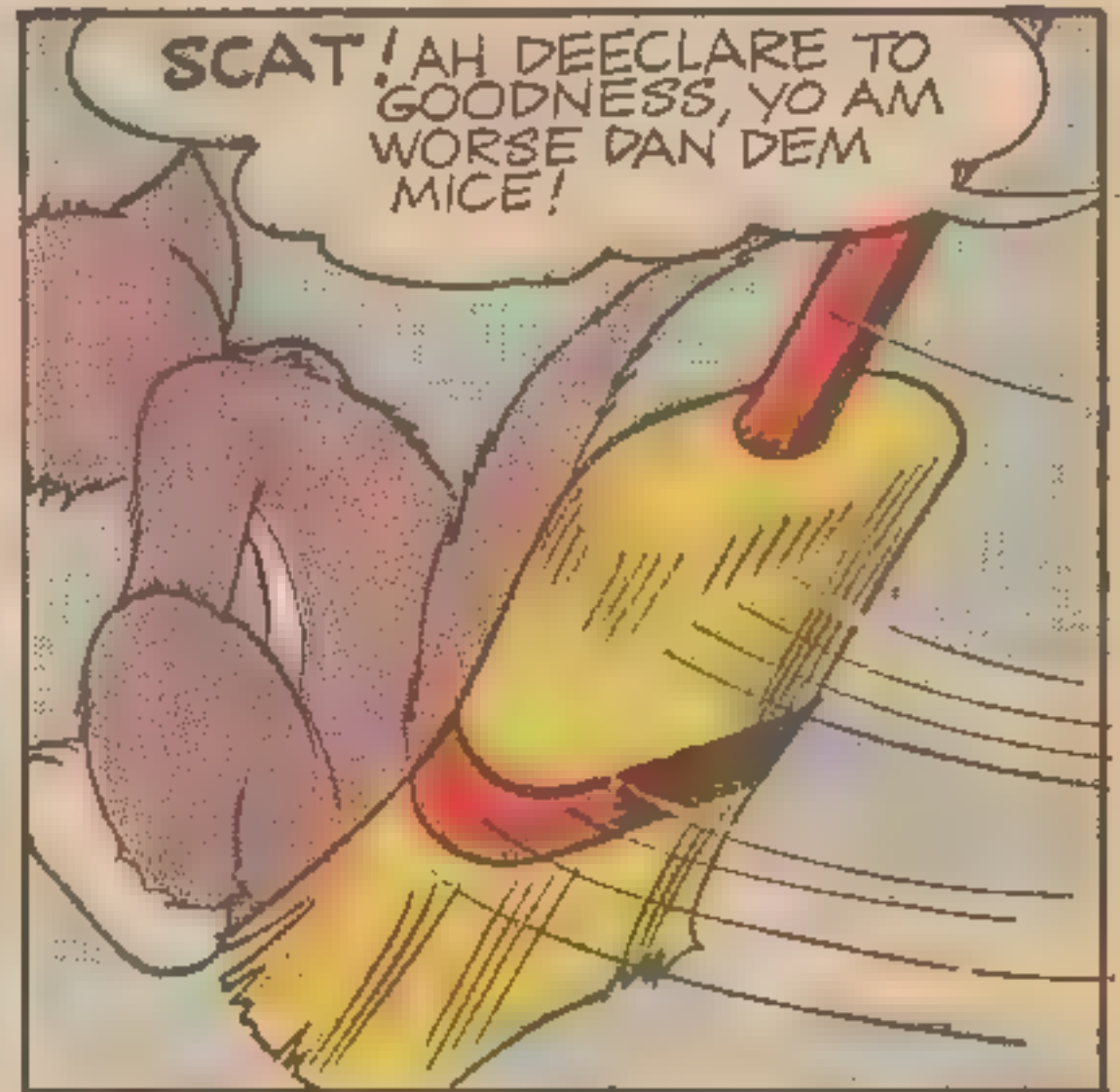
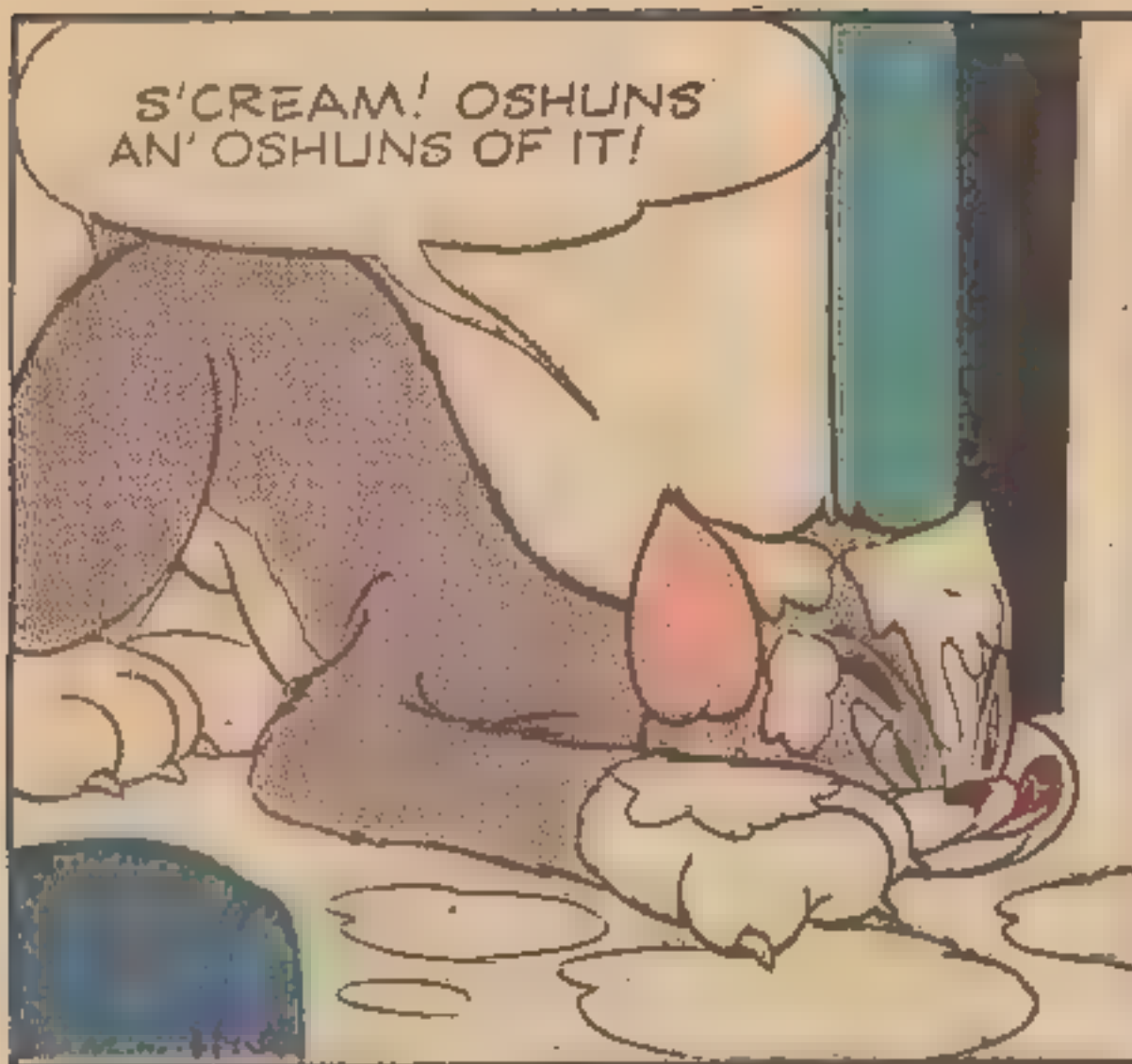


MMMFF! YOU'VE OUTSMARTED YOURSELF, YOU MICROBE!!









BARNEY BEAR DOGGCATCHER

ONLY FIVE
DOLLARS - AN' A
BUNCH O' FRANK-
FURTERS LEFT!

GOSH!
I GUESS
I BETTER
GIT A
JOB!

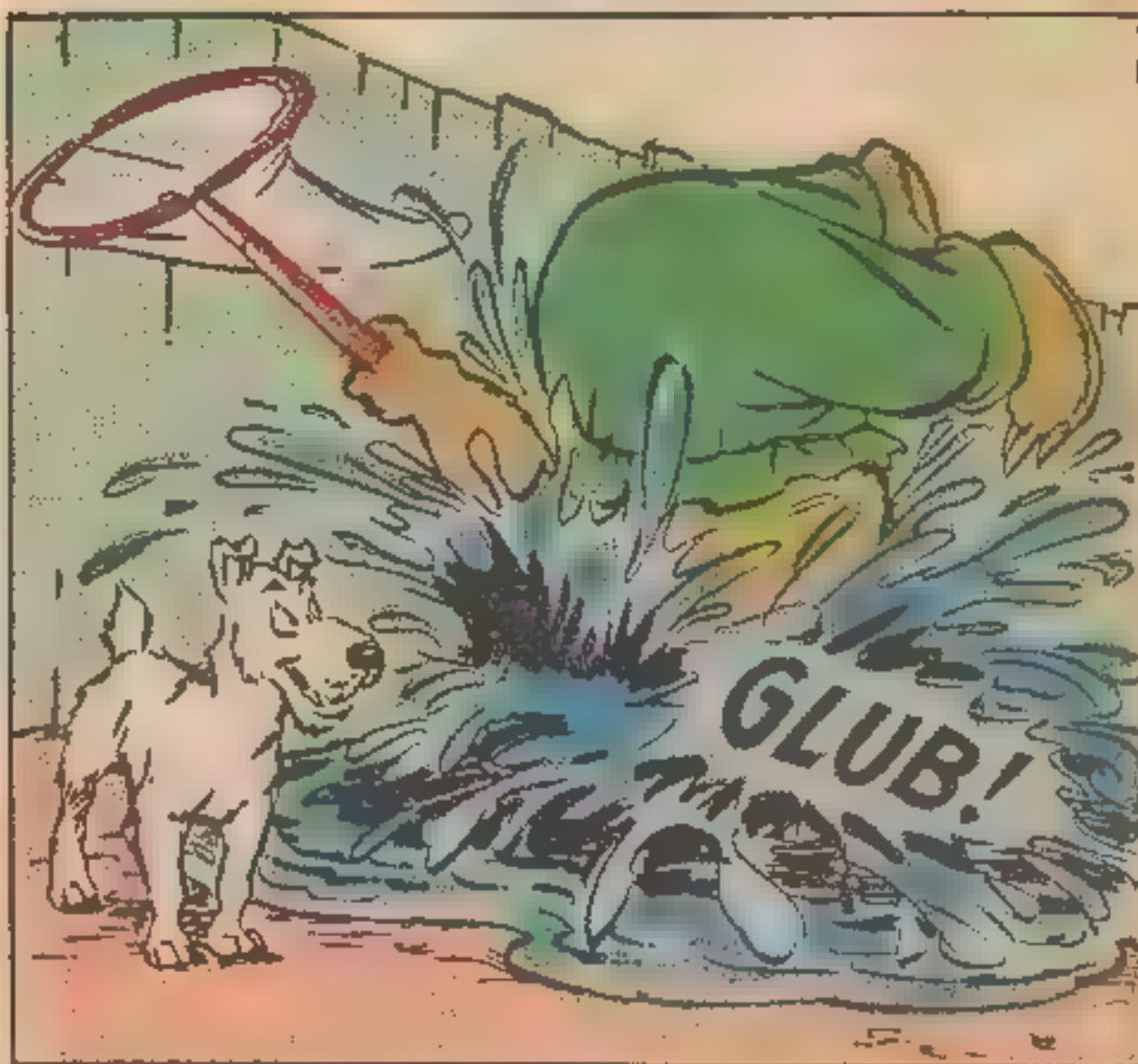
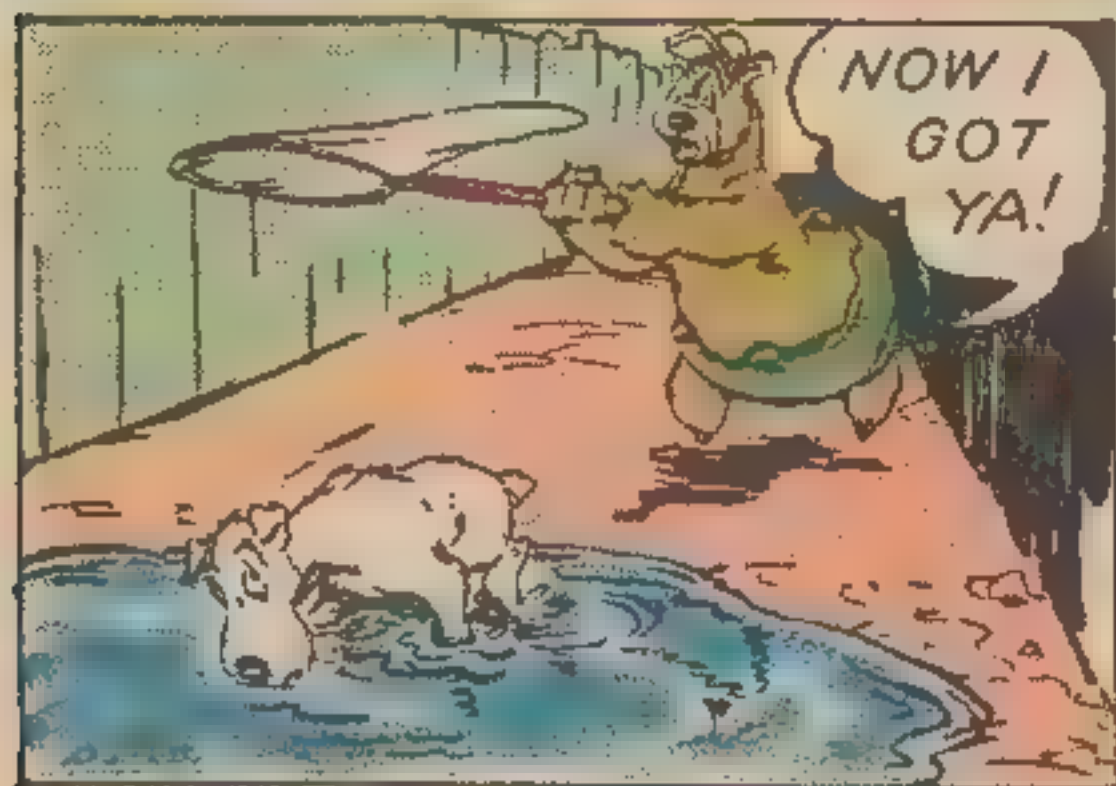
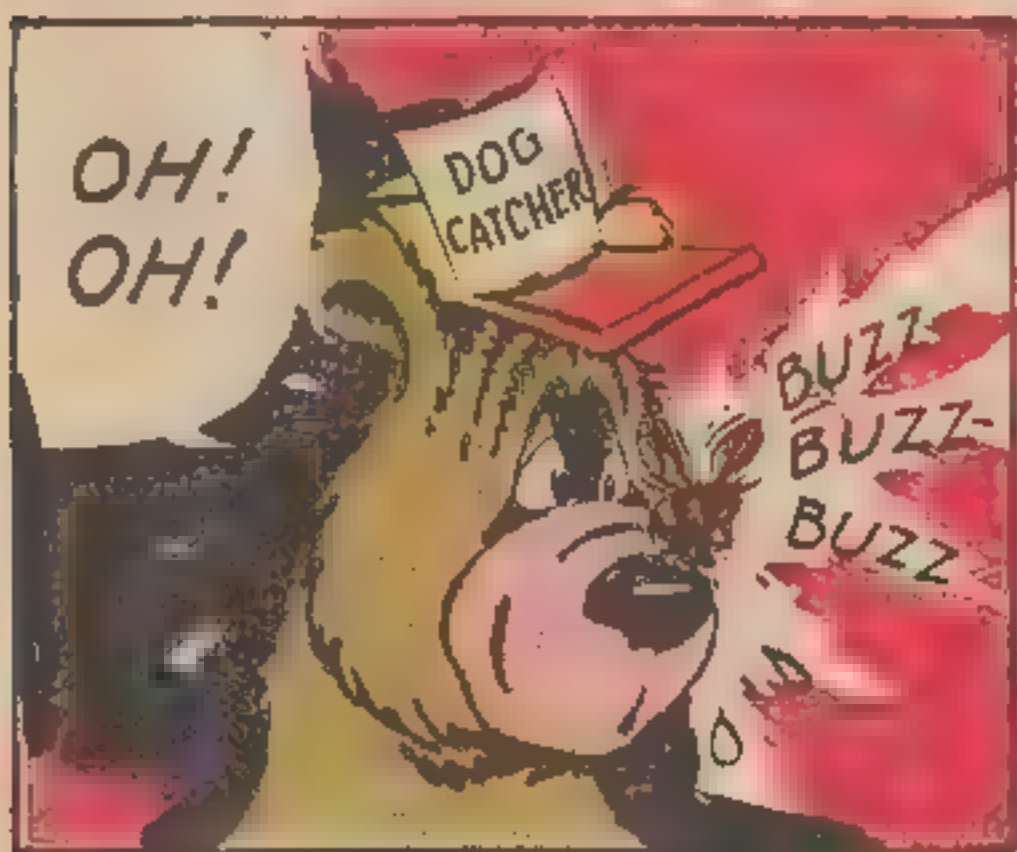
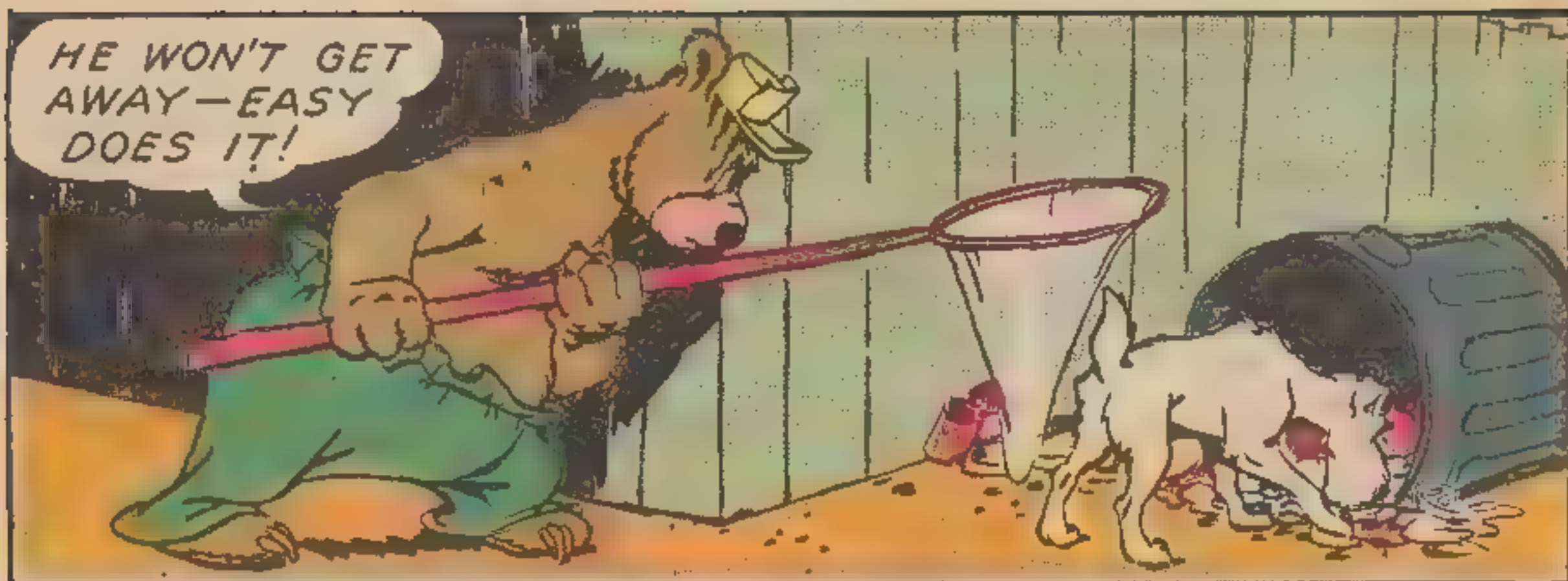
BOY O BOY! JUST
MY MEAT! I'LL GO
RIGHT IN AND
APPLY!

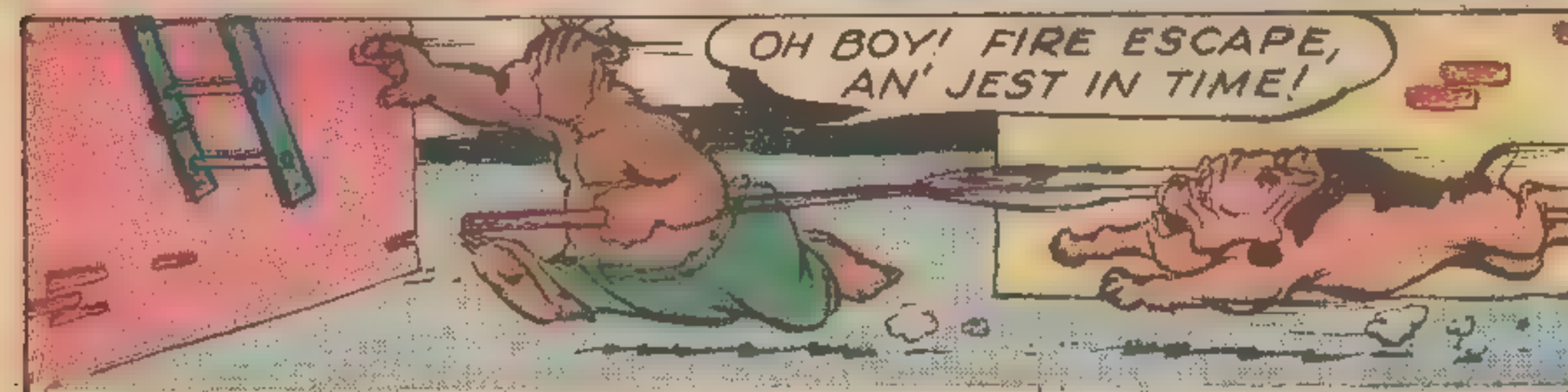
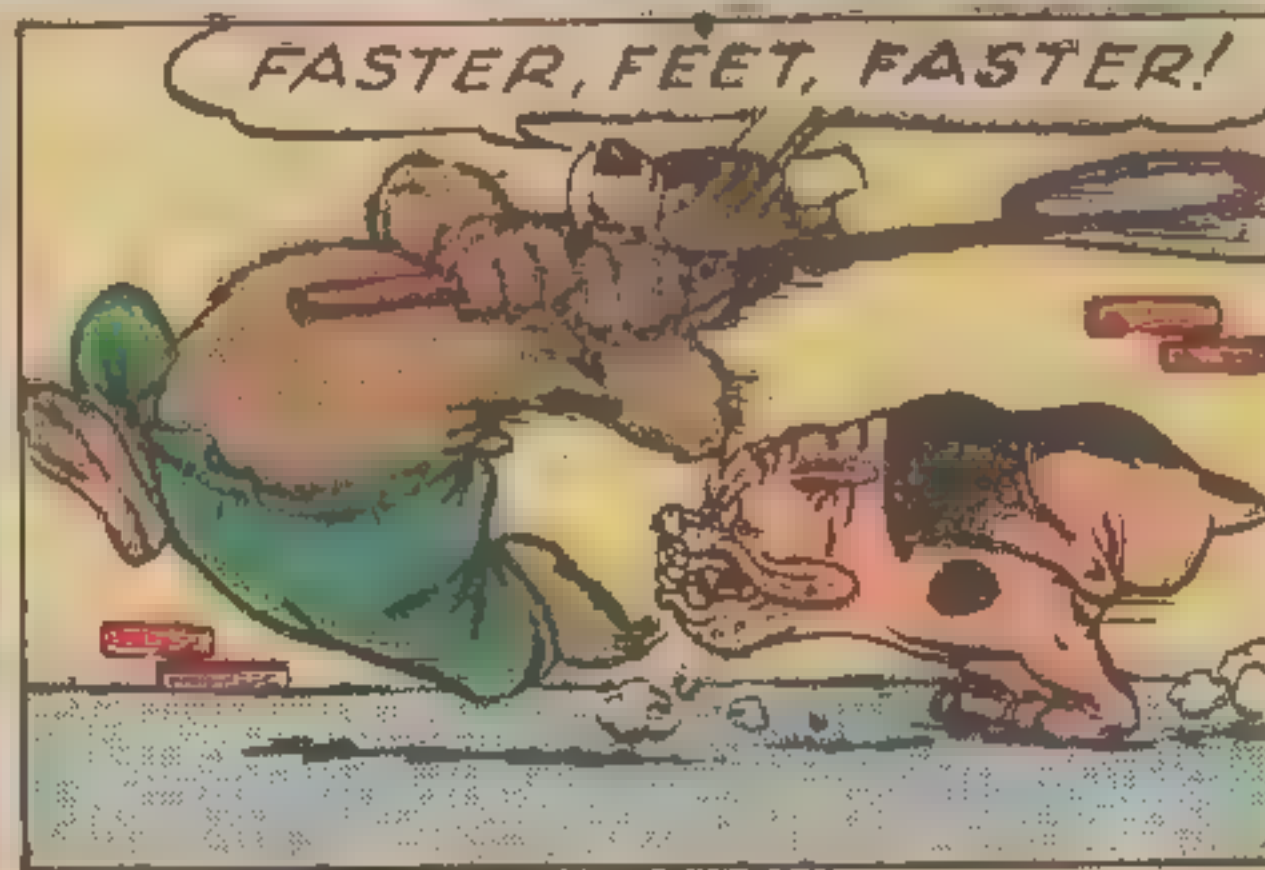
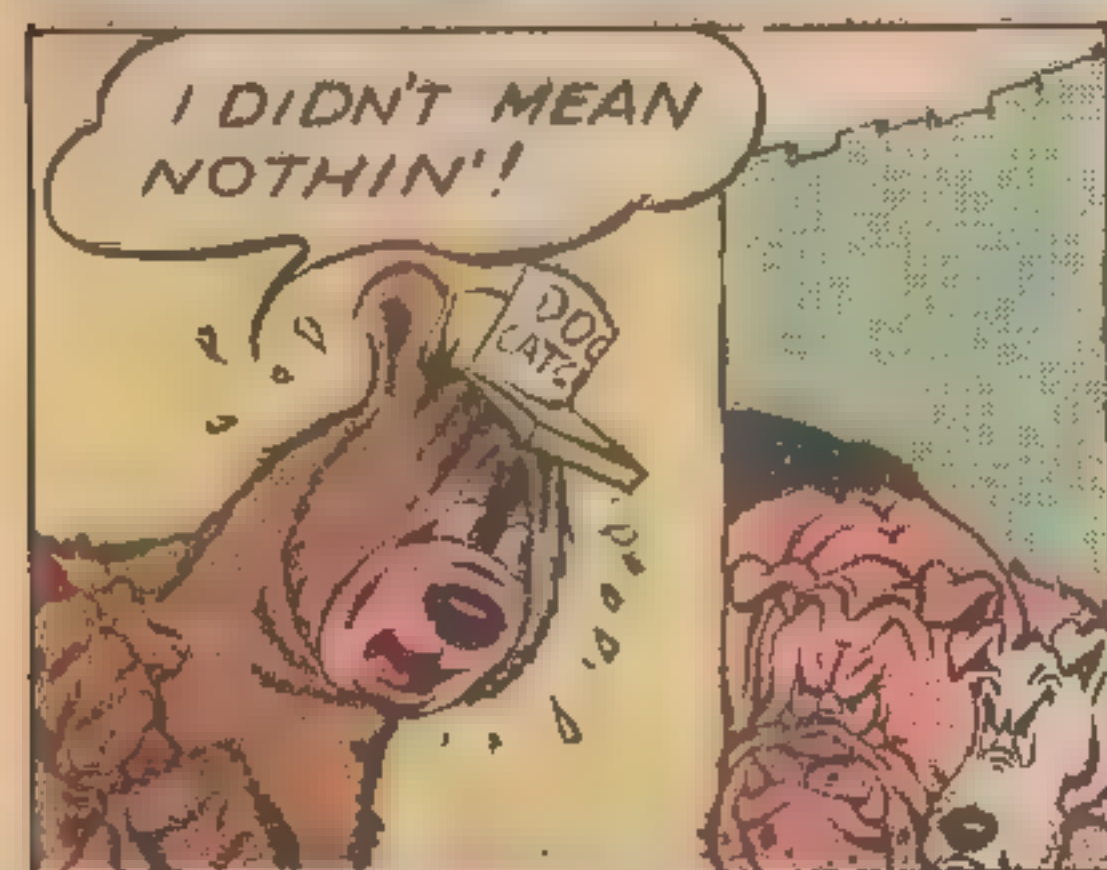
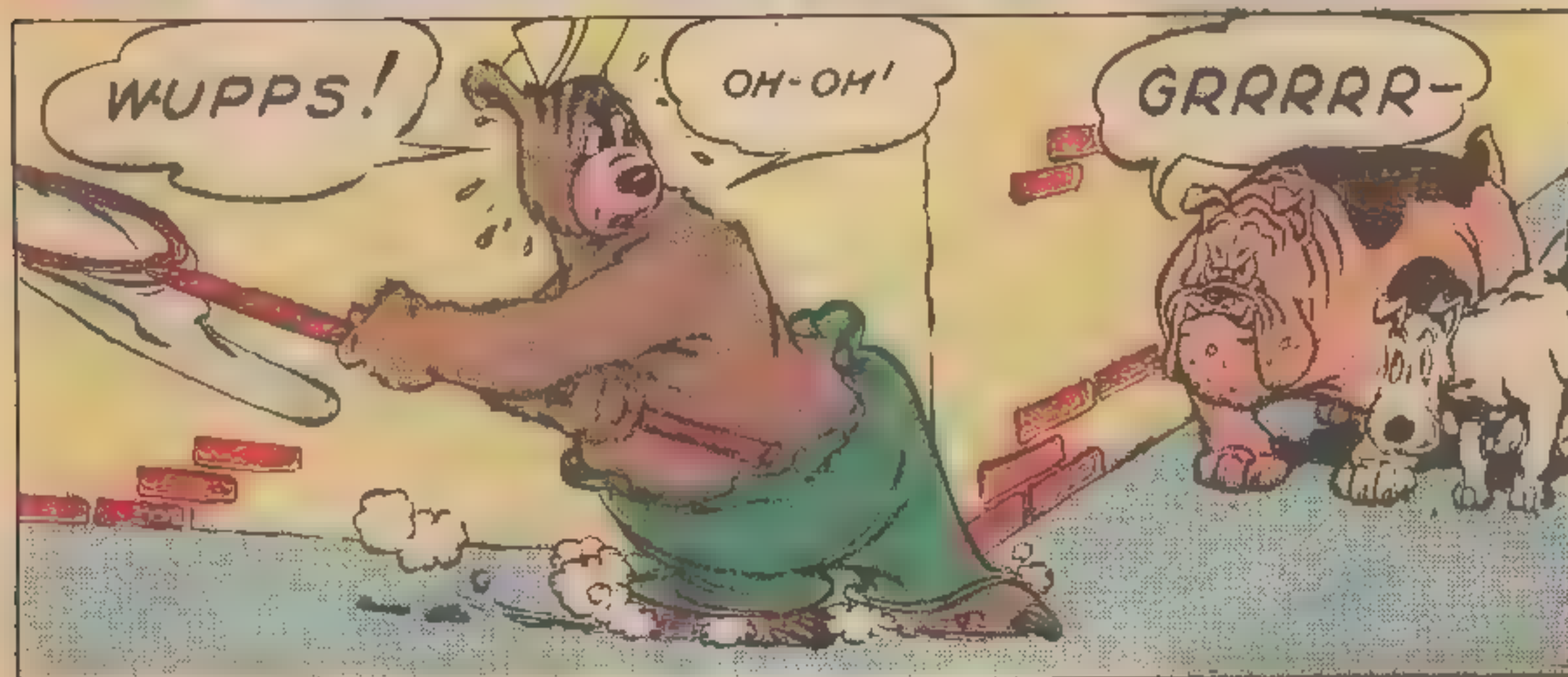
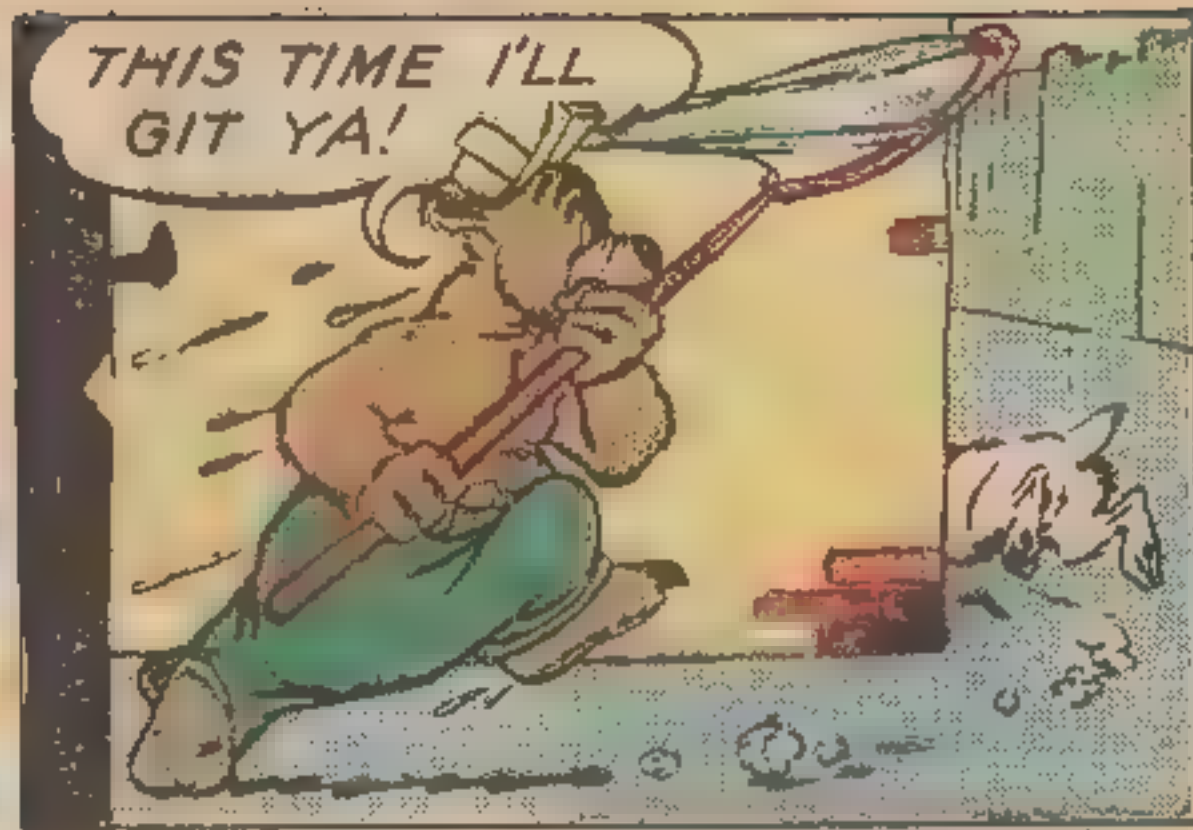
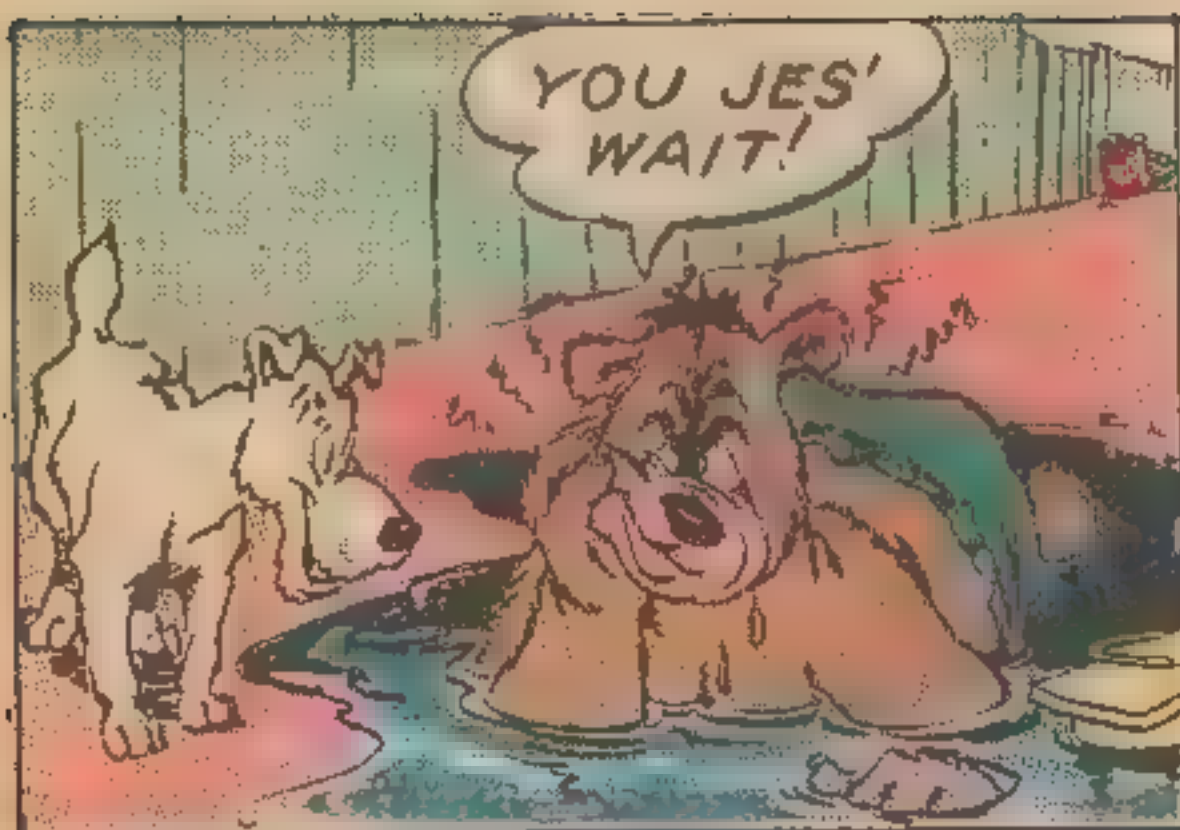
DOG POUND

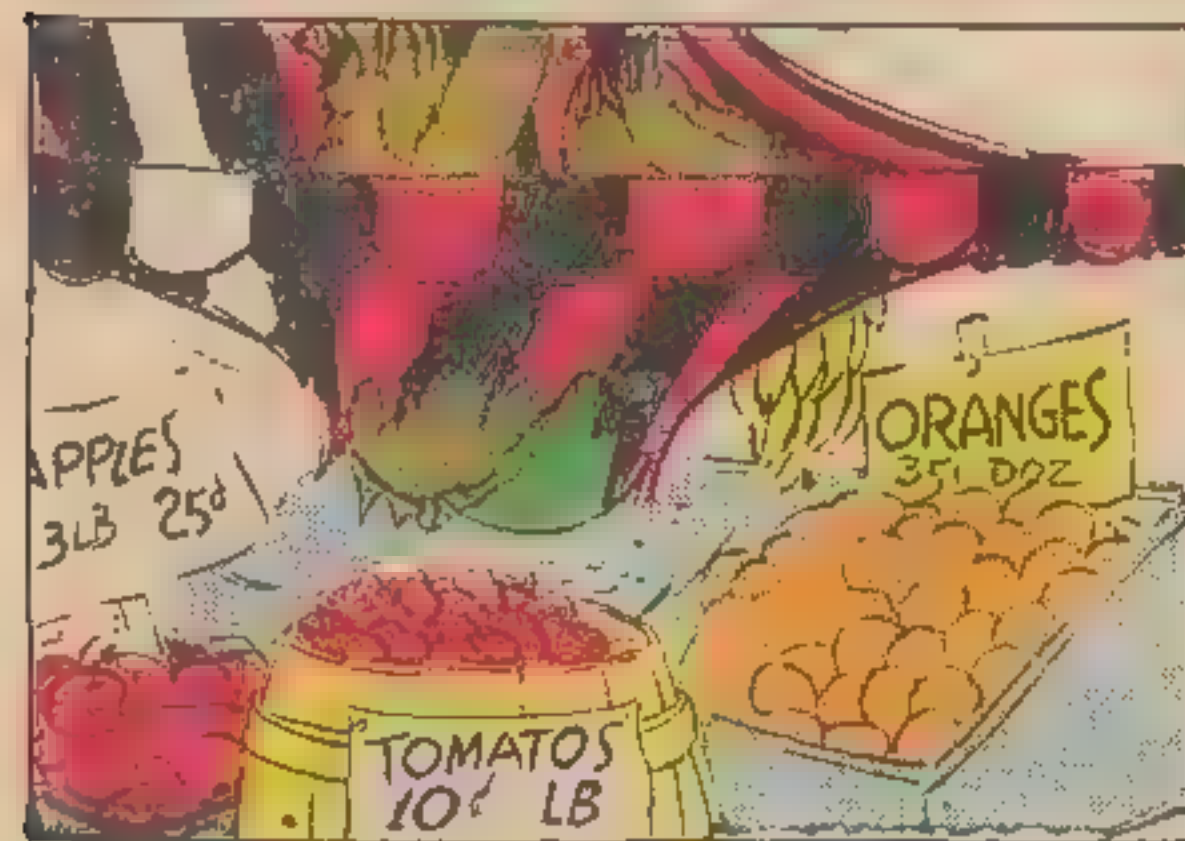
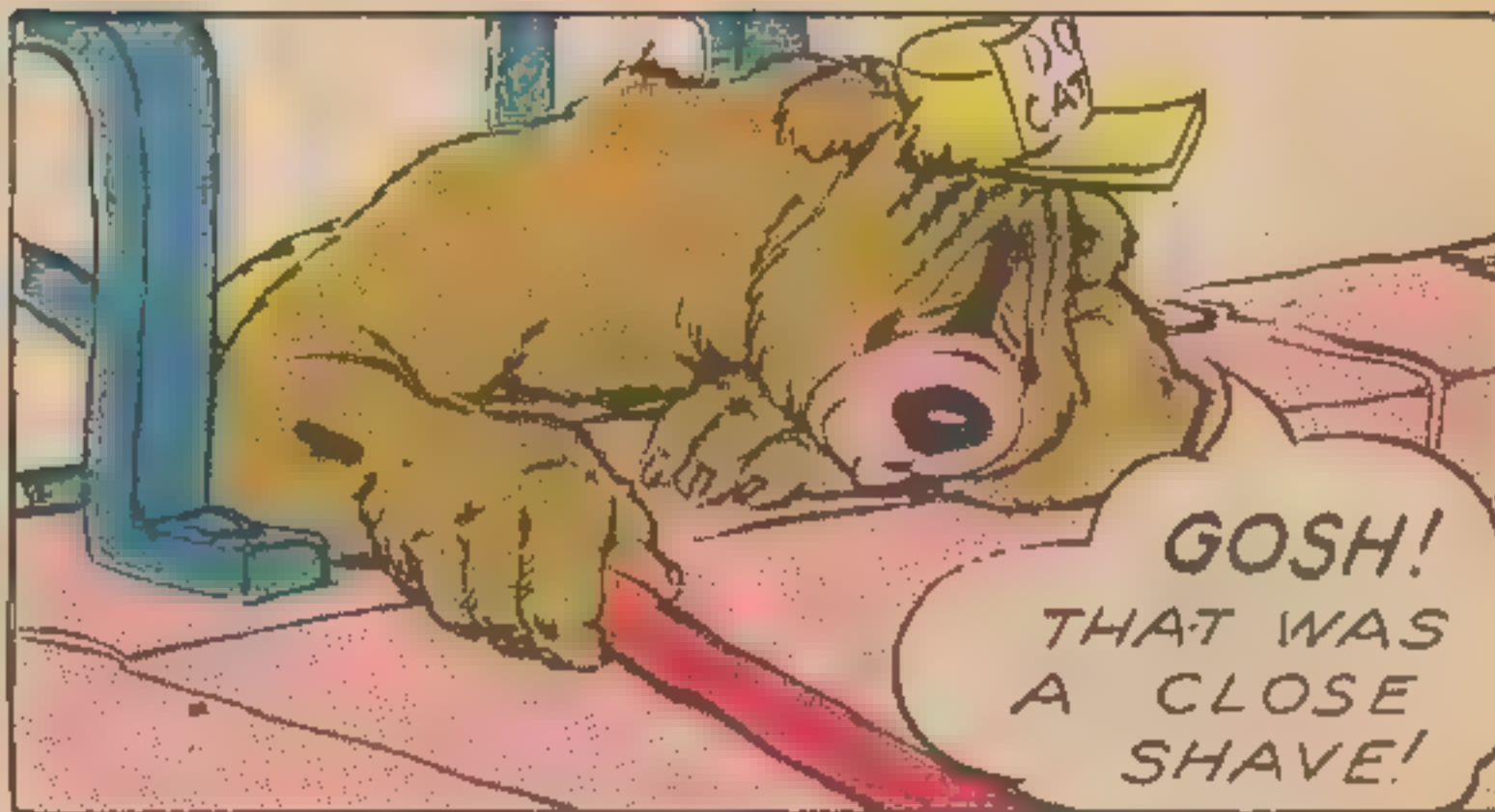
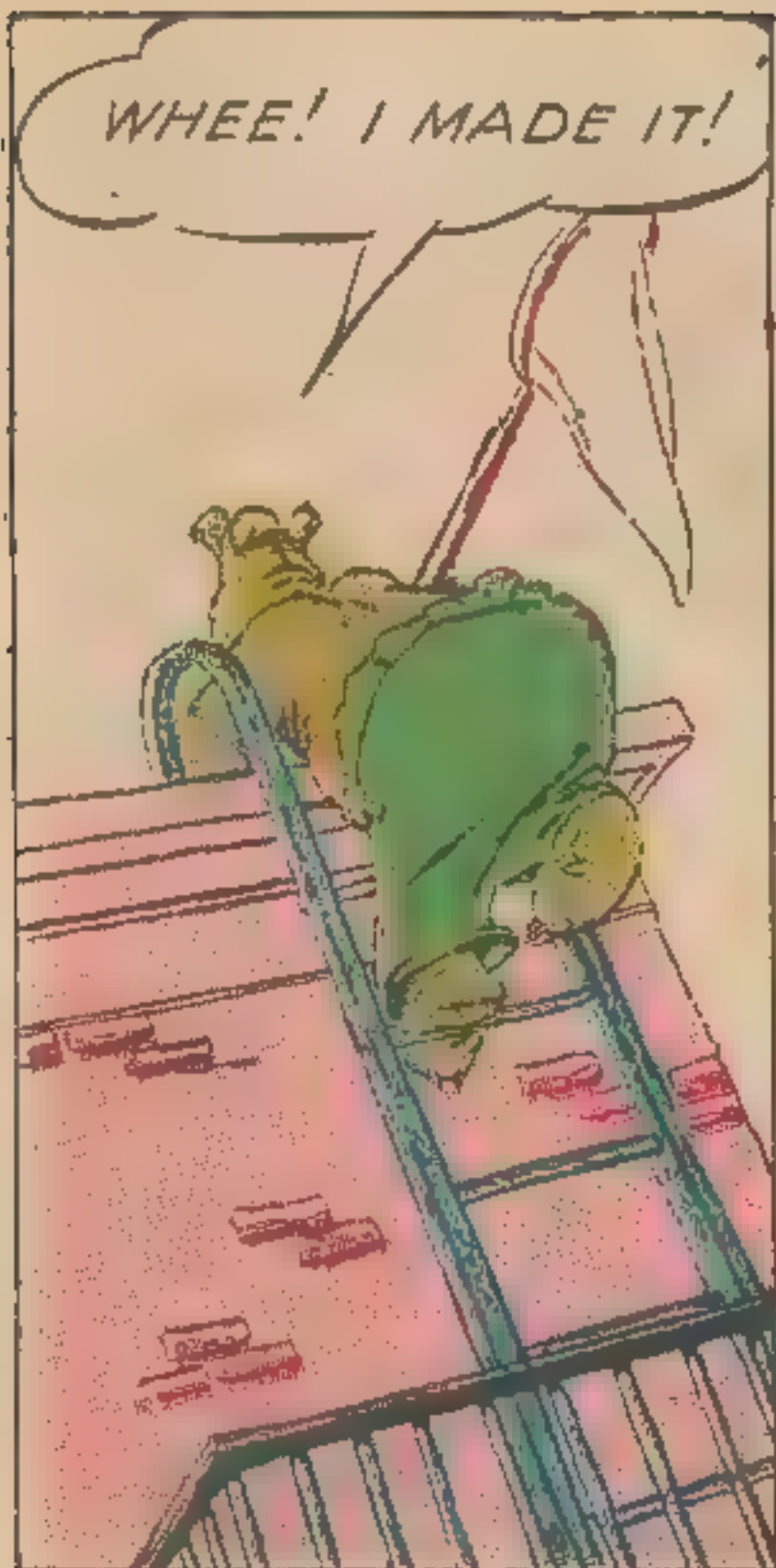
DOG CATCHER
WANTED

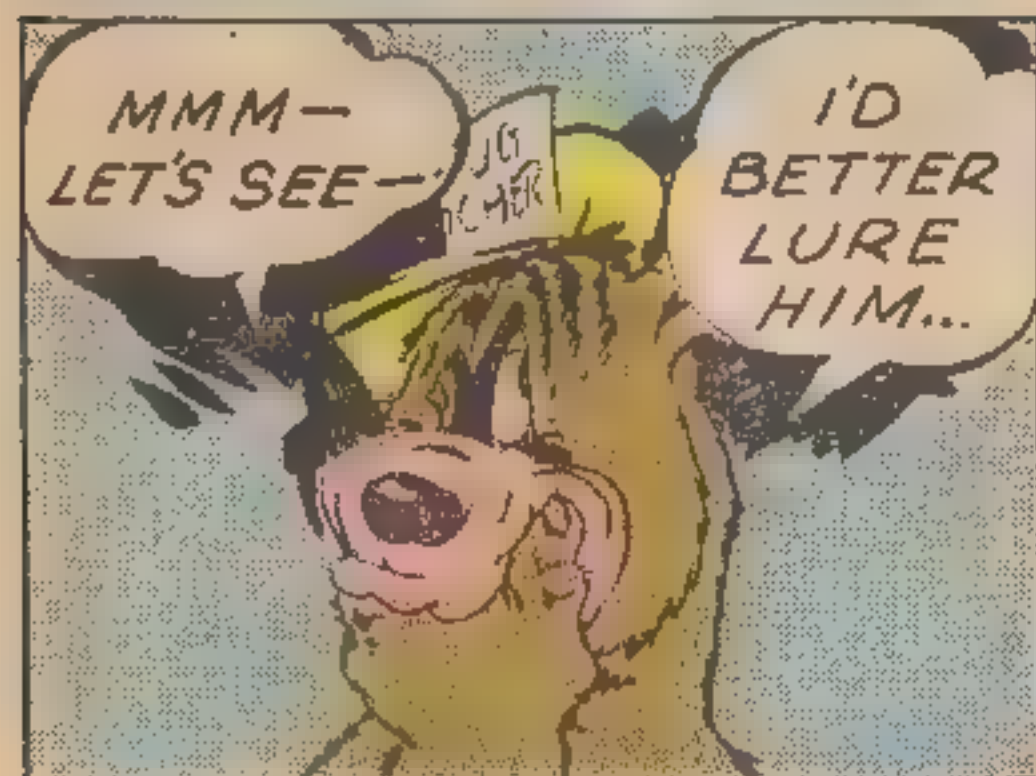
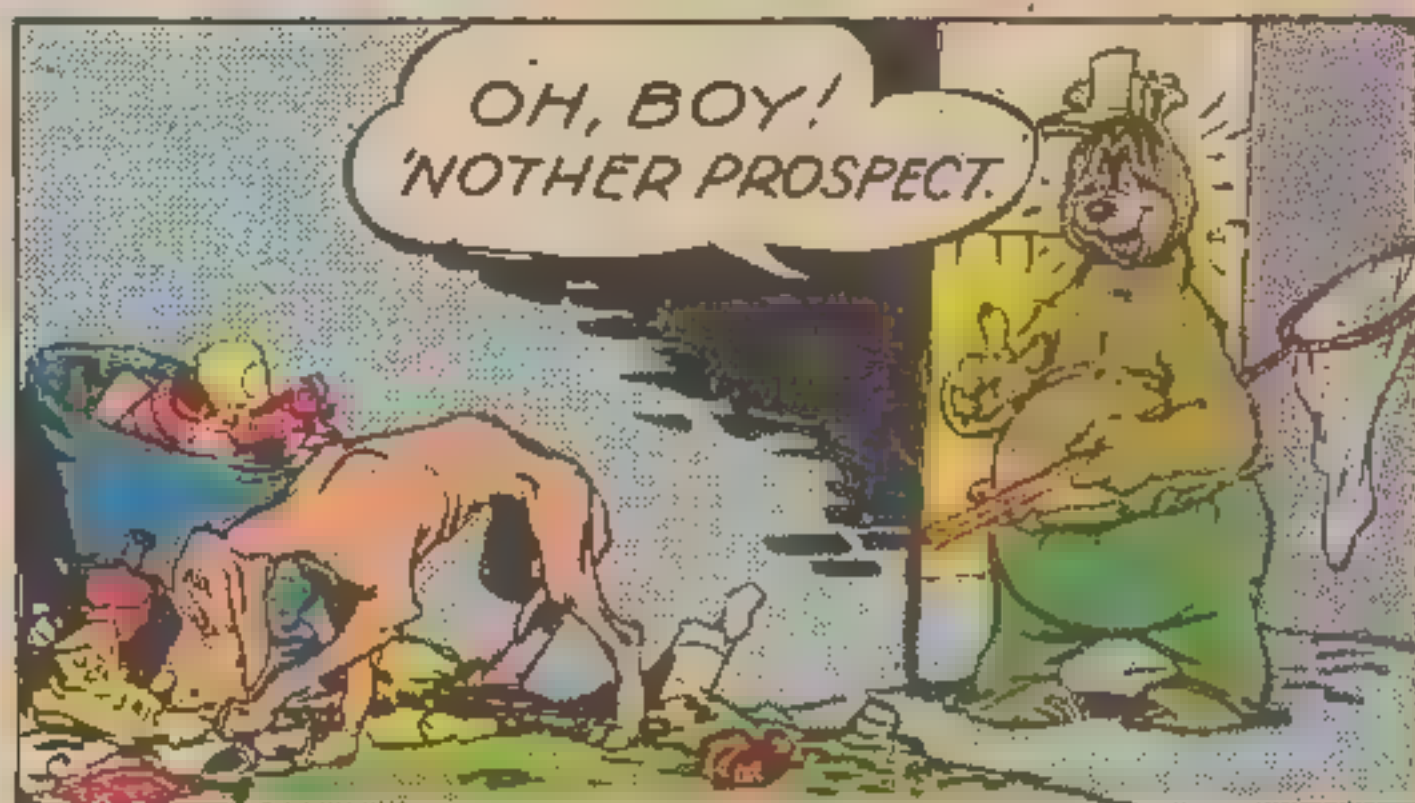
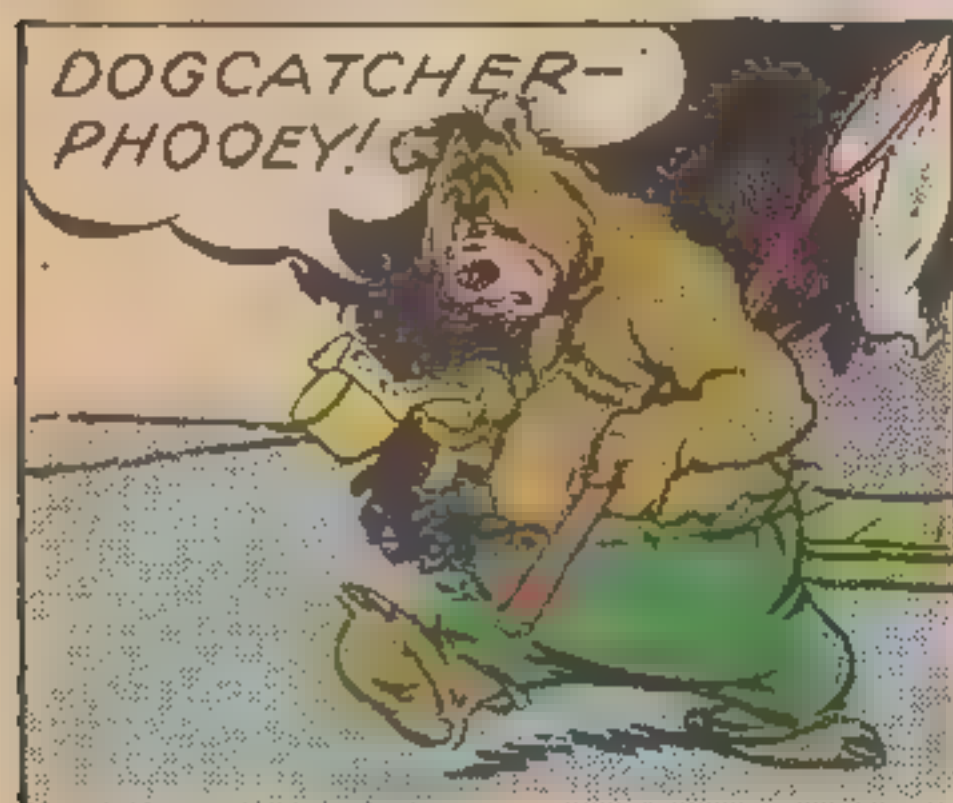
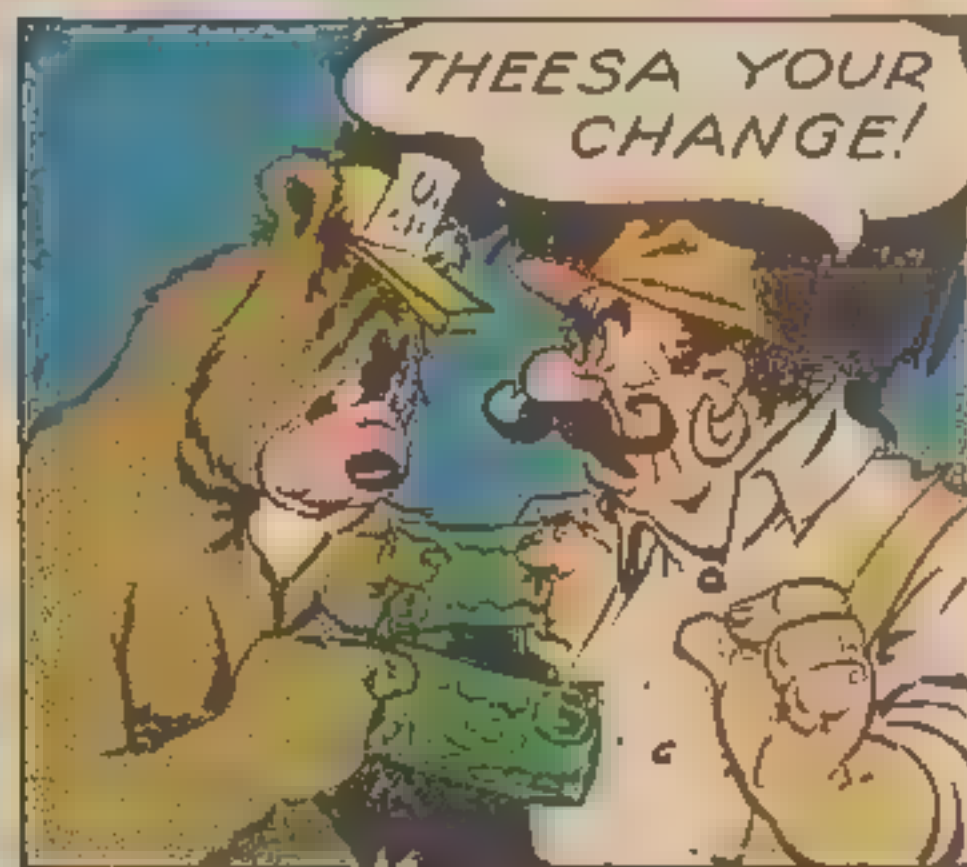
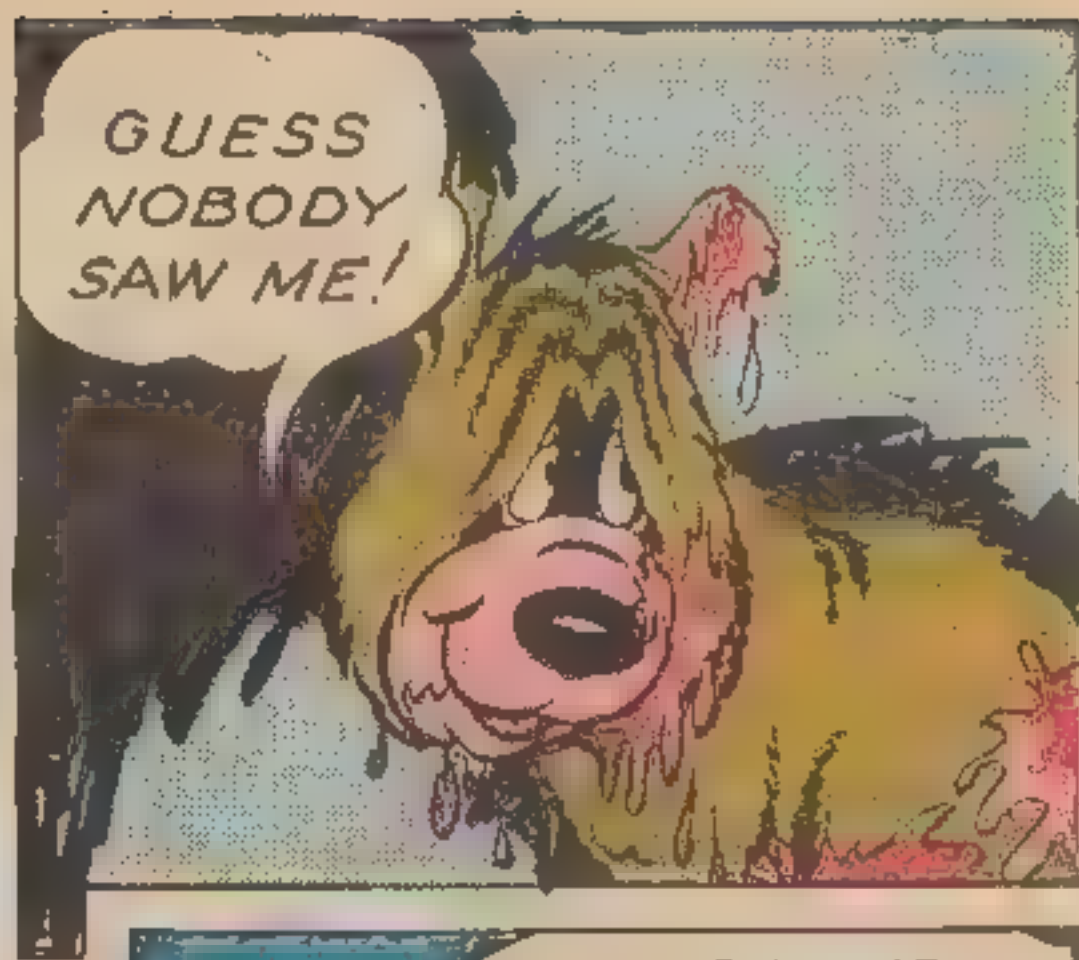
1 ♪
GOT
IT ♪

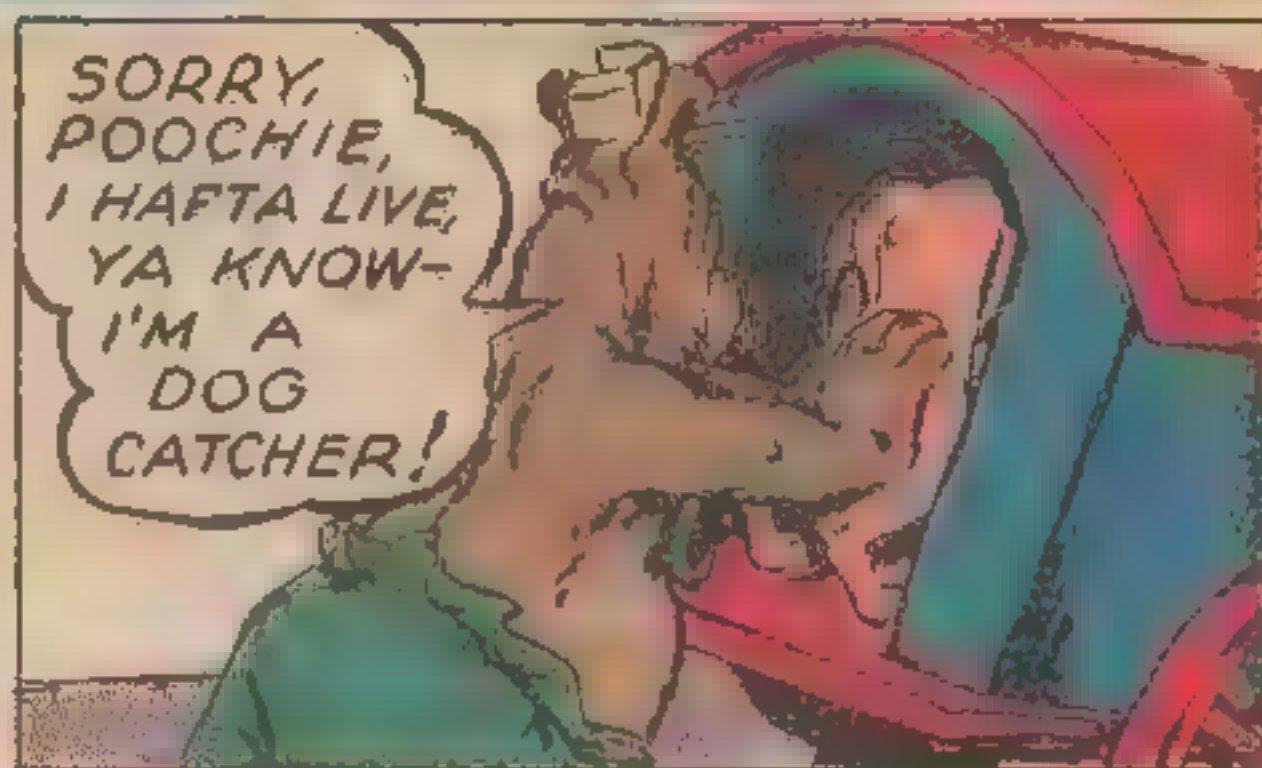
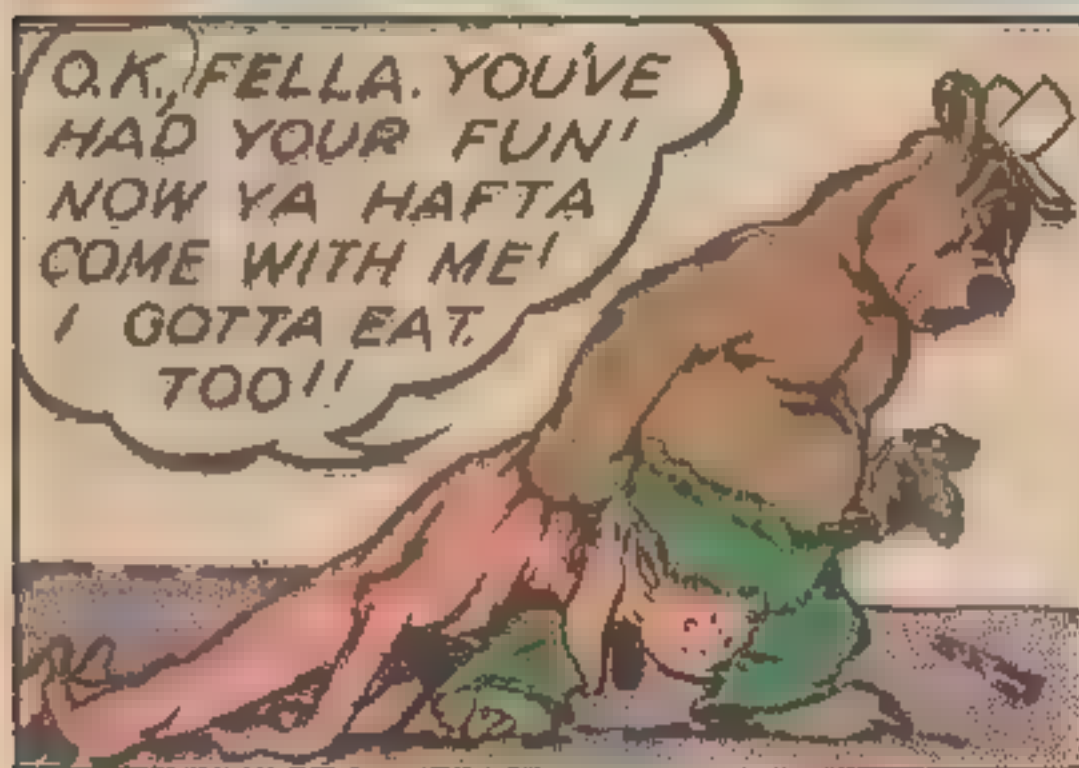
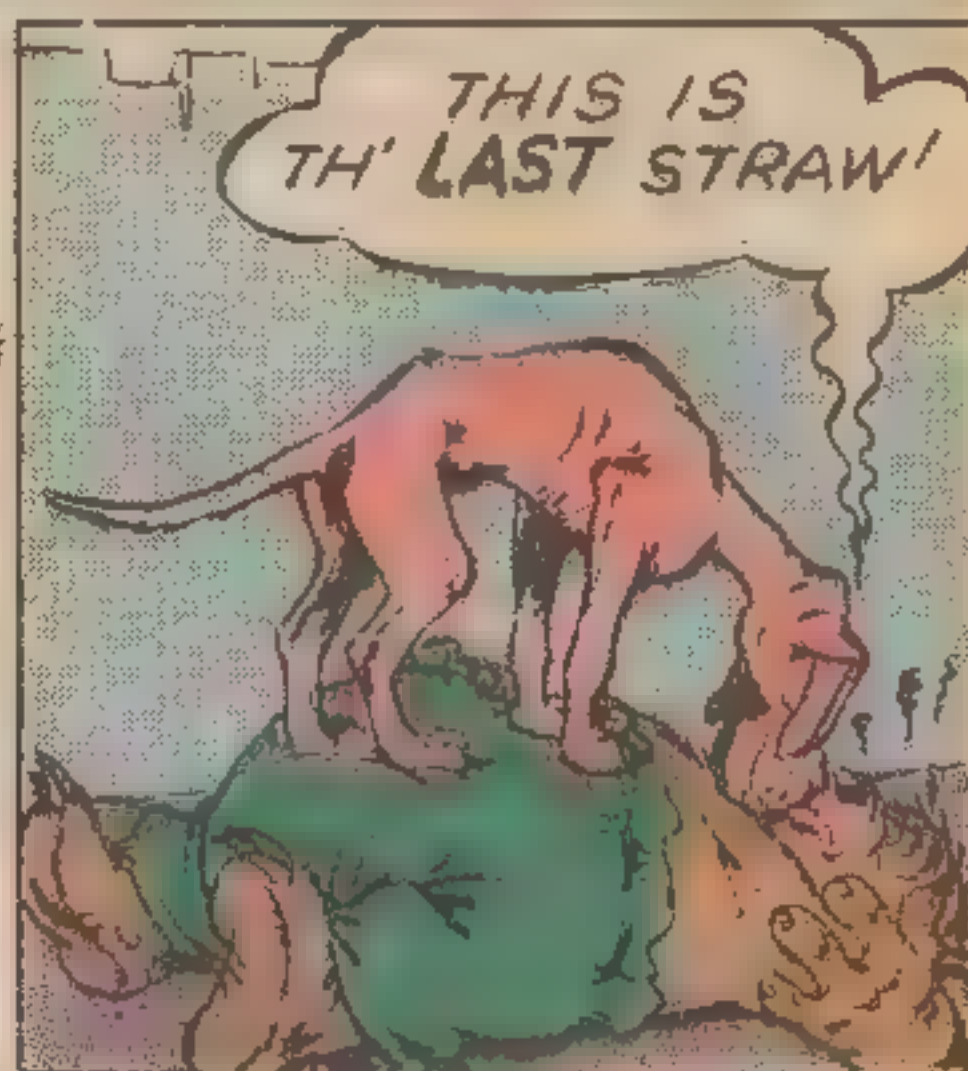
GEE WILLIKINS!
A PROSPECT
ALREADY!

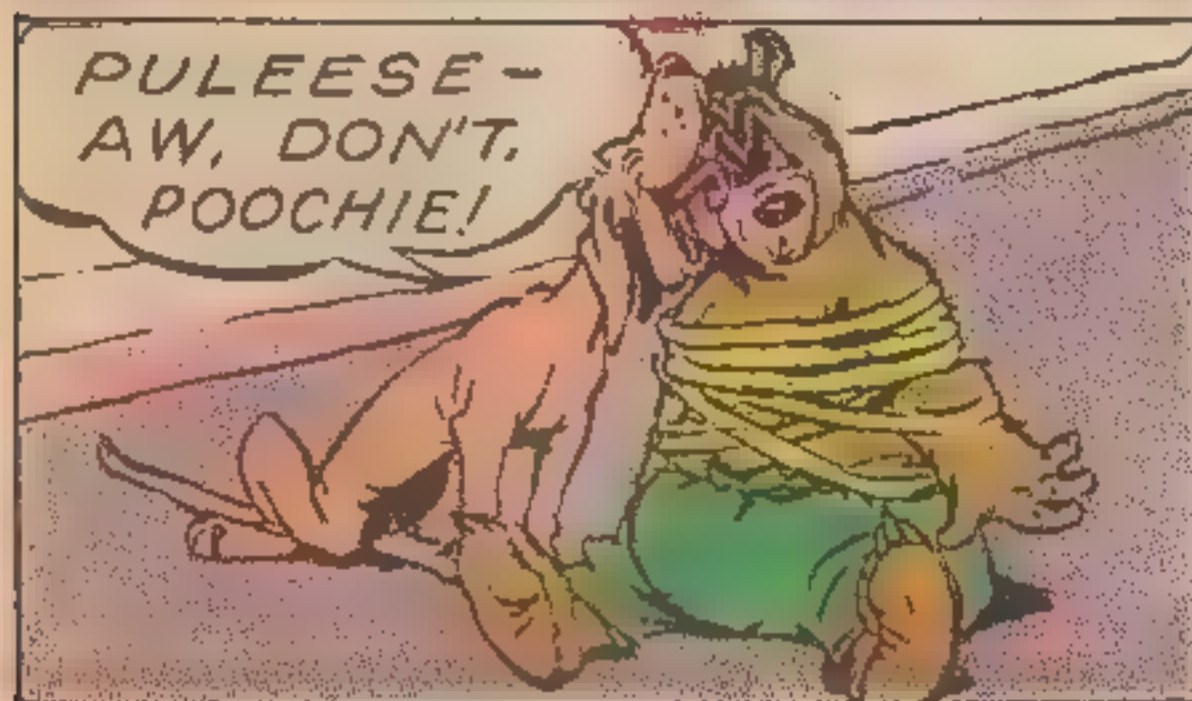
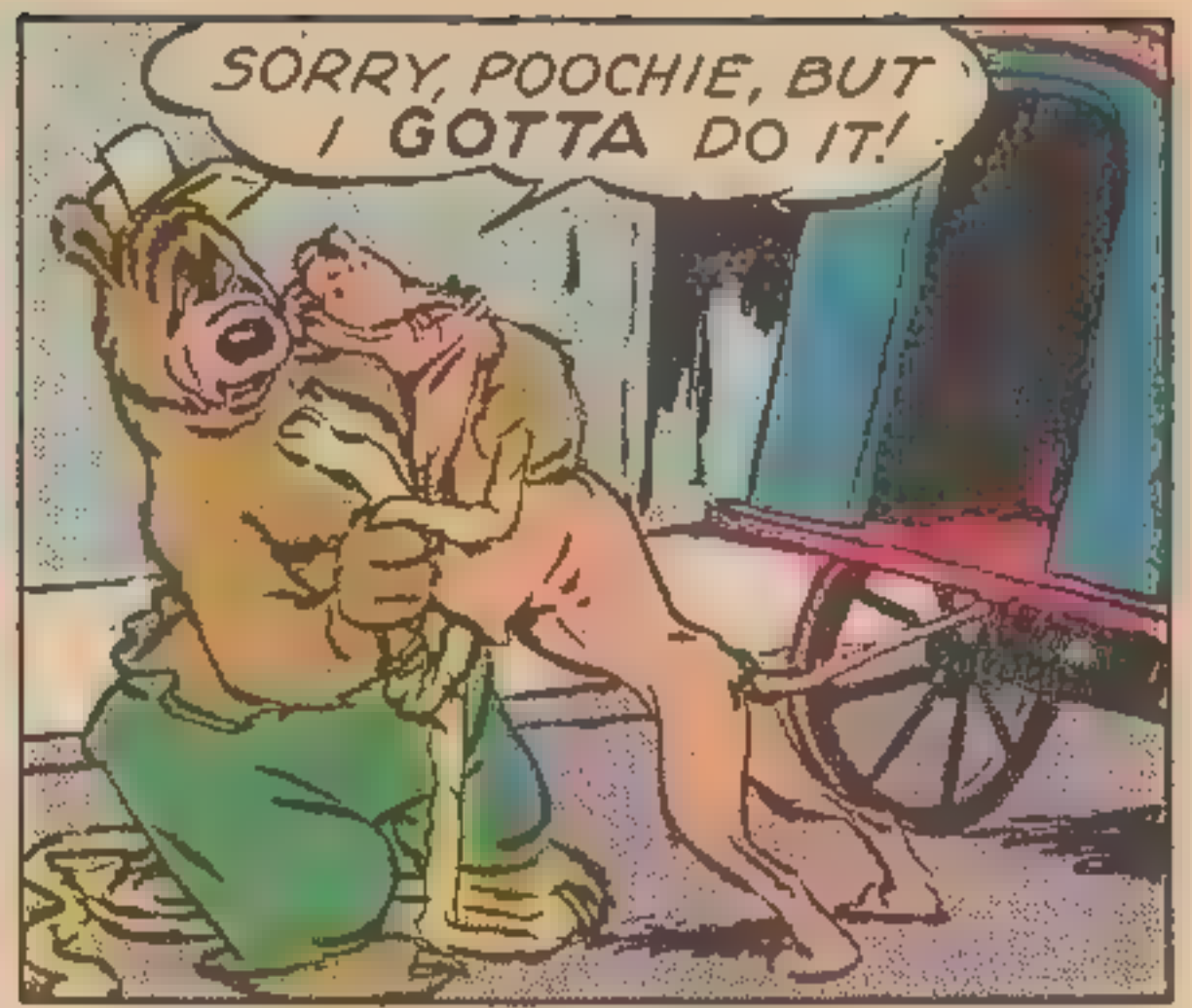
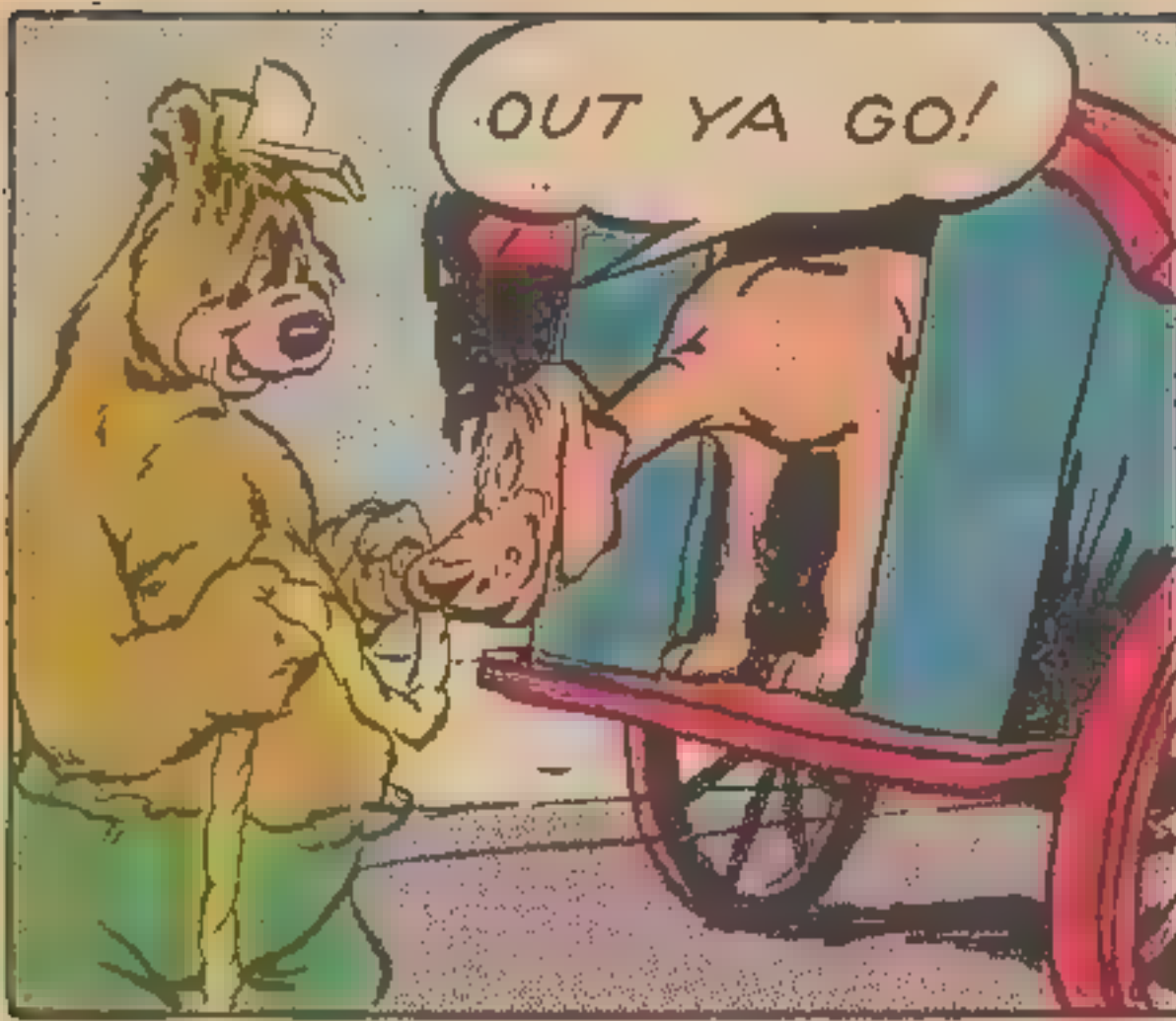


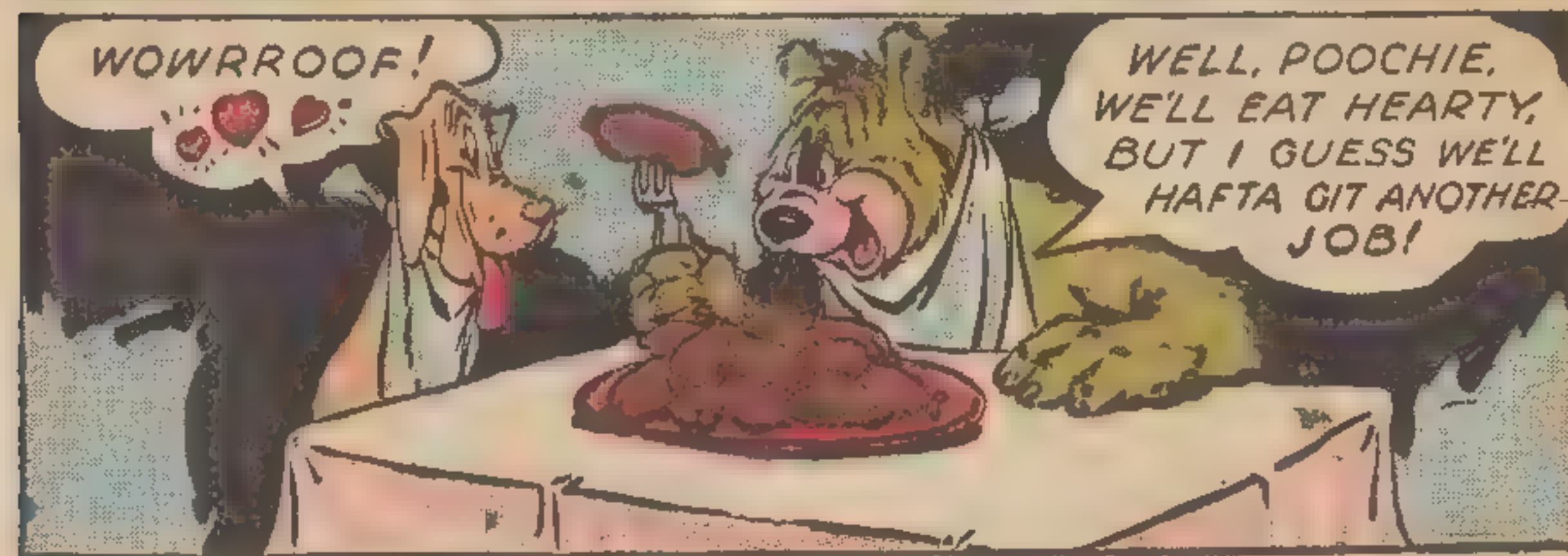
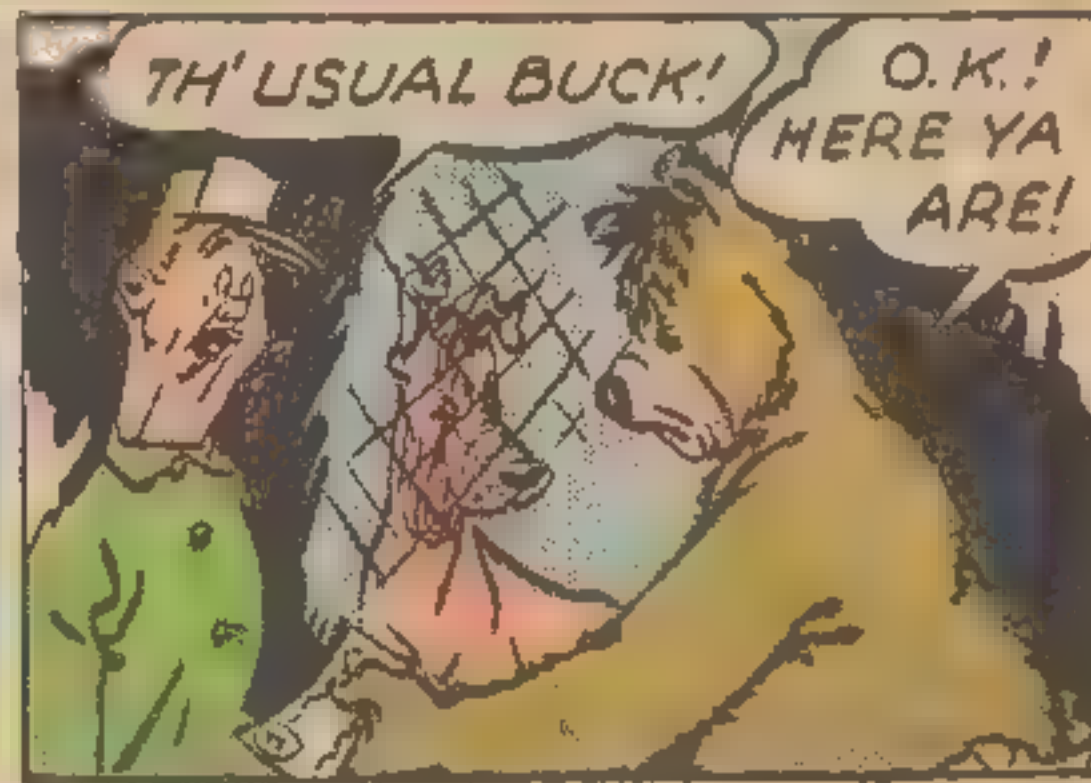
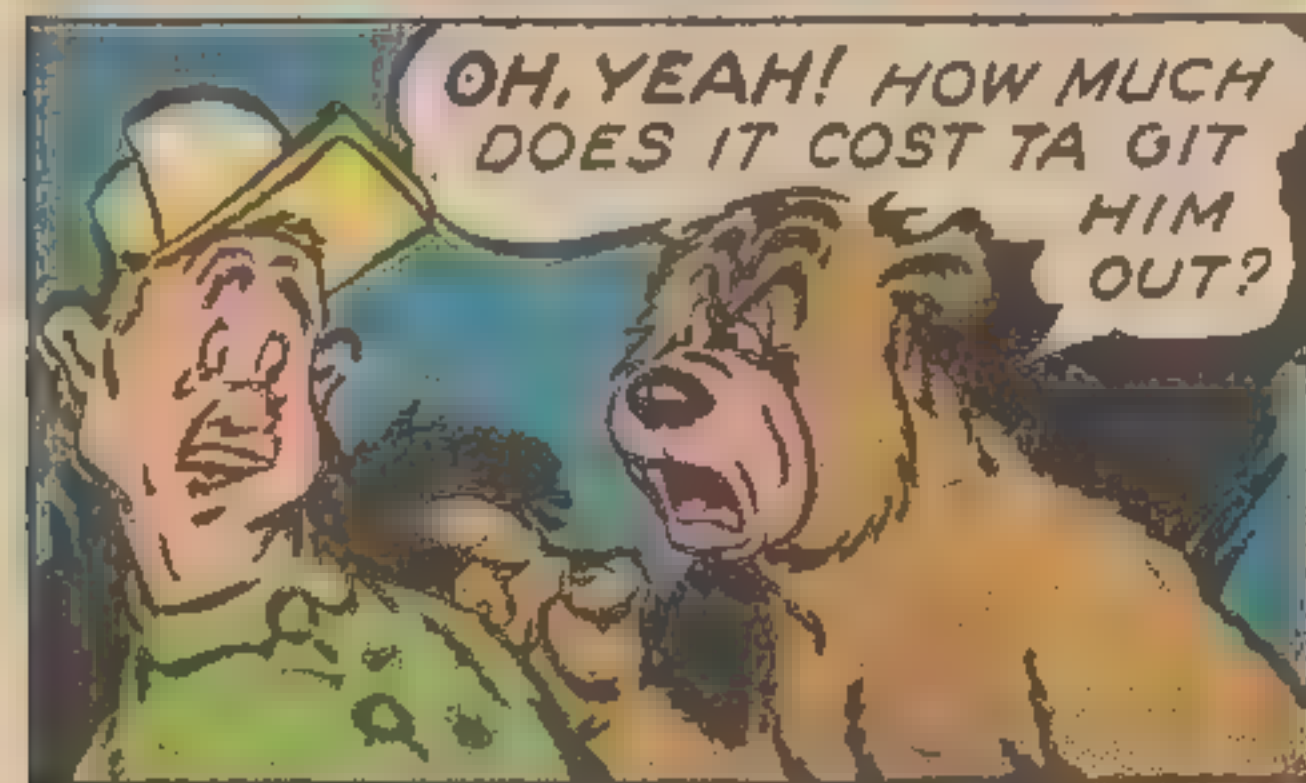
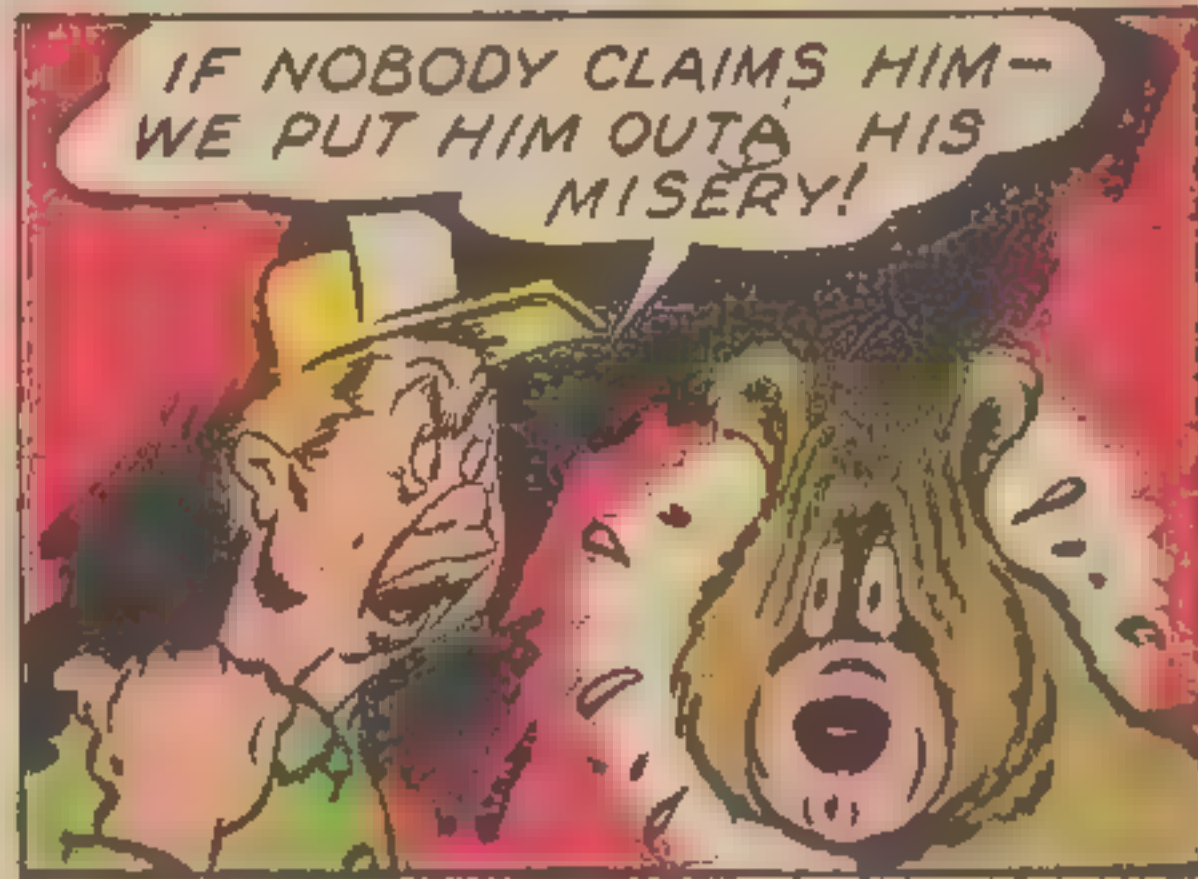
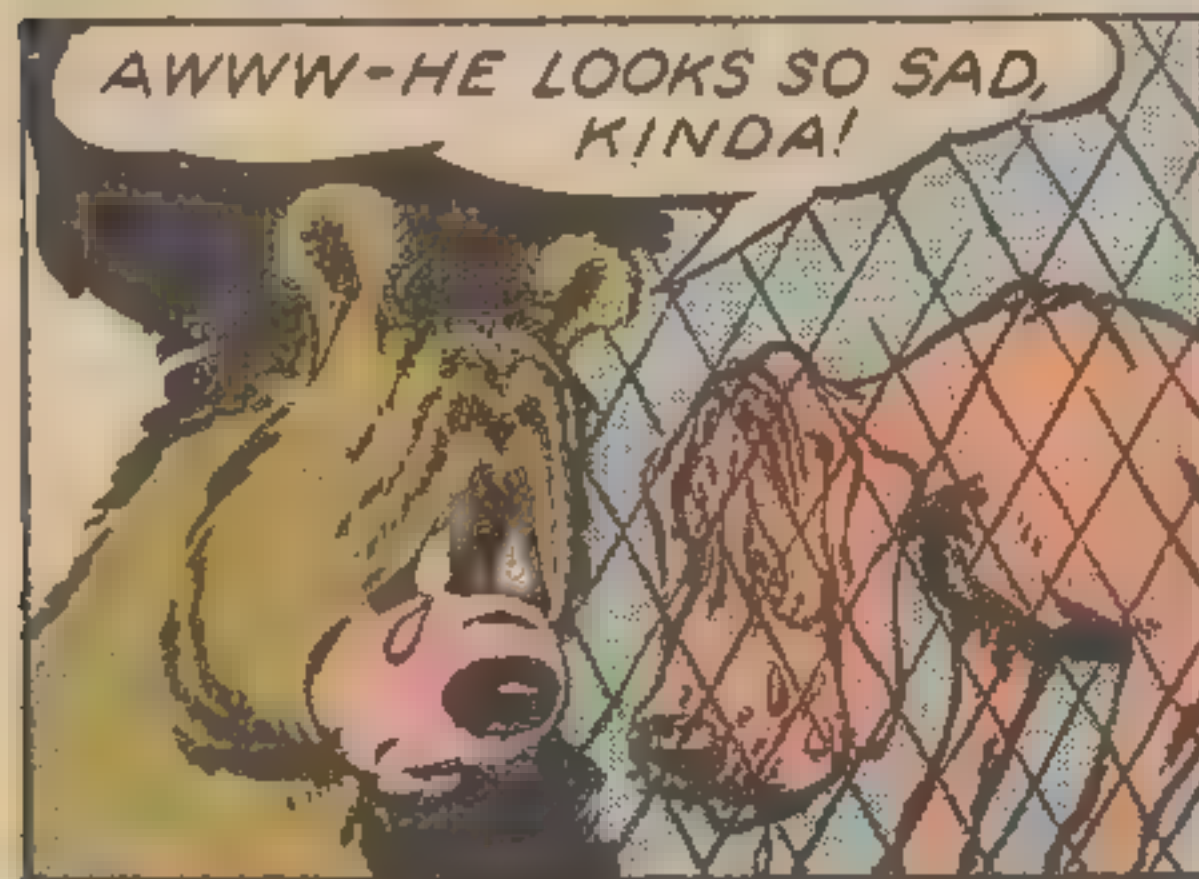
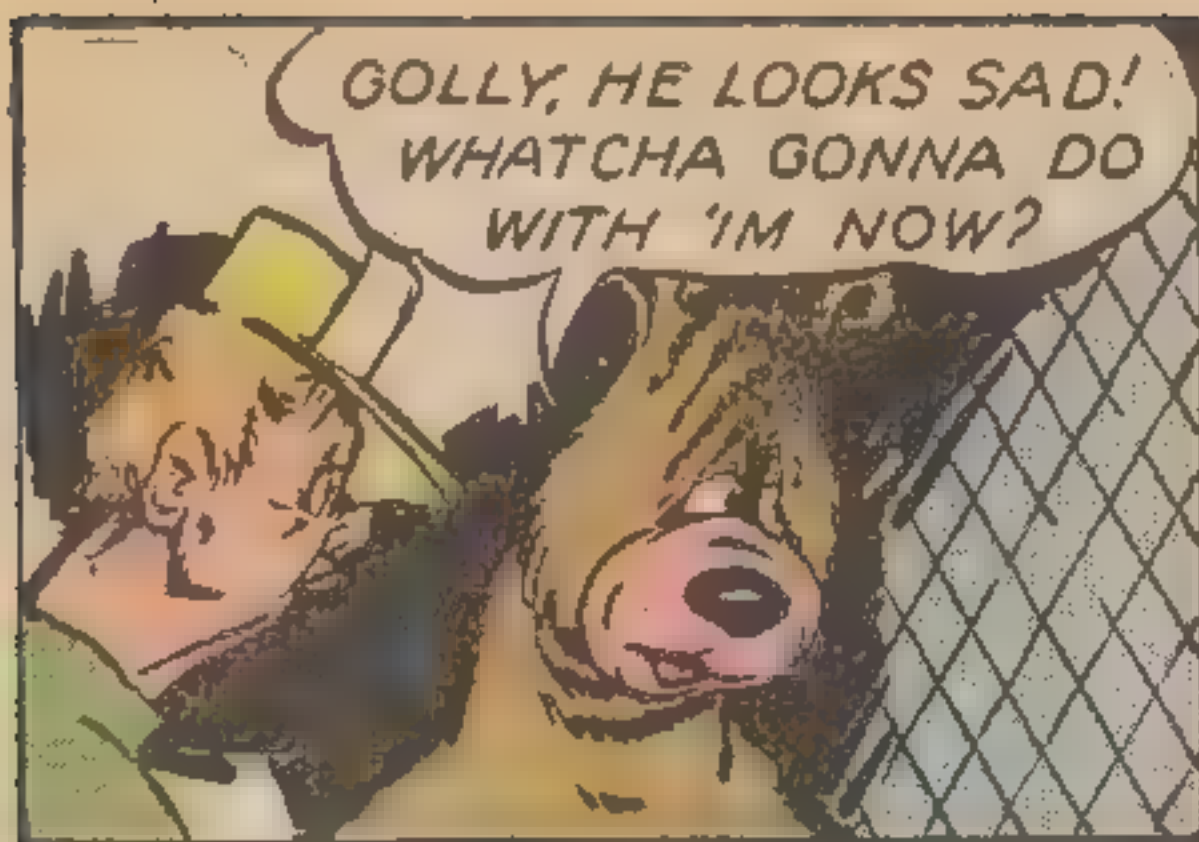














JIMMY WELLS

COPR. 1943 by OSKAR LEBECK

Promptly at nine P.M. Jimmy Wells knocked at the door of Professor Tubbs's study. At his friend's cheerful, "Come in!" Jimmy entered.

Professor Tubbs was seated at an open window peering through a big, shiny, brass tube. A telescope! It was pointed at the sky, where a myriad twinkling stars were trying to outshine the bright June moon.

"May I see, too? Which one are you looking at?" cried Jimmy.

"I've been watching an old friend of mine," the professor answered, looking around with a smile. "Sit down in this chair and see if you know what it is."

Eagerly the boy applied his eye to the small lens of the instrument.

"It's the MOON!" he exclaimed. "I've seen pictures like that in one of my schoolbooks. But I never knew it could look so NEAR! How far away IS the moon, anyway, Professor Tubbs?"

"Only a quarter of a million miles,

Jimmy," his friend replied. "The moon is Earth's nearest neighbor. If you could go there by train it would take you seven months of steady travel. By automobile you could make it in four months, and by airplane in one month. Of course, if you had a very special kind of car. . . ."

As Jimmy Wells gazed at the moon's bright, faraway image, Professor Tubbs's voice seemed to blend with the soft purring of a car's motor. He glanced around and found himself looking at a swiftly passing roadside.

"This isn't an ordinary car we're riding in—not by a long shot." Professor Tubbs flipped a lever on the dashboard. Immediately the car seemed to leap into the air. A muffled roar sounded from beneath the seat. "We'll be clean out of the Earth's atmosphere in a moment. See how the sky is changing color?"

The sky was changing rapidly, from

light sky blue to a midnight black, sprinkled with stars. AND YET THE SUN WAS SHINING! Jimmy could see it, brighter than ever.

Something made Jimmy Wells look down—and oh, what a sight he beheld now! A great bluish ball turned slowly below him, its surface flecked with white clouds. Below the clouds appeared the familiar outlines of North and South America, just as they were in Jimmy's old geography book.

"We—we ARE REALLY going to the moon!" he said breathlessly. "Tell me, Professor, what makes the sky so black up here?"

"That's the sky's natural color, Jimmy," his friend replied. "Down there on Earth we saw it only through a blanket of air and dust and water vapor many miles deep. This air blanket gave the whole sky a light blue tint. It made the stars twinkle. It also kept us from broiling in the sun's heat and freezing at night."

"Say!" exclaimed Jimmy. "I thought air was only good to breathe. Is the air on the moon the same as on Earth?"

"No, the moon hasn't ANY air," said Professor Tubbs with a grin. "You'll see when we get there. You won't be able to hear me speak six inches away. On earth or here in the car, it's AIR that carries the sound of our voices . . ."

While they talked the rocket car must have been going at a rate of many thousands of miles an hour. The moon was so near now that it filled half the sky. The sunshine on its mountains and volcanic craters was dazzlingly bright.

"Oh, boy!" said Jimmy Wells. "We'll have to slow up pretty quick. I'd hate to crash on those mountains at the rate we're traveling!"

"So would I," chuckled the professor. "It's time to use the braking rockets."

He touched another lever on the dashboard. Instantly a cone of blue flame shot out from the car's front end. It worked like jamming on the

brakes on a concrete pavement.

They were floating slowly toward the moon's scarred and pitted surface. Directly beneath the car spread a level, blue-gray expanse with lighter-colored islands in it.

"Is that an ocean or just a big lake?" Jimmy asked. "It must be hundreds of miles across."

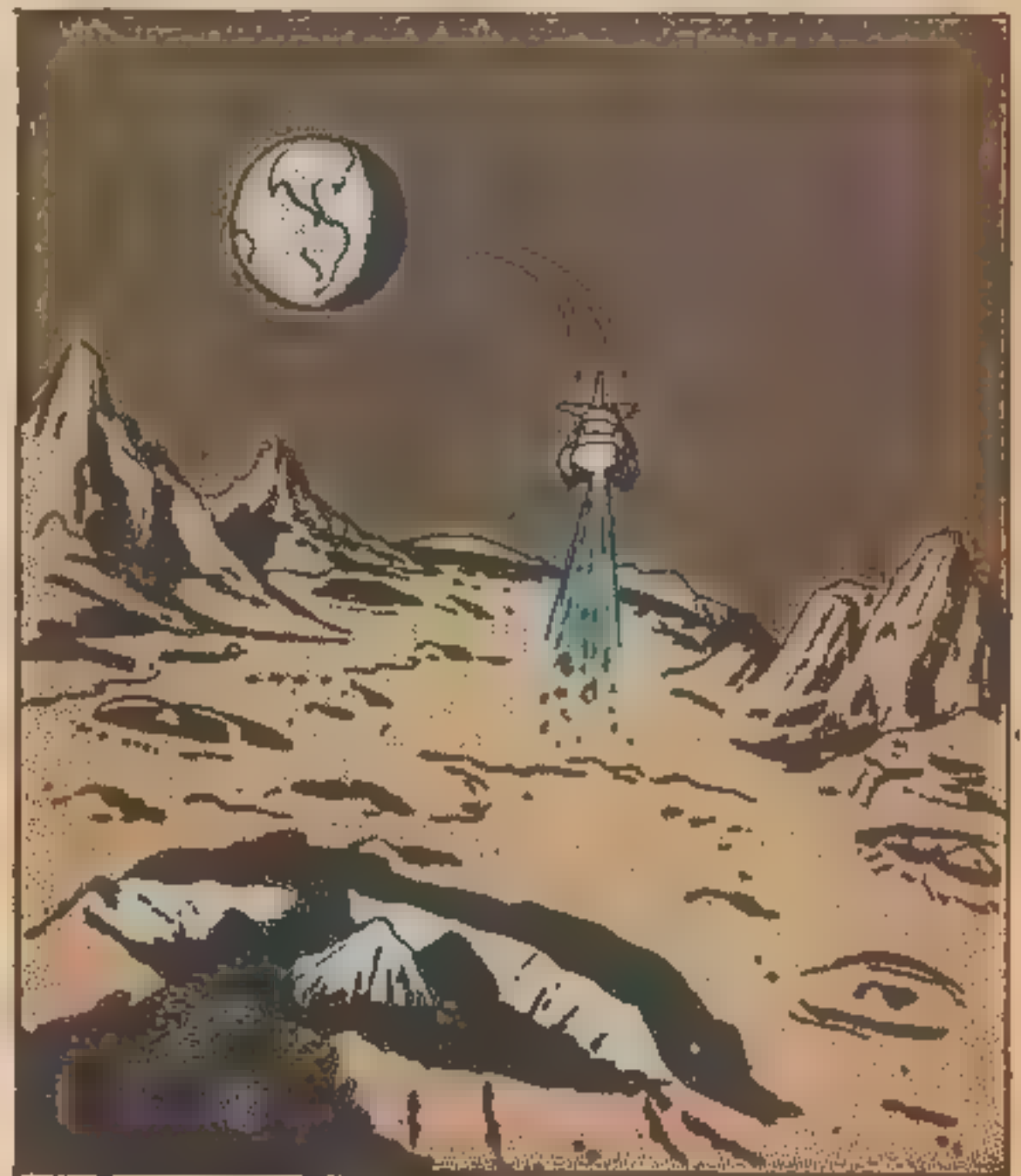
"It's called the 'Sea of Showers'," Professor Tubbs chuckled, "but there isn't a drop of water on the moon. It's just one of those big, smooth plains that look darker than the mountains."

The little rocket car drifted down until it touched the gray ashy surface of the Sea of Showers. Jimmy reached for the door, but Professor Tubbs caught his arm.

"Hold on, Jimmy!" he said sharply. "Do you know what would happen if you turned that door handle?"

"Ooh!" gasped Jimmy. "I forgot—there isn't any air to breathe outside."

"And that's only a part of it!" retorted the professor. "The air in this car is pressing on our bodies with a weight of fifteen pounds for every square inch—that's the weight of Earth's air blanket, you see. If you





turned that door handle the air pressure would blow the door open; all the air inside would puff out, and our bodies would just swell up and burst!"

Jimmy Wells jerked his hand away from the door as if it were hot. Before he could think of anything to say the professor reached into the black sea and pulled out two queer-looking suits. They looked something like deep-sea divers' suits made of cellophane.

"We'll put these on," he said, "and then it will be quite safe to step outside the car."

Jimmy lost no time in donning his transparent moon-suit. First of all, however, he buckled on a wide belt that Professor Tubbs handed him—a wonderful belt with many little flasks and tools and gadgets attached.

The professor closed Jimmy's suit with a zipper. Then he pointed to a flask on the gadget belt.

"Unscrew the top!" he said in a muffled voice.

Jimmy's suit puffed out like a balloon as compressed air from the

flask filled it. Following the professor, he squeezed through the door.

"This is pretty swell," he said, gazing at the jagged peaks near by.

There was no answer. Turning, he saw Professor Tubbs grinning inside his suit and making signs like a deaf and dumb man.

"Oh, I forgot again!" he laughed. "Where there isn't any air he can't hear me—or I him . . . OW! HE VANISHED! Where'd he go?"

One moment the professor had been there, within arm's reach. The next, he had sidestepped—and disappeared.

As Jimmy stood wondering what had happened, the professor came floating over the top of the car. Like a rubber ball the little man landed on the back of his moon-suit and bounced. He picked himself up, waved to Jimmy, then sailed over the car again.

"Huh! If he can do that I guess I can," muttered the boy. He took a little running start and jumped. Up, up, up he rose, feeling as light as a feather.

"This is FUN!" he exclaimed. "I'll have to ask Professor Tubbs what makes us so light. It can't be the air in our suits, because there isn't any air outside to support us."

The little man of science reached him as he landed and helped him to his feet. Then he pressed his helmet against Jimmy's.

"You can hear me now, because my voice travels through our helmets," he said. "I'll explain these grasshopper jumps, too. You see, the moon is so much smaller than Earth that things weigh only one sixth as much here. You can jump just six times as high and far here."

"But how," asked the boy, "did you do that vanishing trick?"

"Oh," laughed Professor Tubbs. "That was the simplest thing of all. There isn't any air to soften the shadows here on the moon. They're so black that you can't see into them. I just stepped into one."

He led the way back to the car. There he pulled a big sealed lunch box and a gallon thermos bottle from the back seat and handed Jimmy a thin glass tube.

"That's for your cocoa," he said. "Just stick it into the thermos jug and suck. Use the valve in your helmet for the other end."

Jimmy did as he was told, but got no cocoa. He examined the tube to see if it was cracked, but it wasn't. The second time he tried to suck up cocoa he saw the professor laughing at him.

"There's no air pressure to force it up into your mouth when you suck," the little man said, touching his helmet to Jimmy's. "We'll shut the door and fill the car with compressed air."

Air hissed from the nozzle of a big flask under the seat. After a few

moments their moon-suits lost their balloon-like shape and hung limp. The professor removed his helmet.

"Air pressure's the same inside and outside our suits," he explained. "We can eat and drink in comfort now. Pour me a cup of cocoa, will you?"

The minute they had finished, both he and the professor zipped up their suits for the next exploring trip outside.

"Climbing the mountain won't be hard," Jimmy remarked. "Here on the moon I weigh only 16 pounds—but I have the same strength I had on Earth!"

He took a running stride that covered twenty feet before he knew it.

Half an hour from the time they left the car, Jimmy hopped onto the rim of the dead volcano's crater.

The inner slope of the crater was almost straight up and down. It was like the side of a huge dishpan. At the bottom the sunlight was reflected from a glittering black surface.

"It's full of water!" Jimmy cried, touching the professor's helmet. "I thought there wasn't any water here!"

"There isn't," Professor Tubbs answered. "That's just black, volcanic glass."

Jimmy Wells bent over the rim to see better. Suddenly a piece of rock crumbled under his foot. He felt himself falling. He turned to grasp the rim-rock, but too late.

Heels over head he tumbled into the wide, bottomless crack!

"Maybe I'll fall right to the center of the moon!" Jimmy thought.

Something struck him like a blow. There was a terrific flash of light, and then—he was on the floor of the professor's study beside the chair. Through the open window a thunder storm boomed and rolled.

Professor Tubbs came dashing into the room. He slammed the window shut and turned to Jimmy.

"You fell asleep while I was out!" he grinned.



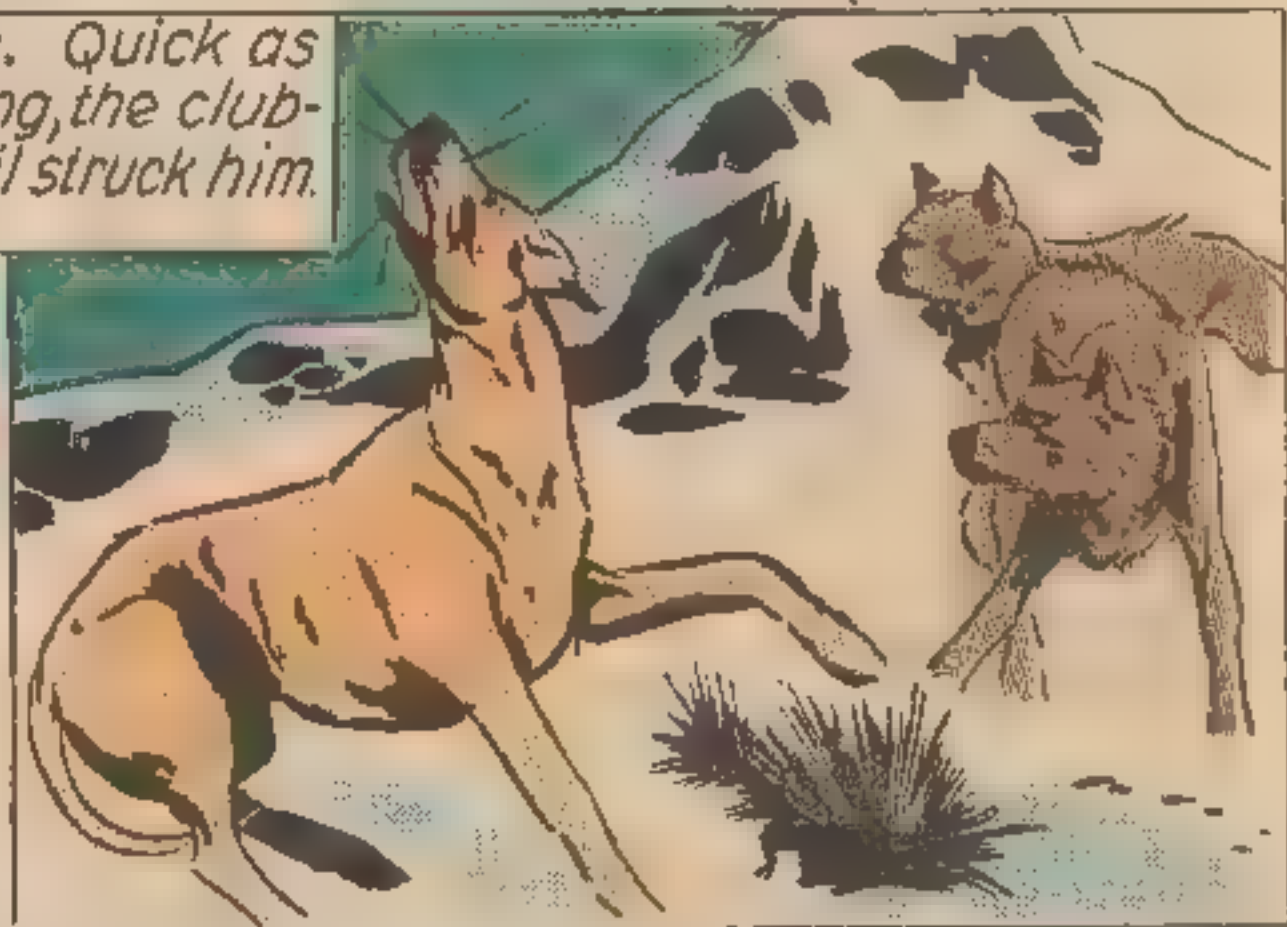
KING



February, the month of snow, found King's wolf-pack almost hungry enough to risk a meal of porcupine — almost but not quite!... It was King's first quill-pig. He sniffed hungrily, unaware that....

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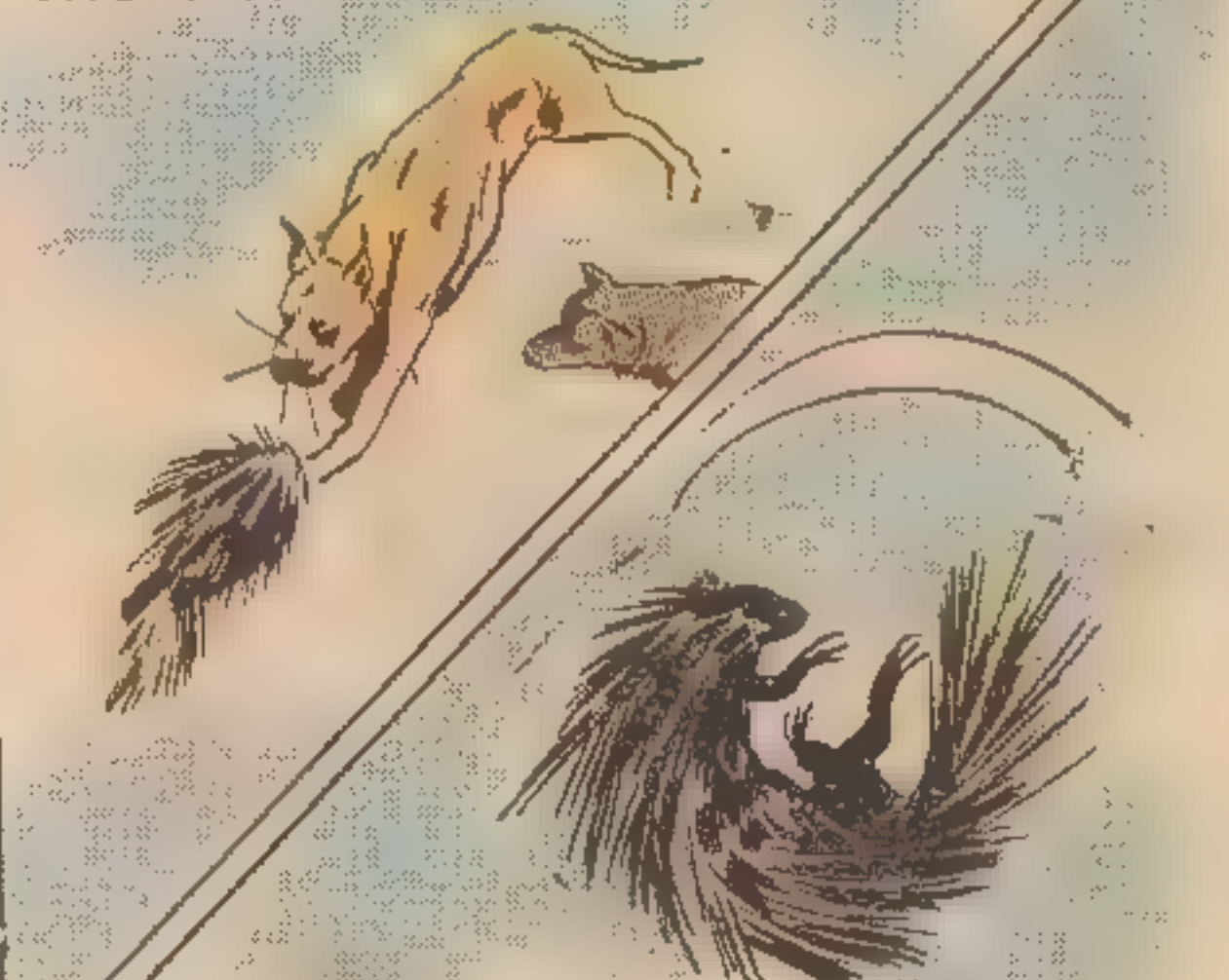
death lay in that ball of prickly spines. Quick as lightning, the club-like tail struck him.



With a yelp of pain, he clawed at the barbed quills that pierced his tender lips and nose.



Angry and cautious, he worked a paw under Porky's front end and...



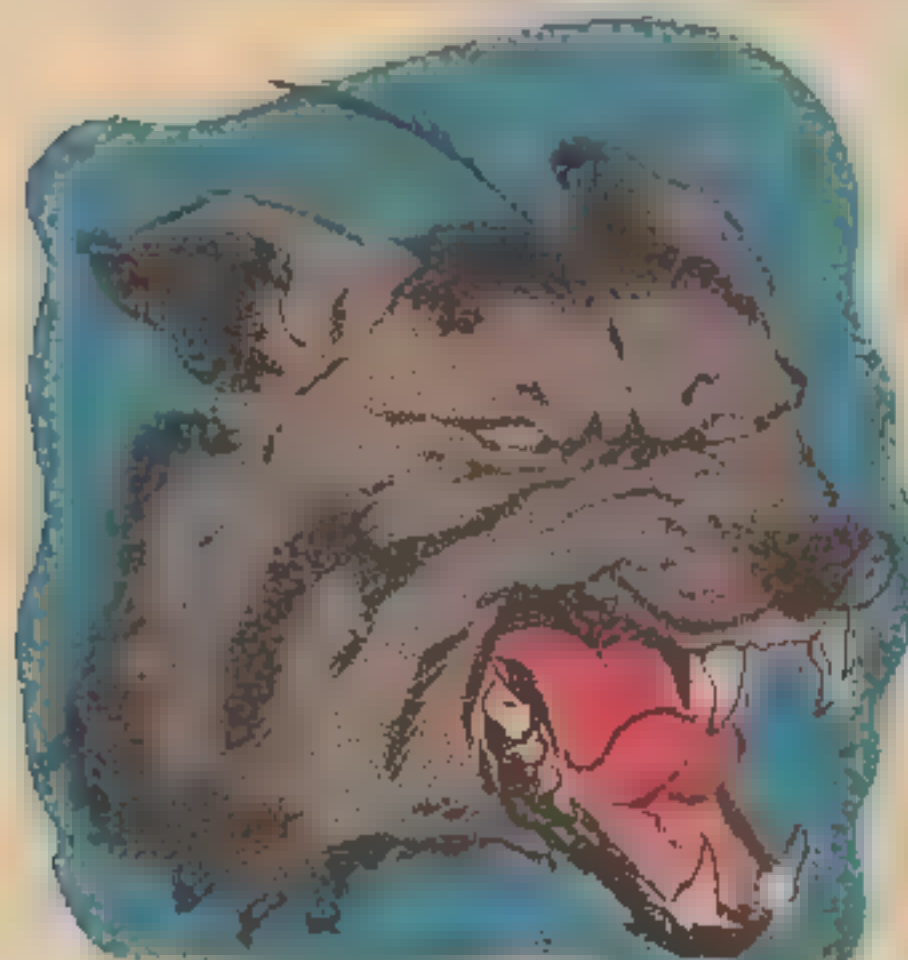
flipped him over...

The porcupine fell in a deep snowdrift safe from any more annoyances. But the same could not be said for King. His quill-infected face quickly swelled out of shape and the pain was sickening. Now the older wolves openly revolted and left under the leadership of a scarred

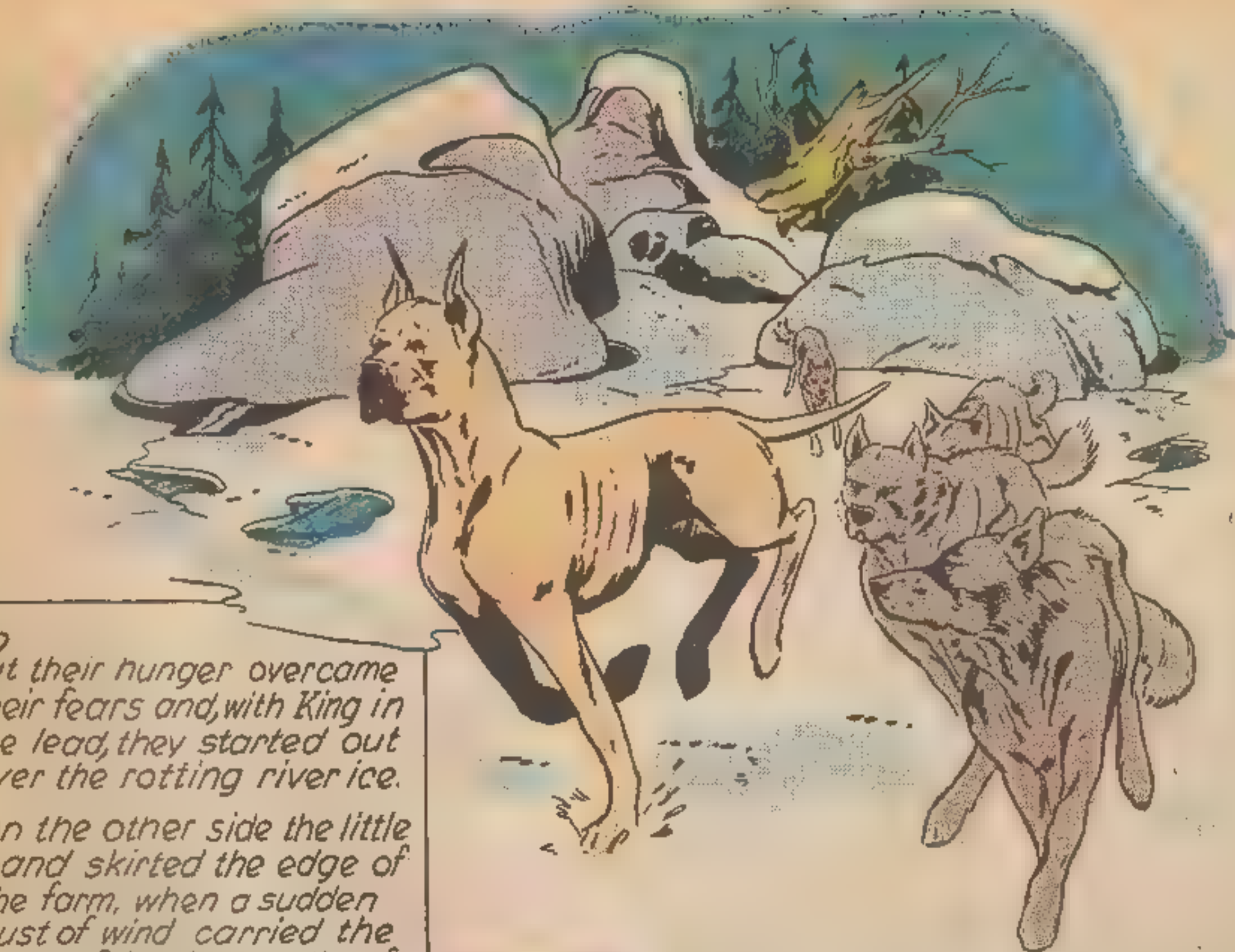


veteran... Only the little wolf family remained loyal to him...

Finally after several days the quills worked out and King's face returned to its normal shape. Once again his little pack felt the pangs of starvation...



So, one day, hunting far to the southward, they came upon an outlying farm. But an unseasonal thaw had made the river ice a treacherous trap—

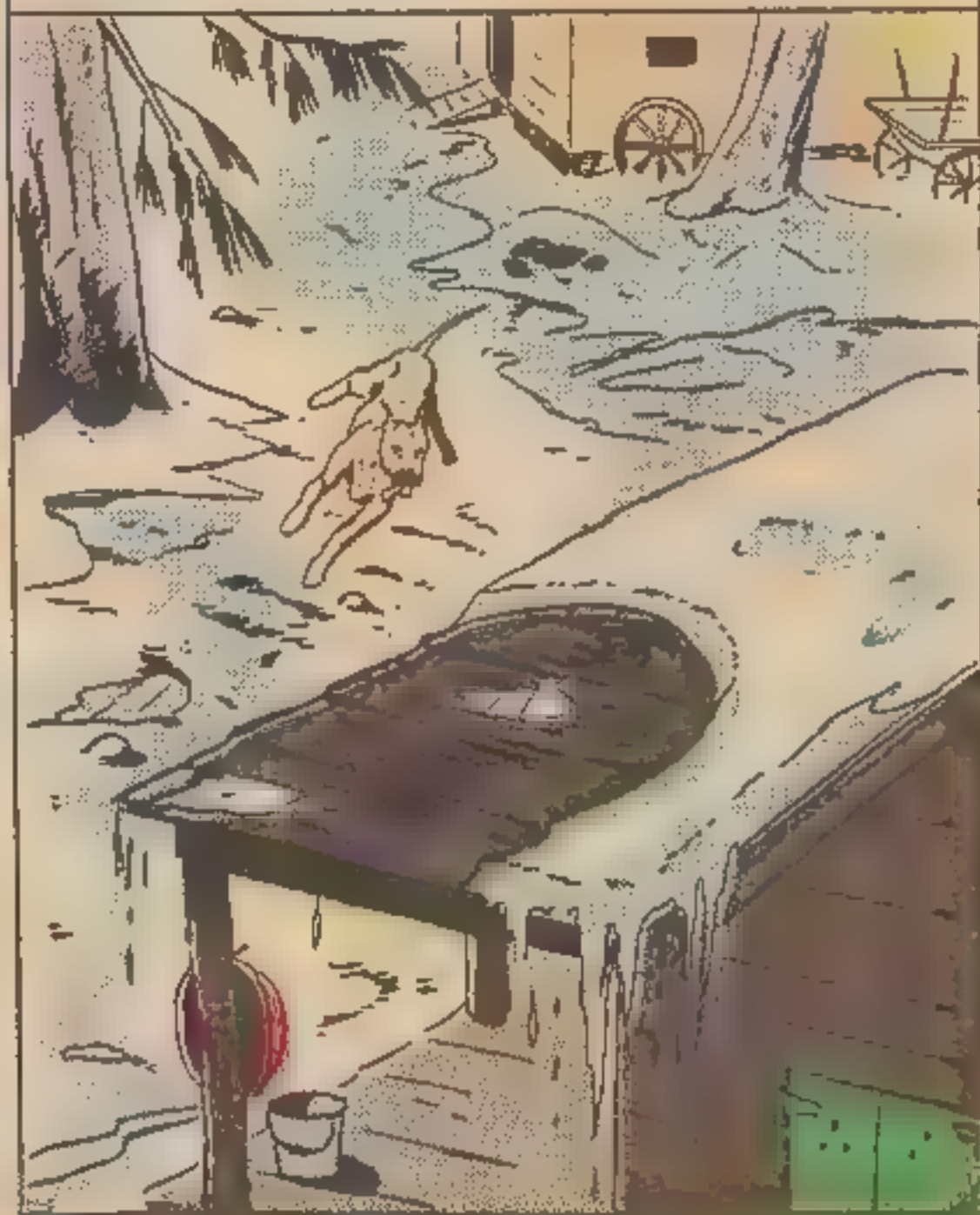


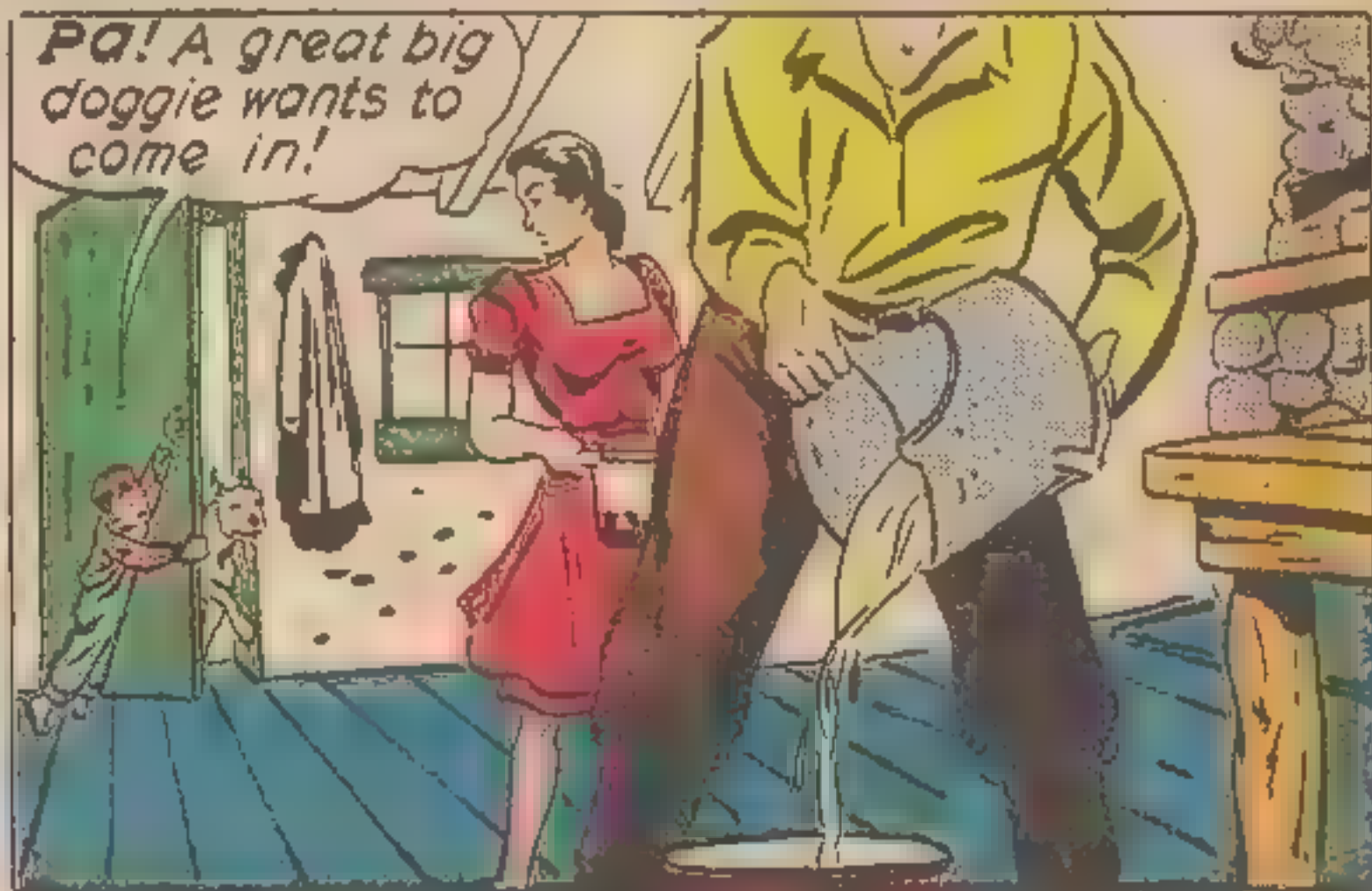
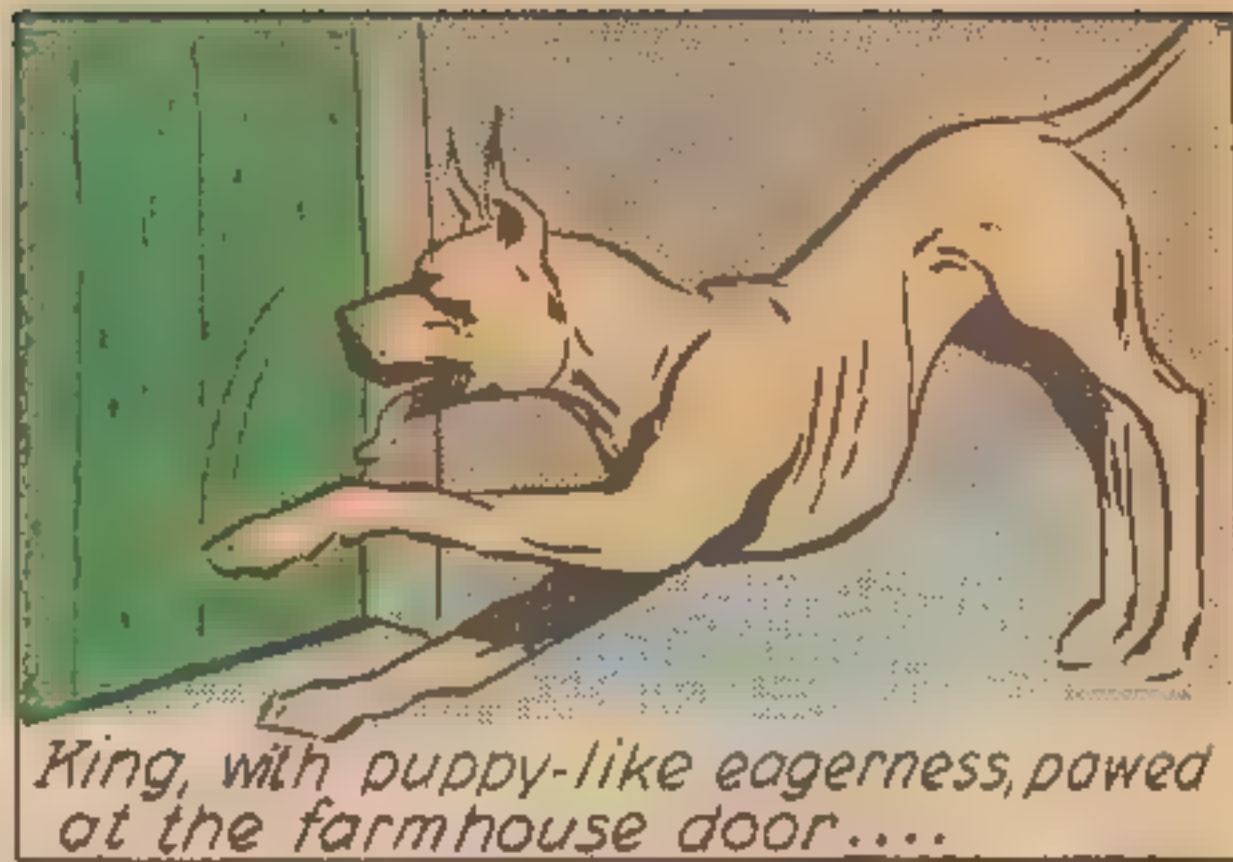
But their hunger overcame their fears and, with King in the lead, they started out over the rotting river ice.

On the other side the little band skirted the edge of the farm, when a sudden gust of wind carried the warm, friendly smells of the farmhouse to King's quivering nostrils. He stood still as a flood of happy memories of his puppy hood days swept over him.



Suddenly he was no longer the leader of a wolf-pack but just a dog lone some for the companionship of dog's oldest friend—man.







Meanwhile the wolves had come upon their breakfast....

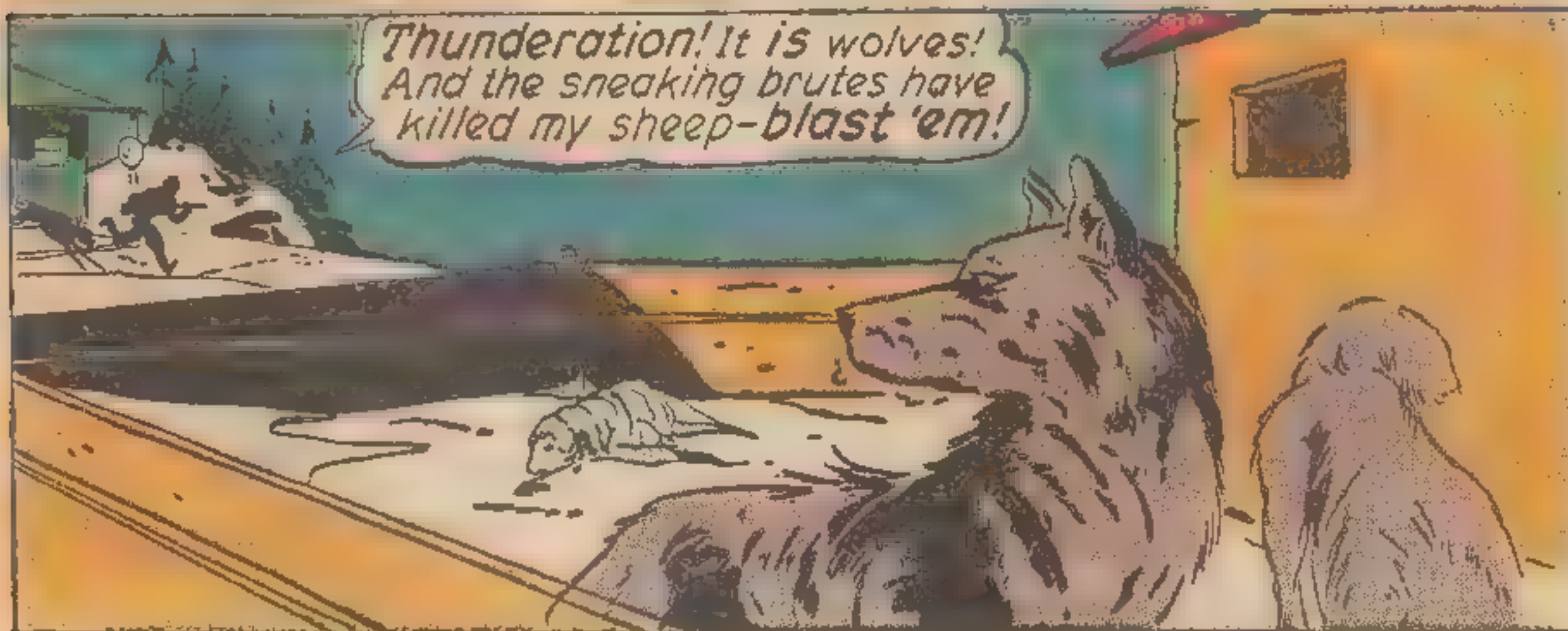


Dan'l, somethin's got in with the sheep! Maybe it's wolves!

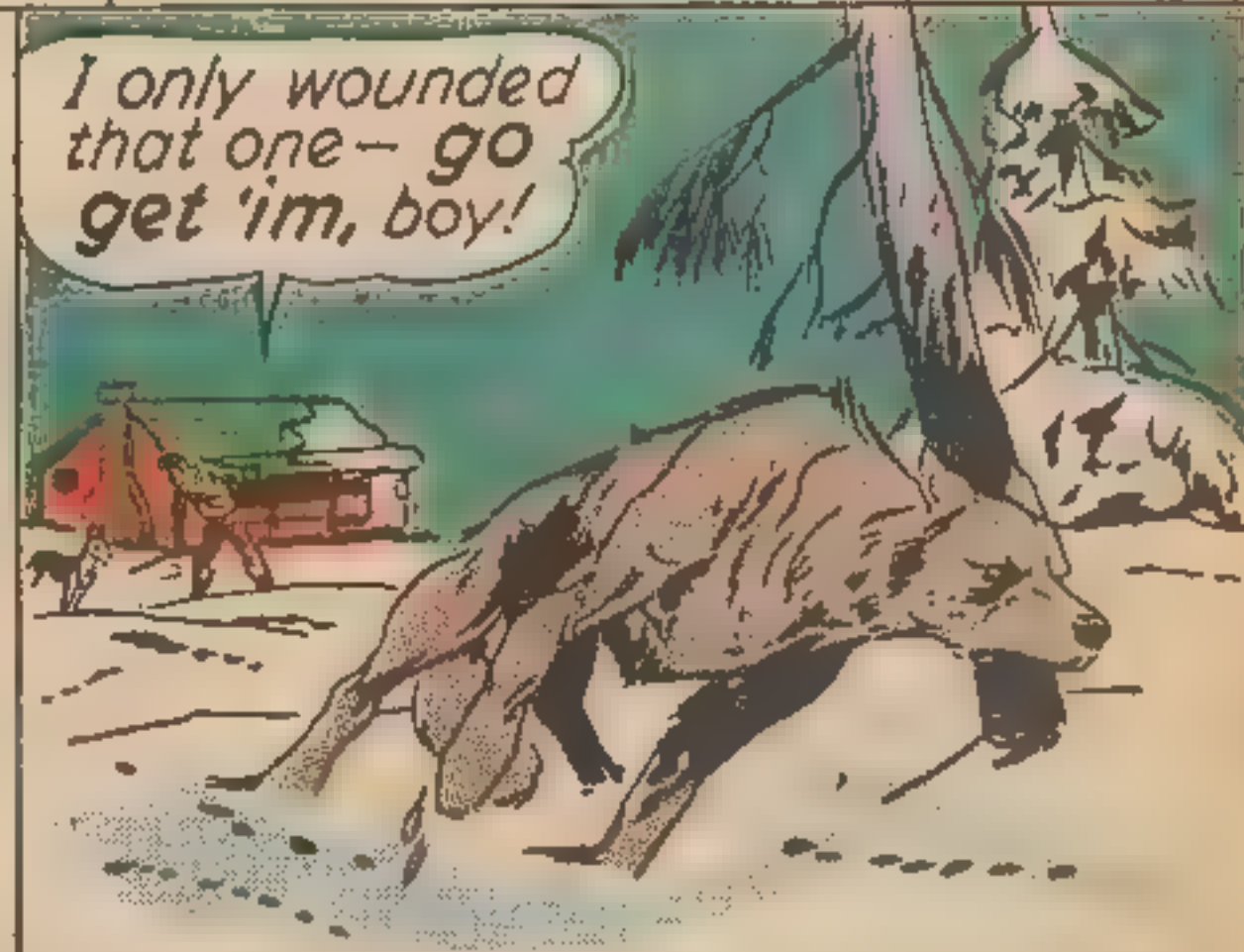
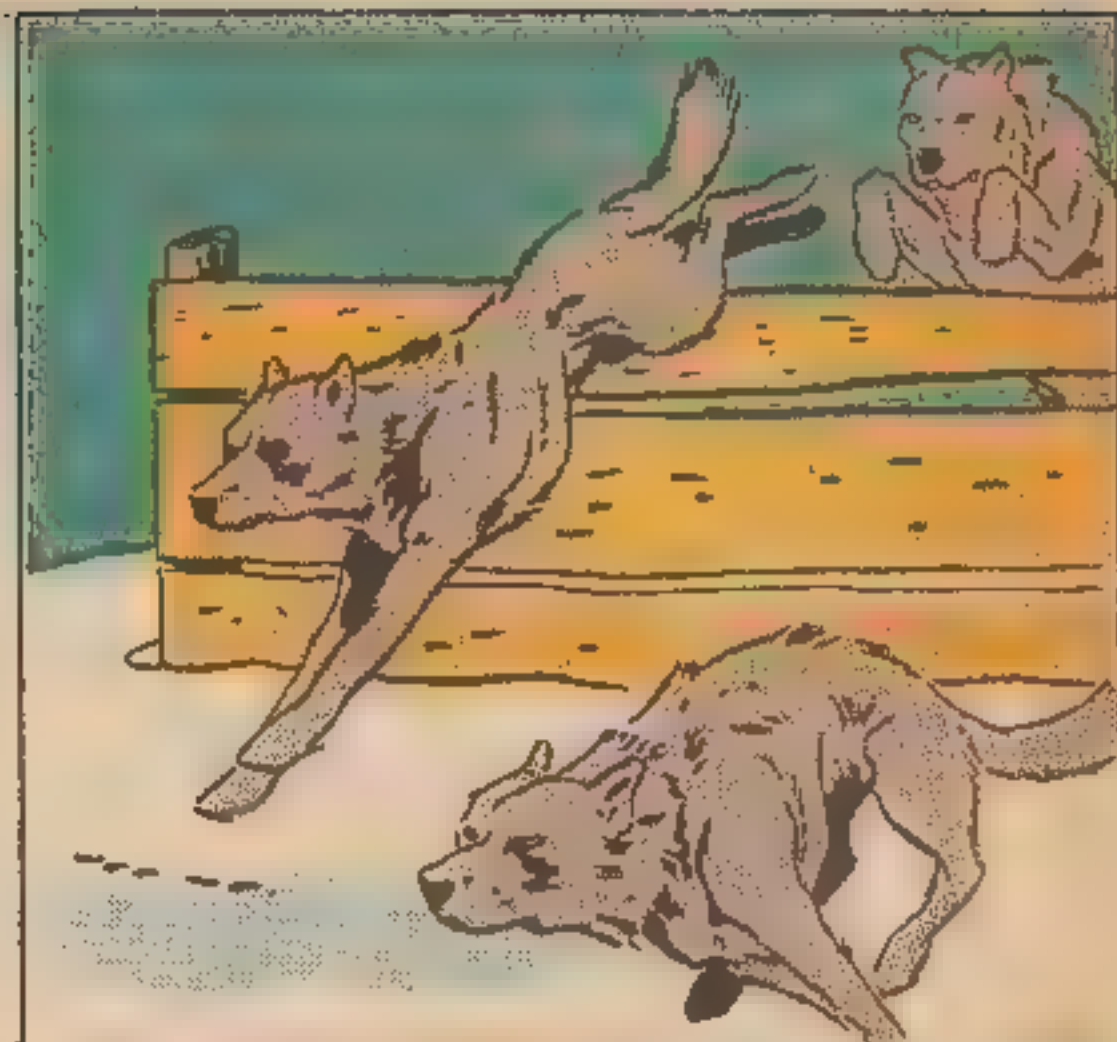
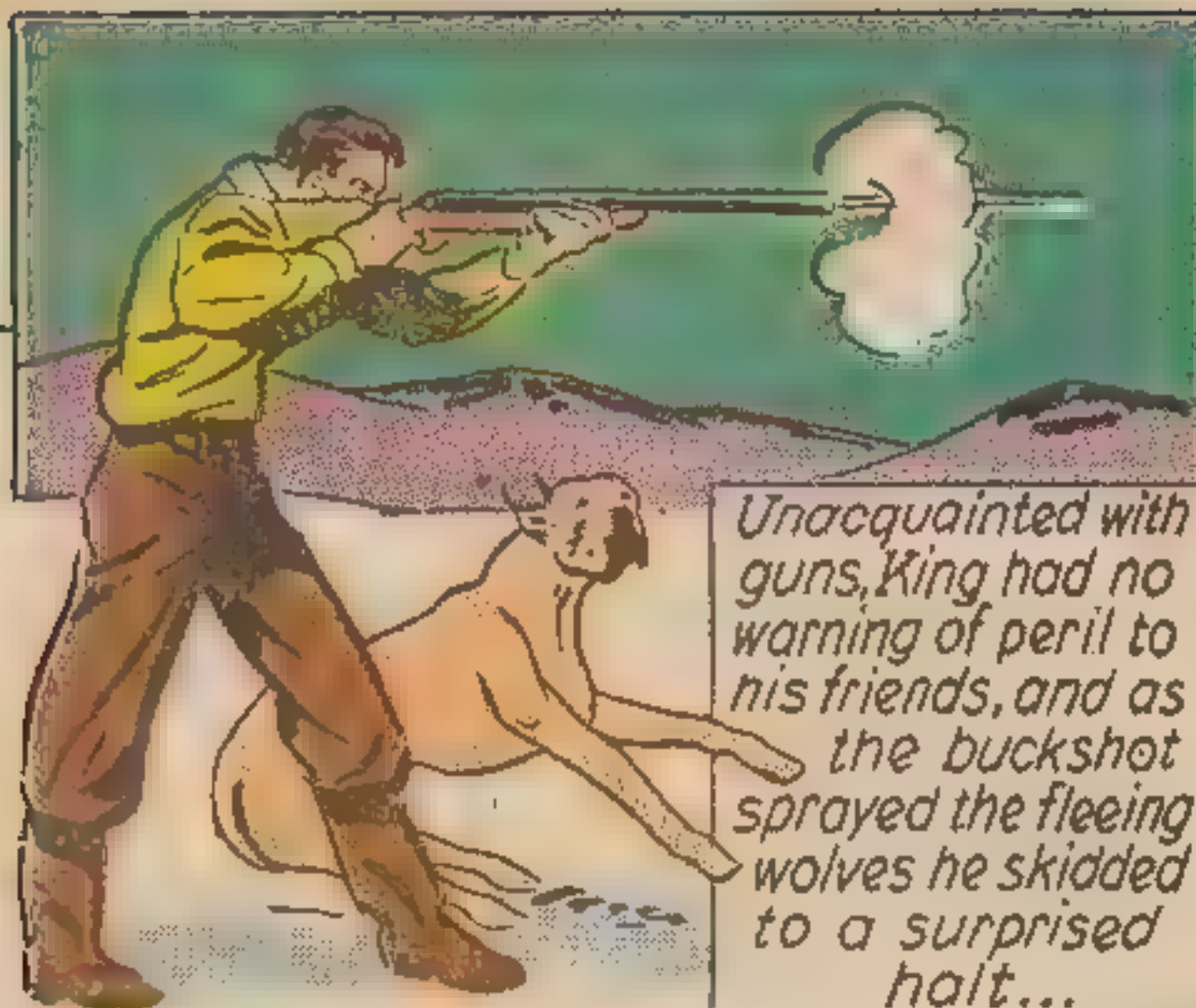
Now! 'Taint wolves! They wouldn't be sneakin' around in broad daylight!



But whatever it is, I aim to find out- c'mon, pup!



Thunderation! It is wolves! And the sneaking brutes have killed my sheep-blast 'em!

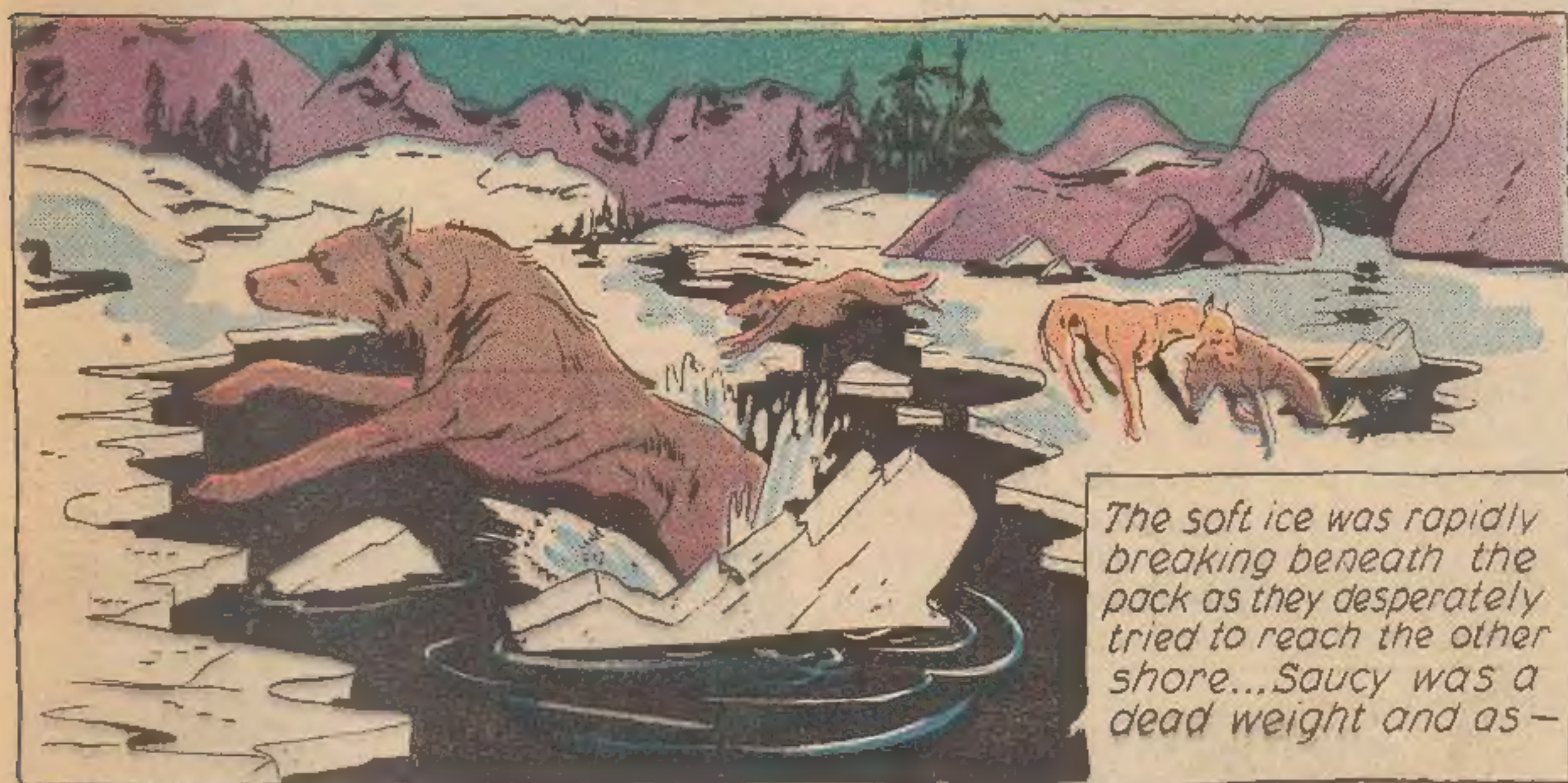




*Half-carrying her,
King reached the river
bank—where the exhausted
wolf's last bit of strength left her...*

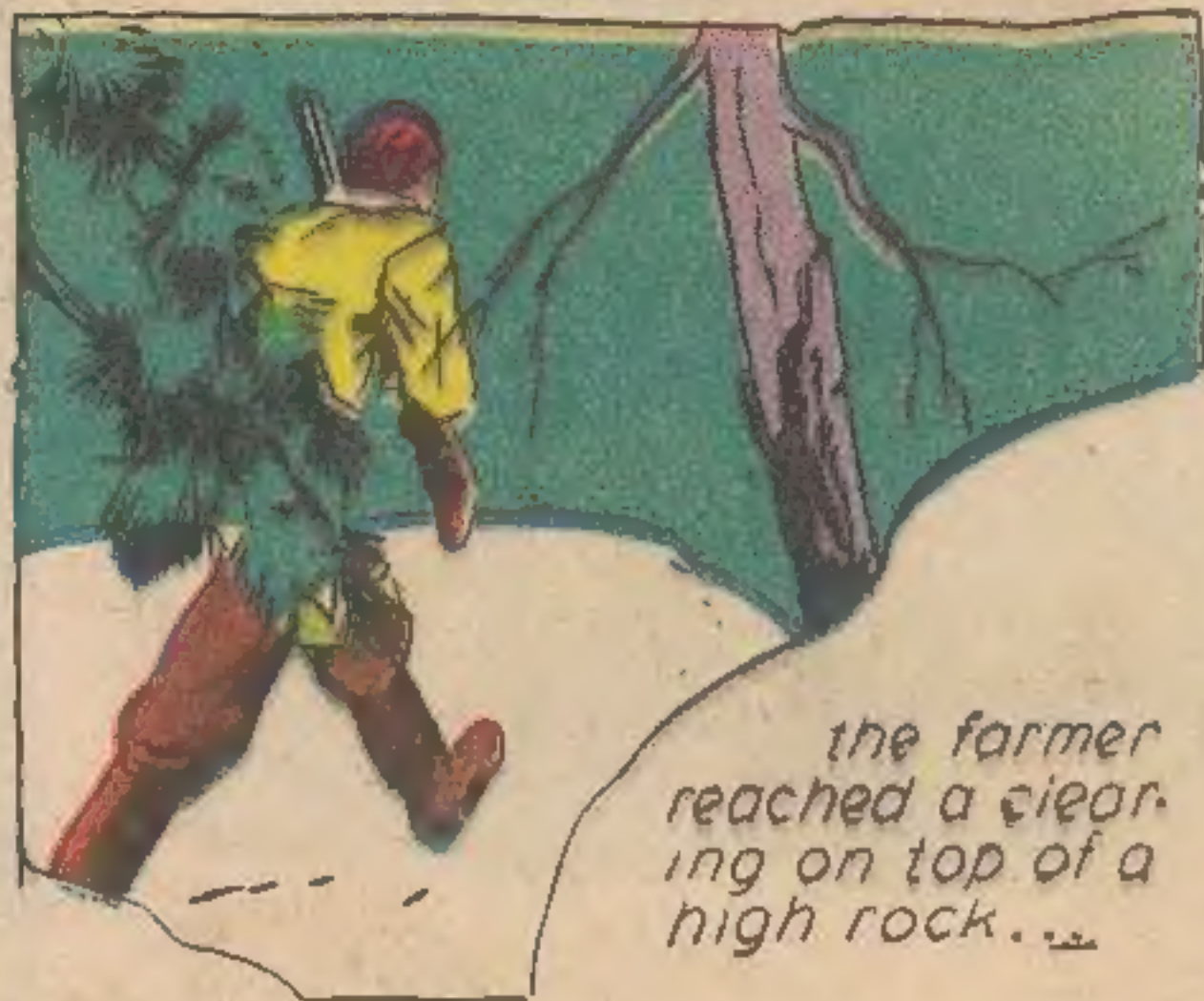


*So King dragged her out on
the rotting river ice...*



*The soft ice was rapidly
breaking beneath the
pack as they desperately
tried to reach the other
shore...Saucy was a
dead weight and as—*

*King paused to get his breath, he
heard a crashing on the bank as*

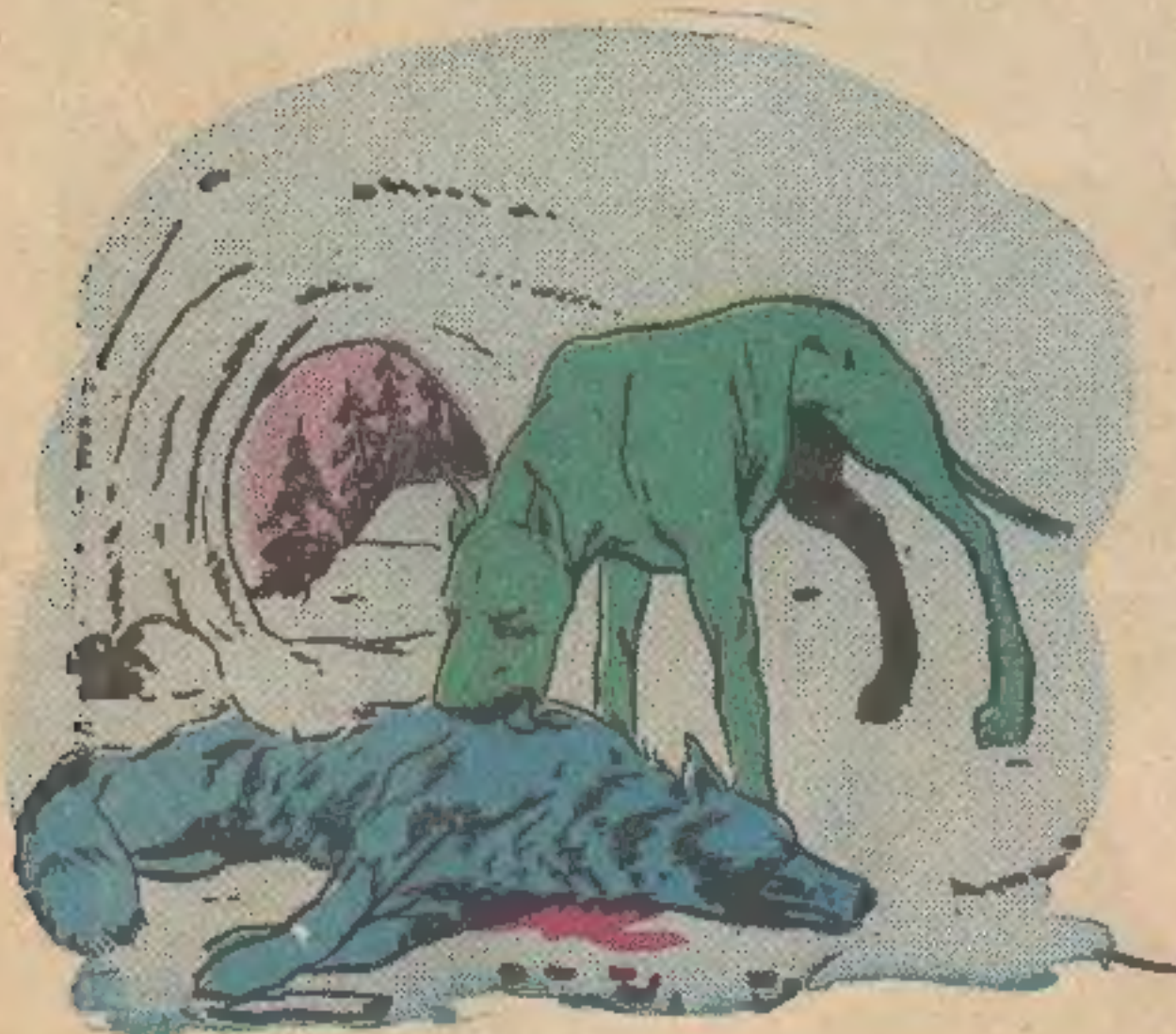


*the farmer
reached a clear-
ing on top of a
high rock...*

Why, that blamed dog is **helping** that wolf git away! So that's his game, eh? He's a member of that wolf-pack! And he tricked me into letting them brutes slaughter my sheep! Why, he's worse than any of them. But I'll git you for it, you big, overgrown mutt—I'll have them put a bounty on your pelt and you'll be hunted down! You sheep-killing wolf-dog!



King finally swam the rest of the way across the river and dragged Saucy to the safety of a cave...He spent long hours trying to heal the young wolf's wound...But it was a losing fight...Saucy, his first friend in the big woods, would run no more....



That night a raging blizzard howled out of the North, and King, with his heart filled with a terrible **hate** for man, who had robbed him of his mate, sent a piercing wail into the night.



A wail that was to become known throughout the great North—a wail that was to strike terror into the hearts of all who heard it—the wild hunting call of **King of the Wolves**.

YA KNOW - SPADING UP A VICTORY GARDEN IS NOT ONLY GOOD EXERCISE BUT IT'S THE BEST WAY TO GET FISHIN' WORMS I'VE EVER FOUND!



HELP FILL THE NATION'S LARDER
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